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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

John Woodman









THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

CONTAINING

CYMBELINE.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
PERICLES.

L O N D O N :

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**C Y M B E L I N E.\***

**Vol. XIII.**

**B**





\* CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelists, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

The tale in *Westward for Smelts*, which I published some years ago, I shall subjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a page. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See p. —, n. —.† It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published before, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring of his singular morall applications."

*Cymbeline*, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of *Cymbeline's* reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Isachimo*, &c. *Cymbeline* is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

MALONE.

† I am unable to ascertain this reference, no circumstance attached to the novel of Boccace being discoverable in p. 364, n. 6, the place to which we are directed by Mrs Malone, in his edition of our author's works, Vol. VIII. p. 309. STEEVENS.

## PERSONS represented.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore*  
Arviragus, } *and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, friend to Posthumus, } *Italians.*  
Iachimo, friend to Philario, }

*A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *General of the Roman forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

Queen, *wife to Cymbeline.*

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

# C Y M B E L I N E.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

I. GENT. You do not meet a man, but frowns :  
our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;  
Still seem, as does the king's.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;  
Still seem, as does the king's.* The thought is this : we are  
not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the  
king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our courtiers*  
obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected  
with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of  
colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the *outward* not  
the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word  
*seem*. We should read therefore :

————— *our brows*

*No more obey the heavens, &c.*

which is evident from the precedent words :

*You do not meet a man but frowns.*

And from the following :

“ ————— But not a courtier,

“ Altho' they wear their faces to the bent

“ Of the king's look, but hath a heart that is

“ Glad at the thing they scowl at.”

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads :

————— *our looks*

*No more obey the heart, ev'n than our courtiers.*

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it  
of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON,



2. *GENT.*

But what's the matter?

1. *GENT.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—* our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey the laws of heaven,*—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers:*—that is, *than the bloods of our courtiers;* but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In *The Yorksire Tragedy*, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

“For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Again, in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“—— Were it my fitness

“To let these hands obey my *blood*.”

In *King Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

“—— subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,

“As I saw it inclin'd.” STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

*You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods*

*No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers*

*Still seem, as does the king.*

That is, *Still look as the king does;* or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

“—— wear their faces to the bent

“Of the king's look.” TYRWHITT.

The only error that I can find in this passage is, the mark of the genitive case annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this:—“Our dispositions no more obey the heavens than our

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
That late he married) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;<sup>1</sup>  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow;<sup>2</sup> though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. GENT. None but the king?

1. GENT. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the  
queen,  
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,

courtiers do; they still seem as the king's does." The obscurity  
arises from the omission of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical  
licence. M. MASON.

*Blood* is so frequently used by Shakspeare for *natural disposition*,  
that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in  
*All's well that ends well*:

"Now his important blood will nought deny  
"That she'll demand."

See also *Timon of Athens*, Vol. XI. p. 578. n. 5.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy, in separating the  
word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a semicolon after it.  
"Still seem"—for "*they* still seem," or "*our* bloods still seem,"  
is common in Shakspeare. The mark of the genitive case, which  
has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not  
appear to me necessary, as the poet might intend to say—"than our  
courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it must be owned, the mo-  
dern regulation derives some support from what follows:

"—— but not a courtier,  
"Although they wear *their* faces to the bent  
"Of the king's looks,——."

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a sentiment similar to  
that before us:

"—— for he would shine on those  
"That made *their* looks by his." MALONE.

3. ———— *She's* wedded;

*Her* husband banish'd; *she* imprison'd; *all*

*Is* outward sorrow; &c.] I would reform the metre as follows:

*She's* wed; *her* husband banish'd; *she* imprison'd:

*All's* outward sorrow; &c.

*Wed* is used for *wedded*, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"In Syracuse was I born, and *wed*,——." STEEVENS.

Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. GENT.

And why so?

1. GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2. GENT.

You speak him far.<sup>4</sup>

1. GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself;<sup>5</sup>  
Crush him<sup>6</sup> together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

<sup>4</sup> You speak him far.] i. e. you praise him extensively. STEEVENS.

You are lavish in your encomiums on him: your elogium has a wide compass. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I do extend him, sir, within himself;] I extend him within himself: my praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

JOHNSON.

My elogium, however extended it may seem, is short of his real excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the same expression in a subsequent scene: "The approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to extend him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "The report of her is extended more than can be thought." MALONE.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. iii:

"——— no man is the lord of any thing,

" 'Till he communicate his parts to others:

" Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

" 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause

" Where they are extended," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Crush him —] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Crowd us and crush us in this monstrous form."

STEEVENS.



2. *GENT.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *GENT.* I cannot delve him to the root: His  
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
But had his titles by Tenantius,<sup>7</sup> whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their  
father

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *Tenantius*,] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly payed the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, on whose story the episode of Gloster, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

Shakspeare, having already introduced Leonato among the characters in *Much Ado about Nothing*, had not far to go for Leonatus.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Posthumus*,] Old copy—Posthumus *Leonatus*. REED.

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:  
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,  
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:<sup>7</sup>  
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,  
 A glass that feated them;<sup>8</sup> and to the graver,

<sup>7</sup> ———— *Liv'd in court,*

(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *A glass that feated them;]* *A glass that formed them;* a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV*:

" ———— He was indeed the glass

" Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves."

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

" The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

*Dresser*, in French, is to form. To dress a spaniel is to break him in.

*Feat* is nice, exact. So, in *The Tempest*:

" ———— look, how well my garments sit upon me,

" Much feater than before."

To feat, therefore may be a verb meaning—to render nice, exact.

By the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

*Feat* Minshew interprets, fine, neat, brave. See also Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: "*Feat* and pleasant, *concinne et venustæ sententie*."

The poet does not, I think, mean to say merely, that the more mature regulated their dress by that of Posthumus. A glass that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more polished.

We have nearly the same image in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ———— I should blush

" To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,

" To shew my self a glass."

Again, more appositely in *Hamlet*:

" He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

" That fashion'd others." MALONE.

# CYMBELINE.

11

A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read,  
What kind of man he is.

2. GENT. I honour him  
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
Is the sole child to the king?

1. GENT. His only child.  
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-  
ledge  
Which way they went.

2. GENT. How long is this ago?

1. GENT. Some twenty years.

2. GENT. That a king's children should be so  
convey'd!  
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

1. GENT. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2. GENT. I do well believe you.

1. GENT. We must forbear: Here comes the  
gentleman,  
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.\**

QUEEN. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
 daughter,  
 After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
 So soon as I can win the offended king,  
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,  
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
 Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,  
 I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:—  
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king  
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

*[Exit Queen.]*

IMO. O  
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

\* — *Imogen,*] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was king of Cornwall. MALONE.



I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,  
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) <sup>2</sup> what  
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
 But that there is this jewel in the world,  
 That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!  
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause  
 To be suspected of more tenderness  
 Than doth become a man! I will remain  
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.  
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;  
 Who to my father was a friend, to me  
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
 Though ink be made of gall.<sup>3</sup>

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:  
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
 How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him  
 [Aside.  
 To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
 Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

<sup>2</sup> (*Always reserv'd my holy duty.*) I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> (*Though ink be made of gall.*) Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink, with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal gall* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable gall* is bitter; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.



*Posr.* Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Posr.* How! how! another?—  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And fear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death! <sup>4</sup>—Remain, remain thou here  
[Putting on the ring.  
While sense can keep it on! <sup>5</sup> And sweetest, fairest,

<sup>4</sup> *And fear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!* Shakspeare may poetically call the  
*cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*. If so,  
we should read *cere* instead of *fear*:

“Why thy canoniz'd bones hearst in death,

“Have burst their *cerements*?”

To *fear up*, is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage  
the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word simply for  
to *close up*. STEEVENS.

May not *fear up*, here mean *fold up*, and the reference be to a  
lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the Ghost,  
was used for *searments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spel-  
ling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between  
*cere-cloth* and *fear-cloth*. Cole in his Latin dictionary, 1679, explains  
the word *ceros* by *fear-cloth*. Shakspeare therefore certainly might  
have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *While sense can keep it on!* This expression, I suppose, means,  
*while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have  
its usual power*. That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of  
action, is evident from the following passage in *Othello*:

“————— keeps due on

“To the Propontick” &c.

The general sense of Posthumus's declaration, is equivalent to  
the Roman phrase,—*dum spiritus hoc regis artus*. STEEVENS.

As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles  
 I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;  
 It is a manacle<sup>6</sup> of love; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

IMO. O, the gods!  
 When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

POST. Alack, the king!

CRM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my  
 sight!

The poet [if it refers to the *ring*] ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read. But Shakspeare has many similar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Cæsa, you are the first that rears *your* hand.”  
 instead of—*his* hand. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“*Time's* office is to calm contending kings,  
 “To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—  
 “To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,—”

instead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third act of the play before us:

“——— Euriphile,  
 “Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,  
 “And every day do honour to *her* grave.” MALONE.

As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as *Julius Cæsar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio; it is hardly fair to charge those irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar offences against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

The instance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which occasionally have happened in the course of our present republication. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— a manacle—] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-cuff*. STEEVENS.

If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!  
Thou art poison to my blood.

*Posr.* The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [Exit.

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.<sup>7</sup>

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth;<sup>8</sup> thou heapest  
A year's age on me!<sup>9</sup>

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

<sup>7</sup> *There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— it is a sufferance, panging  
"As soul and body's parting." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *That should'st repair my youth;*] i. e. renovate my youth; make me young again. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: "—— as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but *repair* it." Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"—— it much *repairs* me,  
"To talk of your good father." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *thou heapest*  
*A year's age on me!*] The obvious sense of this passage, on which several experiments have been made, is in some degree countenanced by what follows in another scene:

"And every day that comes, comes *to decay*  
"A day's *work* in him."

Dr. Warburton would read "A *yare* (i. e. a speedy) age;" Sir T. Hanmer would restore the metre by a supplemental epithet:

—— *thou heapest many*  
*A year's age &c.*

and Dr. Johnson would give us:  
Years, ages, *on me!*

I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. "*Many* a year's age," is an idea of some weight; but if *Cymbeline* meant to say that his daughter's conduct made him precisely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himself and Shakspeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEVENS.

Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.<sup>2</sup>

CYM. Past grace? obedience?

IMO. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past  
grace.

CYM. That might'st have had the sole son of my  
queen!

IMO. Oblefs'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] A touch more rare, may mean a  
nobler passion. JOHNSON.

A touch more rare is undoubtedly a more exquisite feeling; a superior  
sensation. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. ii:

"The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

"Do strongly speak to us."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

"Of their afflictions?" &c.

A touch is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in  
this sense. So, in *Daniel's Hymen's Triumph*, a masque, 1623:

"You must not, Phillis, be so sensible

"Of these small touches which your passion makes."

"—Small touches, Lydia! do you count them small?"

Again:

"When pleasure leaves a touch at last

"To shew that it was ill."

Again, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1599:

"So deep we feel impressed in our blood

"That touch which nature with our breath did give."

Lastly, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in *Fraunce's Iwychurch*.  
He is speaking of Mars and Venus: "When sweet tickling joyes  
of tutching came to the highest poynt, when two were one," &c.

STEEVENS.

A passage in *King Lear* will fully illustrate Imogen's meaning:

"—where the greater malady is fix'd,

"The lesser is scarce felt." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to  
deserve training. STEEVENS.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made  
my throne  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No ; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one !

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :  
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is  
A man, worth any woman ; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.<sup>4</sup>

*Cym.* What !—art thou mad ?

*Imo.* Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—'Would  
I were  
A neatherd's daughter ! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing !—  
They were again together : you have done  
[To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*QUEEN.* 'Beseech your patience :—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace ;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some  
comfort

<sup>4</sup> ——— overbuys me

*Almost the sum he pays.*] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

MALONE.

Out of your best advice.<sup>5</sup>

CYM. Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day;<sup>6</sup> and, being aged,  
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN. Fie!—you must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his  
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—  
I would they were in Africk both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes

<sup>5</sup> ——— your best advice.] i. e. consideration, reflection. So, in  
*Measure for Measure*:

“ But did repent me after more advice.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— let her languish

*A drop of blood a day;*] We meet with a congenial form of  
malediction in *Othello*:

“ ——— may his pernicious soul

“ Rot half a grain a day!” STEEVENS.

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my throne  
A seat for baseness.

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worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.\**

QUEEN. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
 daughter,  
 After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
 So soon as I can win the offended king,  
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,  
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
 Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,  
 I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:—  
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king  
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.]

IMO. O  
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

\* — *Imogen*,] Holinshed's Chronicle furnished Shakspeare with this name, which in the old black letter is scarcely distinguishable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, king of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was king of Cornwall. MALONE.



If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!  
Thou art poison to my blood.

*Posr.* The gods protect you!  
And blest the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. *[Exit.]*

*IMO.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.<sup>7</sup>

*CYM.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth;<sup>8</sup> thou heapest  
A year's age on me!<sup>9</sup>

*IMO.* I beseech you, fir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I

<sup>7</sup> *There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.* So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— it is a sufferance, panging

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*Re-enter Queen.*

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They were again together: you have done  
[To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*QUEEN.* 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some  
comfort

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for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has  
given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his  
worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired.

Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

*QUEEN.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

*PIS.* I humbly thank your highness.

*QUEEN.* Pray, walk a while.

*IMO.* About some half hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

1. *LORD.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;  
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sa-  
crifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's  
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*CLO.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him?

2. *LORD.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.  
[*Aside.*]

1. *LORD.* Hurt him? his body's a passable car-  
cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for  
steel, if it be not hurt.

2. *LORD.* His steel was in debt; it went the  
backside the town. [*Aside.*]

*CLO.* The villain would not stand me.

2. LORD. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.<sup>5</sup> [Aside.

1. LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. LORD. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [Aside.

CLO. I would, they had not come between us.

2. LORD. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. LORD. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.

1. LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:<sup>6</sup> She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *he fled forward still, toward your face.*] So, in *Trilussa* and *Cressida*:

" ——— thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

" With his face backward." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *her beauty and her brain go not together.*] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, "Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

That is, are not equal, "*ne vont pas de pair.*" A similar expression occurs in *The Laws of Candy*, where Gonzalo, speaking of Erota, says:

" ——— and walks

" Her tongue the same gait with her wit?" M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta species, cerebrum non habet!* PHÆDRUS. EDWARDS.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward show*.

JOHNSON.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

2. *LORD.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

*CLO.* Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *LORD.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

*CLO.* You'll go with us?

1. *LORD.* I'll attend your lordship.

*CLO.* Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *LORD.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*IMO.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,  
And question'dst every fail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is.<sup>1</sup> What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

" ————— a common trull,

" A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth

" To draw in riotous guests."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by the same authors:

" Stand still, thou *sign* of man."

To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEVENS.

In a subsequent scene, Iachimo speaking of Imogen, says:

" All of her, that is *out of door*, most rich!

" If she be furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,

" She is alone the Arabian bird." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ————— '*'twere a paper lost*

*As offer'd mercy is.*] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the



PIS. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

IMO. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

PIS. And kifs'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear<sup>a</sup>  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this, occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

"Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried." STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *with this eye or ear*—] [Old copy—*his eye, &c.*] But how could Posthumus make himself distinguished by his *ear* to Pisanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakspeare's intention. We must therefore read:

*As he could make me with this eye, or ear,*

*Distinguish him from others,——*

The expression is *ἀκροασις*, as the Greeks term it: the party speaking points to that part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——— *for so long*

*As he could mark me with his eye, or I*

*Distinguish——*

The reason of Sir. T. Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no address made to the *ear*. JOHNSON.

This description, and what follows it, seem imitated from the eleventh Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See Golding's translation, p. 146, b. &c.

"She lifting up hir watric eies beheld hir husband stand  
"Upon the hatches making signes by becking with his  
hand:  
"And she made signes to him againe. And after that  
the land  
"Was farre remooved from the ship, and that the sight began  
"To be unable to discern the face of any man,  
"As long as ere she could she lookt upon the rowing keele.  
"And when she could no longer time for distance ken it  
weele,

Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind  
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
 How swift his ship.

*IMO.* Thou should'st have made him  
 As little as a crow, or less,<sup>9</sup> ere left  
 To after-eye him.

*PIS.* Madam, so I did.

*IMO.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
 crack'd them, but  
 To look upon him; till the diminution  
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:<sup>2</sup>  
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-  
 sanio,  
 When shall we hear from him?

*PIS.* Be assur'd madam,  
 With his next vantage.<sup>3</sup>

*IMO.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,

“ She looked still upon the sails that flaked with the wind  
 “ Upon the mast. And when she could the sails no longer  
 find,  
 “ She gate him to his empty bed with sad and forlorn heart, &c.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *As little as a crow, or less,*] This comparison may be illustrated  
 by the following in *King Lear*:

“ — the crows, that wing the midway air,  
 “ Show scarce so gross as beetles.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:] *The diminution  
 of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are  
 killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by blasting, not blasted  
 lightning.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — next vantage.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,” &c.

STEEVENS.

How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd  
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons,<sup>4</sup> for then  
I am in heaven for him;<sup>5</sup> or ere I could  
Give him that parting kifs, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words,<sup>6</sup> comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— encounter me with orisons,] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I am in heaven for him;*] My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— or ere I could

*Give him that parting kifs, which I had set*

*Betwixt two charming words,*] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were—*adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, “ the must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

*Shakes all our buds from growing.*] i. e. our buds of love, as our author has elsewhere expressed it. Dr. Warburton, because the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—*Shakes all our buds from blowing*.

The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakspeare himself has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they grow:

“ This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath

“ May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.”

MALONE.

A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and

*Enter a Lady.*

*LADY.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*IMO.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd:—  
I will attend the queen.

*PIS.* Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakspeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose*:

“ It is the very emblem of a maid.  
“ For when the *west* wind courts her gently,  
“ How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
“ With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her  
“ Rude and impatient, then like chastity,  
“ She locks her beauties in her *bud* again,  
“ And leaves him to base briars.” FARMER.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

“ Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May.”

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*.”

Lyly in his *Euphues*, 1581, as Mr. Holt White observes, has a similar expression. “ The *winde shaketh of the blossome*, as well as the fruit.” STEVENS.

## SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO,<sup>5</sup> *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*<sup>6</sup>

*IACH.* Believe it, fir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*PHI.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him<sup>7</sup> both without and within.

*FRENCH.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*IACH.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her

<sup>5</sup> — *Iachimo,*] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The Two Gentlewomen of Venice*, a novel which immediately follows that of *Romeo and Julietta* in the second tome of *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*] Thus the old copy; but *Mynheer*, and the *Don*, are mute characters. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *makes him*—] In the sense in which we say, *This will make or mar you*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Orbello*:

“ ——— This is the night

“ That either *makes* me, or *fordoes* me quite.”

STEEVENS.

*Makes him*, in the text, means *forms* him. M. MASON.

value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.<sup>8</sup>

FRENCH. And then his banishment:—

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,<sup>9</sup> are wonderfully to extend him;<sup>2</sup> be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality.<sup>3</sup> But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

<sup>8</sup> — *words him, — a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *and the approbation of those, — are wonderfully to extend him;*] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakspeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“The posture of your blows are yet unknown.”

[See Vol. XII. p. 374, n. 5.] The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

*Extend* has here the same meaning as in a former scene. See p. 8, n. 5. MALONE.

I perceive no inaccuracy on the present occasion. “This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,”—“and then his banishment;”—“and the approbation of those,” &c. “*are* (i. e. all these circumstances united) wonderfully to extend him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *without more quality.*] The folio reads *less* quality. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

Whenever *less* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a preposition of a similar import, Shakspeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to use words that express the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this incontestably, by comparing a passage similar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. The passage is:

“—I—condemn myself to *lack*

“The courage of a woman, *less* noble mind

“Than she—.”

*PHI.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*FRENCH.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*POST.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.<sup>4</sup>

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— I ne'er heard yet  
“ That any of these bolder vices wanted  
“ *Less* impudence, to gainsay what they did,  
“ Than to perform it first.”

Again in *King Lear*:

“ ——— I have hope  
“ You *less* know how to value her deserts  
“ Than she to *scant* her duty.”

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. xii. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—without *more* quality, and so undoubtedly Shakspeare *ought* to have written. On the stage, an actor may rectify such petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. MALONE.

As on this occasion, and several others, we can only tell what Hemings and Condell printed, instead of knowing, with any degree of certainty, what Shakspeare wrote, I have not disturbed Mr. Rowe's emendation, which leaves a clear passage to the reader, if he happens to prefer an obvious sense to no sense at all.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

*FRENCH.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you;<sup>5</sup> it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.<sup>6</sup>

*Posr.* By your pardon, fir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:<sup>7</sup> but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*FRENCH.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-

"Which I will ever pay, and pay again,

"When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

"Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *I did atone &c.*] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

"There had been some hope to *atone* you."

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil."

See Vol. XII. p. 189, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.*] *Importance* is here as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. See Vol. IV. p. 170, n. 5. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth Night*: "Maria wrote the letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*." Again, in *King John*: "At our *importance* *hither* is he come." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, &c.*] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

JOHNSON.

This passage cannot bear the meaning that Johnson contends for. *Posr.* is describing a presumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himself to have been at that time; and means to say, that he *was* *studied* to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.—To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wisdom, not of presumption. M. MASON.



ment of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,<sup>8</sup> or have fallen both.

*LACH.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*FRENCH.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,<sup>9</sup> suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*LACH.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*POST.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*LACH.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*POST.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— confounded *one the other*,] To *confound*, in our author's time, signified—to *destroy*. See Vol. IX. p. 351, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *which may, without contradiction*,] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *though I profess &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

The sense seems to require a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

*Though I profess myself her friend, not her adorer.*

meaning thereby the praises he bestowed on her arose from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a superstitious reverence only. If Posthumus wished to be believed, as he surely did, the declaring that his praises proceeded from adoration, would lessen the credit of them, and counteract his purpose. In confirmation of this con-

*IACH.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but be-

jecture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards says in the same sense:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.”

Which would also serve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. M. MASON.

I am not certain that the foregoing passages have been completely understood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar sense in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend*, in ancient colloquial language, is occasionally synonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either sex, in both the favourable and unfavourable sense of that word. “ Save you *friend* Cassio!” says Bianca in *Othello*; and Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, informs Isabella that her brother Claudio “ hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child.” *Friend*, in short, is one of those “ *fond adoptions christendoms that blinking Cupid gossips*,” many of which are catalogued by Helen in *All's well that ends well*, and *friend* is one of the number:

“ A mother, and a mistress, and a *friend*,

“ A phoenix, captain, and an enemy.”

This word, though with some degradation, is still current among the harlotry of London, (who like Macheath's doxies) as often as they have occasion to talk about their absent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this sense the word is also used by Iago, in *Othello*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ Or to be naked with her *friend* abed.”

Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. This sense of the word also appears to be confirmed by a subsequent remark of Iachimo:

“ You are a *friend*, and therein the wiser.”

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore show your wisdom in opposing all experiments that may bring your lady's chastity into question.

STEVENS.

lieve she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.<sup>2</sup>

POST. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were<sup>3</sup> wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl' light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and

<sup>2</sup> *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.* The old copy reads—I could not believe she excell'd many; but it is on all hands allowed that the reasoning of Iachimo, as it stands there, is inconclusive.

On this account, Dr. Warburton reads, omitting the word—not, “I could believe she excelled many.”

Mr. Heath proposes to read, “I could but believe” &c.

Mr. Malone, whom I have followed, exhibits the passage as it appears in the present text.

The reader who wishes to know more on this subject, may consult a note in Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. VIII. p. 327, 328, and 329.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *if there were* —] Old copy—or if—for the purchases, &c. the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word—or, which has just occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*PosT.* Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress;<sup>4</sup> if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*PHI.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*PosT.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*IACH.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*PosT.* No, no.

*IACH.* I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*PosT.* You are a great deal abused<sup>5</sup> in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

<sup>4</sup> ——— to convince the honour of my mistress; } *Convince for ever-*  
*come.* WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— their malady convinces

“ The great essay of art.” JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— abused — ] *Deceiv'd.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave.”

STEVENS.

*IACH.* What's that?

*POST.* A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

*PHI.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*IACH.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation<sup>6</sup> of what I have spoke.

*POST.* What lady would you choose to affail?

*IACH.* Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*POST.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*IACH.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ———*approbation*——] Proof. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ———how many, now in health,

“ Shall drop their blood in *approbation*

“ Of what your reverence shall incite us to.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*] I correct it:

*You are afraid, and therein the wiser.*

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

“ ——— But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you *fear*.

WARBURTON.

*You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note,

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POST. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches;<sup>7</sup> and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

POST. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the

it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this passage.

[But let it be remembered, that Dr. Warburton communicated many notes to Theobald before he published his own edition, and complains that he was not fairly dealt with concerning them.

REED.]

A *friend* in our author's time often signified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Posthumus was wise in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himself to her by the indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. MALONE.

See p. 31, and 32, n. 2. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus, it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I am the master of my speeches;*] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant. STEEVENS.

hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

*PHI.* I will have it no lay.

*IACH.* By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*POST.* I embrace these conditions;\* let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd,

\* *Iach.* — *If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.*

*Post.* *I embrace these conditions, &c.]* This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.* WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakspeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNSON.

I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*IACH.* Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*POST.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

*FRENCH.* Will this hold, think you?

*PHI.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*QUEEN.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;  
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

*I. LADY.*

I madam.

*QUEEN.* Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]  
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

*COR.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,  
madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;  
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,



Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But, though slow, deadly.

QUEEN. I do wonder, doctor,<sup>8</sup>  
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,  
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions?<sup>9</sup> I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act; and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

COR. Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *I do wonder, doctor,*] I have supplied the verb *do* for the sake of measure, and in compliance with our author's practice when he designs any of his characters to speak emphatically: Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Other conclusions?*] *Other experiments.* I commend, says Walton, *an angler that trieth conclusions*, and improves his art. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She hath pursued *conclusions* infinite

"Of easy ways to die." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Your highness*

*Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:*] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

*Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.* JOHNSON.

Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN.

O, content thee.—

*Enter* PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside*.  
Will I first work: <sup>3</sup> he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

COR. I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside*.

QUEEN.

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To* PISANIO.

COR. [*Aside*.] I do not like her.<sup>4</sup> She doth think,  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,  
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and  
dogs;  
Then afterward up higher: but there is

<sup>3</sup> *Will I first work:*] She means, I believe, that on him first she  
will try the efficacy of her poison. MALONE.

What else can she mean? REED.

<sup>4</sup> *I do not like her.*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The  
speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither re-  
solving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a  
long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is  
yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise  
in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had  
mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were un-  
deceived as to the quality of them; and it is no less useful to  
prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

No danger in what show of death it makes,  
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,<sup>5</sup>  
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
 So to be false with her.<sup>6</sup>

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,  
 Until I fend for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave.  
 [Exit.]

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
 think, in time  
 She will not quench;<sup>7</sup> and let instructions enter  
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
 As great as is thy master: greater; for  
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
 Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor  
 Continue where he is: to shift his being,<sup>8</sup>  
 Is to exchange one misery with another;  
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
 A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,  
 To be depender on a thing that leans?<sup>9</sup>  
 Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,  
 [The Queen drops a box: PISANIO takes it up.  
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

<sup>5</sup> — *a time,*] So the old copy. All the modern editions—*for a time.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *So to be false with her.*] The two last words may be fairly considered as an interpolation, for they hurt the metre, without enforcement of the sense.

*For thee,* in the next line but one, might on the same account be omitted. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *quench;*] i. e. grow cool. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *that leans?*] That inclines towards its fall. JOHNSON.

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :  
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know  
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;  
 It is an earnest of a further good  
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.  
 Think what a chance thou changeest on ;<sup>8</sup> but think  
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,  
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king  
 To any shape of thy preferment, such  
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :  
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A sly and con-  
 stant knave ;  
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;  
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold  
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of leigers for her sweet ;<sup>9</sup> and which she, after,  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

<sup>8</sup> *Think what a chance thou changeest on ;*] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into.

*Think what a chance thou chanceest on ;*—

And

*Think what a change thou chanceest on ;*—

but unnecessarily. The meaning is : “ Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.” STEEVENS.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds some support to the reading—*thou chanceest on*, which is much in Shakspeare's manner :

“ Let there bechance him pitiful mis-chances.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Of leigers for her sweet ;*] A *leiger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

“ Intends you for his swift ambassador,

“ Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*.” STEEVENS.

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
 Is the desire that's glorious:<sup>3</sup> Blessed be those,  
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,  
 Which seasons comfort.<sup>4</sup>—Who may this be? Fie!

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
 "I do give lost." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — but most miserable

*Is the desire that's glorious:*] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chooses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to—*The degree that's glorious*. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — Blessed be those,

*How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,*

*Which seasons comfort.*] The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

— *Bless'd be those,*

*How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,*

*With reason's comfort.*—

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.

JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclination, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself."

"You lack the season of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth*.

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

**PIS.** Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my lord with letters.

**IACH.** Change you, madam?

Again, in *Albucorax*, 1615:

" — the memory of misfortunes past  
" *Seasons* the welcome." STEEVENS.

I agree with Steevens that the word *seasons*, in this place is used as a verb, but not in his interpretation of the former part of this passage. Imogen's reflection is merely this: "That those are happy who have their honest wills, which gives a relish to comfort; but that those are miserable who set their affections on objects of superior excellence, which are of course, difficult to obtain." The word *honest* means *plain* or *humble*, and is opposed to *glorious*.

M. MASON.

In my apprehension, Imogen's sentiment, is simply thus: *Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, (or, as she says in another place, born a neat-herd's daughter,) I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable in such a situation! Pregnant with calamity are those desires, which aspire to glory; to splendid titles, or elevation of rank! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.*

A line in *Timon of Athens* may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

" O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!"

In *King Henry VIII.* also, Anna Bullen utters a sentiment that bears a strong resemblance to that before us:

" — I swear 'tis better  
" To dwell with humble livers in content,  
" Than to be perk'd up in a *glift'*ring grief,  
" And wear a *golden sorrow*."

Of the verb *to season*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens,) so many instances occur as fully to justify this interpretation. It is used in the same metaphorical sense in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

" This that did *season* all my four of life,—"

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

IMO. Thanks, good sir;  
You are kindly welcome.

IACH. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!  
[*Aside.*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [*Reads.*]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose  
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon  
him accordingly, as you value your trust*

LEONATUS.<sup>s</sup>

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

“How much salt water thrown away in haste,

“To season love, that of it doth not taste!”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—— All this to season

“A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

“And lasting in her sad remembrance.” MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*

LEONATUS.]

[*Old copy—your trust.* LEONATUS.] Were Leonatus writing to  
his steward, this style might be proper; but it is so strange a  
conclusion of a letter to a prince's, and a beloved wife, that it  
cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

—— *as you value your trust*

LEONATUS.

M. MASON.

This emendation is at once so neat and elegant, that I cannot  
refuse it a place in the text; and especially as it returns an echo to  
the words of Posthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt  
so much on his own conjugal fidelity:

“—— I will remain

“The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.”

STEEVENS.



So far I read aloud:  
 But even the very middle of my heart  
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
 Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,  
 In all that I can do.

*IACH.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
 What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
 Of sea and land,<sup>6</sup> which can distinguish 'twixt  
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
 Upon the number'd beach?<sup>7</sup> and can we not

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that these were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen*, formed the conclusion of Posthumus's letter; and the words—*so far*, and *by the rest*, support that supposition. Though Imogen reads the name of her husband, she might suppress somewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unsuitable to a fond husband, supposing it to be the conclusion of the letter. Respect my friend, says Leonatus, as you value the confidence reposed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

It is certain, I think, from the break—"He is one" &c. that the omitted part of the letter was at the beginning of it; and that what follows (all indeed that was necessary for the audience to hear,) was its regular and decided termination.—Was it not natural, that a young and affectionate husband, writing to a wife whom he adored, should express the feelings of his love, before he proceeded to the detail of his colder business? STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — and the rich crop

Of sea and land,] He is here speaking of the covering of sea and land. Shakspeare therefore wrote:

— and the rich cope. WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *sea and land*. When the poet had spoken of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it necessary? The *crop of sea and land* means only the productions of either element. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — and the twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?] I have no idea in what sense the

Partition make with spectacles so precious  
 'Twixt fair and foul?

beach, or shore, should be called *number'd*. I have ventured, against all the copies, to substitute:

*Upon th' unnumber'd beach?—*

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epithet as coupled to the word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*:

"(In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

"Corpora.)"—

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus:

*Upon the humbled beach;—*

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide.

WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twinn'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So, in *The Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—But is it possible that two faces

"Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. iv:

"Are still together, who *twinn'd* as 'twere in love."

Mr. Heath conjectures the poet might have written—*spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word.—In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

"Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach

"Fillop the stars.—"

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book VI. c. vii:

"But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass." STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

Farmer's amendment is ill-imagined. There is no place so little likely to be *shaded* as the beach of the sea; and therefore *umber'd* cannot be right. M. MASON.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive some support from a passage in *King Lear*:

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i'the judgement;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite; Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd, Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed.<sup>a</sup>

" — the murm'ring surge

" That on *th'* unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes —."

*Th'* unnumber'd, and *the* number'd, if hastily pronounced, might easily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it surely means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *abounding in numbers of stones; numerous.* MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

*Not so allur'd to feed.*] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgement* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

*Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,*

*Should make desire vomit, emptiness*

*Not so allure to feed.*

That is, *Should not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed.* TYRWHITT.

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,<sup>8</sup>  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear fir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, fir,  
desire [To PISANIO.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. Dr. Johnson's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Desire* he had added, *however hungry, or sharp-set*.

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was so little acquainted with his author, as not to know that Shakspeare here, and in some other places, uses *desire* as a trisyllable; in consequence of which, he reads—*vomit to emptiness*. MALONE.

The indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following lines and stage-directions in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"Now will I essay to vomit if I can;

"Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach," &c.

"[Here Money shall make as though he would vomit."

Again:

"[Here Pleasure shall make as though he would vomit."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The cloyed will, &c.*] The present irregularity of metre has almost persuaded me that this passage originally stood thus:

*The cloyed will,  
(That's satiate, yet unsatisfied, that tub  
Both fill'd and running,) ravening first the lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.*

*What, dear fir, &c.*

The want, in the original MS. of the letter I have supplied, perhaps occasioned the interpolation of the word—*desire*.

STEEVENS.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.<sup>9</sup>

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

*IMO.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'be-  
seech you?

————— <sup>he</sup>  
<sup>9</sup> *Is strange and peevish.*] He is a foreigner and easily fretted.  
JOHNSON.

*Strange*, I believe, signifies *by* or *backward*. So, Holinshed, p. 735: "—— brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

*Peevish* anciently meant weak, silly. So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in his *Galatea*, [1592,] when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in his *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,  
"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

Minshew, in his Dictionary 1617, explains *peevish* by *foolish*. So again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy."

See also Vol. VII. p. 291, n. 7; and Vol. X. p. 396, n. 2.

*Strange* is again used by our author in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the sense in which Mr. Steevens supposes it to be used here:

"Measure my *strangeness* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I'll prove more true  
"Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that sense here. MALONE.

Johnson's explanation of *strange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uses it again in the latter end of this scene:

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,  
"To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* evidently means, being a *stranger*. M. MASON.

IACH. Well, madam.

IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.<sup>2</sup>

IMO. When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

IACH. I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him;<sup>3</sup> whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,  
cries, O!

*Can my sides bold, to think, that man,—who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?*

IMO. Will my lord say so?

IACH. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with  
laughter.  
It is a recreation to be by,

<sup>2</sup> — *he is call'd*  
The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, Mr.  
Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 4369:

“That he was cleped Perkin revelour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *he furnaces*  
The thick sighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his  
translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: “—furnaceth the  
universall sighes and complaints of this transposed world.”

STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*:

“—And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad.” MALONE.

And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*IMO.* Not he, I hope.

*IACH.* Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;<sup>4</sup>  
In you,—which I count<sup>5</sup> his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*IMO.* What do you pity, fir?

*IACH.* Two creatures, heartily.

*IMO.* Am I one, fir?  
You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*IACH.* Lamentable ! What !  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

*IMO.* I pray you, fir,  
Deliver with more opennefs your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*IACH.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your——But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*IMO.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'Pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do : For certainties

<sup>4</sup> — *In himself, tis much ;*] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *count* —] Old copy—*account*. STEVENS.



Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,<sup>5</sup>  
The remedy then born,<sup>6</sup>) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.<sup>7</sup>

*IACH.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty;<sup>8</sup> this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here:<sup>9</sup> should I (damn'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

<sup>5</sup> — *timely knowing,*] Rather—*timely known.* JOHNSON.

I believe Shakspeare wrote—*known*, and that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The remedy then born,*] We should read, I think:  
*The remedy's then born—.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

This kind of ellipsis is common in these plays. What both you spur and stop *at*, the poet means. See a note on Act II. sc. iii.  
MALONE.

The meaning is, what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold. M. MASON.

The allusion is to horsemanship. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined as he cannot stirre forward."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this hand, whose touch,*  
— *would force the feeler's soul*

*To the oath of loyalty?*] There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. The lord sat, while the vassal kneeling on both knees before him, *beld his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord*, and swore to be faithful and loyal. See *Coke upon Littleton*, 85. Unless this allusion be allowed, how has *touching the hand* the slightest connection with taking *the oath of loyalty*? HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fixing it only here:*] The old copy has—*Fiering*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

That mount the Capitol;<sup>2</sup> join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as  
 With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,<sup>3</sup>  
 Base and unlustrous<sup>4</sup> as the smoky light  
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,  
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
 Encounter such revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,  
 Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I,  
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
 That, from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,  
 Charms this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my  
 heart  
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady

<sup>2</sup> ——— as common as the stairs  
*That mount the Capitol;*] Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase “as common as the highway.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— join gripes with hands, &c.] The old edition reads:  
 ——— join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as  
 With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read:

——— then lie peeping ———  
*Hard with falsehood,* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Base and unlustrous ———] Old copy—*illustrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illustrious* was not used by our author in the sense of *lustrous* or *unlustrous*, is proved by a passage in the old comedy of *Patient Grissell*, 1603: “—— the buttons were *illustrious* and resplendent diamonds.” MALONE.

A “lack-lustre eye” has been already mentioned in *As you like it*.  
 STEEVENS.

So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,<sup>5</sup>  
 Would make the great'st king double! to be part-  
 ner'd  
 With tomboys,<sup>6</sup> hir'd with that self-exhibition<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — to an empery.] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. Shakspeare uses it in *King Richard III*:  
 "Your right of birth, your *emperry*, your own."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *With tomboys*,] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, a *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*:

"Made threescore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in W. Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581:

"She comes not unto Bacchus' feastes,

"Or Flora's routes by night,

"Like *tomboyes* such as lives in Rome

"For every knaues delight."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "If thou should'st rigg up and down in our jackets, thou would'st be thought a very *tomboy*."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*:

"What humorous *tomboys* be these?—

"The only gallant Messalinas of our age."

It appears from several of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleasure, in the time of Shakspeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall*:

"And therefore kept them secretlie

"To feede his fowle desire,

"Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,

"In pages' trim attyre.

"He gave them for their cognizance

"A purple bleeding heart,

"In which two silver arrowes seem'd

"The fame in twaine to part.

"Thus secret were his wanton sports,

"Thus private was his pleasure;

"Thus barlots in the shape of men

"Did waft away his treasure."

Verstegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*: "*Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; heereof we yet call a wench that skipeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name also of *tumbling* cometh from hence." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *hir'd with that self-exhibition* &c.] *Grise strumpets*, hired with the very *person* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
 That play with all infirmities for gold  
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,\*  
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;  
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you  
 Recoil from your great stock.

IMO. Reveng'd!  
 How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
 Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,  
 How should I be reveng'd?

IACH. Should he make me  
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;<sup>9</sup>  
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.

\* —[*such boil'd stuff*,] The allusion is to the ancient process of sweating in venereal cases. See Vol. XI. p. 593, n. 5. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

“ — look *parboil'd*,

“ As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “ Sodden business! there's a *stew'd* phrase indeed.” Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “ She's e'en setting on water to *scald* such chickens as you are.” All this stuff about *boiling*, *scalding*, &c. is a mere play on *stew*, a word which is afterwards used for a brothel by Imogen. STEEVENS.

The words may mean,—such *corrupted* stuff; from the substantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — *boils* and plagues

“ Plaster you o'er!”

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets*;] Sir THOMAS Hanmer, supposing this to be an inaccurate expression, reads:

*Live like Diana's priestess 'twixt cold sheets*;

but the text is as the author wrote it. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, DIANA says:

“ My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thee thither;

“ There, when my maiden *priests* are met together,” &c.

MALONE.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;  
More noble than that runagate to your bed;  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as fure.

IMO. What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.\*

IMO. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that  
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A faucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
As in a Romish stew,<sup>3</sup> and to expound

\* *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So, in *Caliba Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

“ — she swears him to his good abearing,  
“ Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As in a Romish stew,*] *Romish* was in the time of Shakspeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ — my mother deem'd me chang'd,  
“ Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stews:”  
and the author of this piece seems to have been a scholar.  
Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”  
Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:

“ The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.”  
STEEVENS.

His beastly mind to us; he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter whom<sup>4</sup>  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*IACH.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him:<sup>5</sup>  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*IMO.* You make amends.

*IACH.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended  
god:<sup>6</sup>

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

<sup>4</sup> ———and a daughter whom —] Old copy—*who*. Corrected  
in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ———*such a holy witch*,  
*That he enchants societies unto him:]* So, in our author's  
*Lover's Complaint*:

“ ——— he did in the general bosom reign  
“ Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—  
“ Consents *bewitch'd*, ere he desire, have granted.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ———*like a descended god:]* So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— a station like the herald *Mercury*,  
“ *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The old copy has—*defended*. The correction was made by the  
editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*,  
in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

To try your taking a<sup>6</sup> false report; which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement  
 In the election of a fir so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him  
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,  
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All's well, fir: Take my power i' the court  
 for yours.

IACH. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,  
 Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray, what is't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
 (The best feather of our wing)<sup>7</sup> have mingled sums,  
 To buy a present for the emperor;  
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
 In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,  
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
 And I am something curious, being strange,<sup>8</sup>  
 To have them in safe stowage; May it please you  
 To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;  
 And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
 In my bed-chamber.

<sup>6</sup> — taking a —] Old copy, vulgarly and unmetrically,  
 — taking of a —. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — best feather of our wing —] So, in Churchyard's *Warning  
 to Wanderers abroad*, 1593:

“ You are so great you would faine march in field,  
 “ That world should judge you feathers of one wing.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — being strange,] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.



*IACH.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*IMO.* O, no, no.

*IACH.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*IMO.* I thank you for your pains;  
But not away to-morrow?

*IACH.* O, I must, madam:  
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:  
I have outstood my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*IMO.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

CLO. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kifs'd the jack upon an up-cast,<sup>9</sup> to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whorefson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. LORD. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

CLO. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. LORD. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *kifs'd the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kifs the jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632:

“ This city bowler has *kifs'd* the mistress at the first cast.”

STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *No, my lord; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus:

1. Lord. *No, my lord.*

2. Lord. *Nor crop the ears of them.* [*Aside.* JOHNSON.

CLO. Whorefon dog!—I give him satisfaction?<sup>3</sup>  
 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. LORD. To have smelt<sup>4</sup> like a fool. [*Aside.*

CLO. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. LORD. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.<sup>5</sup> [*Aside.*

CLO. Sayest thou?

1. LORD. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion<sup>6</sup> that you give offence to.

CLO. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLO. Why, so I say.

1. LORD. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

<sup>3</sup> *I give him satisfaction?*] Old copy—*gave*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To have smelt*—] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

The same quibble has already occurred in *As you like it*, Act I. sc. ii:

“*Touch*. Nay, if I keep not my *rank*—

“*Ref*. Thou lovest thy old *smell*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *with your comb on*.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNSON.

The intention of the speaker, is to call Cloten a *coxcomb*.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *every companion*—] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 171, n. 5; and p. 362, n. 3. MALONE.

CLO. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2. LORD. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1. LORD. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLO. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLO. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

2. LORD. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.]*

CLO. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

*[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.]*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this afs! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes  
are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.  
[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,<sup>7</sup>  
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

IACH. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd  
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin<sup>8</sup> thus  
Did softly press the rushes,<sup>9</sup> ere he waken'd

<sup>7</sup> *From fairies, and the tempters of the night,*] Banquo, in *Macbeth*,  
has already deprecated the same nocturnal evils:

“Refrain in me the curst thoughts, that nature

“Gives way to in repose!” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — our *Tarquin* —] The speaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *Tarquin thus*

*Did softly press the rushes,*] This shows that Shakspeare's idea  
was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly ones*, and  
may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII.  
p. 409, n. 3. BLACKSTONE.

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!<sup>a</sup>  
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
 But kifs; one kifs!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
 Perfumes the chamber thus:<sup>3</sup> The flame o'the taper

—— *the rushes,*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:  
 "Sedge and *rushes*,—with the which many in this country do use in sommer time to stawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleasant smell."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"—— his blood remains.

"Why strew *rushes*."

Again, in *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a *rush*."

Shakspeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— by the light he spies

"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks;

"He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient English stage also, as appears from more than one passage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewn with *rushes*:

"Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the *rushes* or on stooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the stage after you." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Cytherea,*

*How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!*

*And whiter than the sheets!]* So, in our author's *Venus and*

*Adonis*:

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,

"Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Who o'er the white sheets peers her whiter chin."

MALONE.

Thus, also, Jaffier, in *Venice Preserved*:

"—— in virgin sheets,

"White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— 'Tis her breathing that

*Perfumes the chamber thus:]*

The same hyperbole is found in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids;  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied<sup>4</sup>  
Under these windows:<sup>5</sup> White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct.<sup>6</sup>—But my design?

“ ——— no lips did seem so fair  
“ In his conceit; through which he thinks doth lie  
“ So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— now canopied—] Shakspeare has the same expression in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
“ And, canopy'd in darkness, sweetly lay,  
“ 'Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Under these windows:] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— Thy eyes' windows fall,  
“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;  
“ Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct.] We should read:

——— White with azure lac'd,  
The blue of heaven's own tinct.

i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.”

The passage before us, without Dr. Warburton's emendation, is, to me at least, unintelligible. STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ What envious streaks do lace the severing clouds.”

These words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-lids, (of which the poet would scarcely have given so particular a description,) but to the *enclosed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though now shut, Iachimo had seen before, and which are here said in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celestial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praise its white skin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakspeare, seems to have viewed this passage in the same light:

“ And these sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,  
“ Wherewith she seems the white skin to have lac'd,  
“ She soon doth alter.” *The Mooncalf*, 1627. MALONE.

We learn from a quotation in n. 5, that by *blue windows* were

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—  
Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the  
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off,—  
[Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

meant *blue eye-lids*; and indeed our author has dwelt on corresponding imagery in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ———violet, dim,

“ But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.”

A particular description therefore of the same objects, might, in the present instance, have been designed. STEEVENS.

’ ———The arras, figures,

*Why, such, and such:*] We should print, says Mr. M. Mason, thus: “ ———the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras.” But, I think, he is mistaken. It appears from what Iachimo says afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the stuff of which the arras was composed:

“ ———It was hang'd

“ With *tapestry* of *filk* and *silver*; the story

“ Proud Cleopatra,” &c.

Again, in Act V:

“ ———averring notes

“ Of chamber-hanging, pictures,” &c. MALONE.

’ ———but as a monument,

*Thus in a chapel lying!*] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow. He has again the same allusion in his *Rape of Lucrece*. [See Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4.] See also Vol. VI. p. 311, n. 7. MALONE.



As strongly as the conscience does within,  
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted,<sup>9</sup> like the crimson drops  
 I'the bottom of a cowslip:<sup>2</sup> Here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and  
                                   ta'en  
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what  
                                   end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
 The tale of Tereus;<sup>3</sup> here the leaf's turn'd down,

<sup>9</sup> ———— *On her left breast*

*A mole cinque-spotted,]* Our author certainly took this circumstance from some translation of Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Westward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the *DECAMERONE*, *Ambrogisolo*, (the Iachimo of our author,) who is concealed in a chest in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Westward for Smelts* the contemner of female chastity hides himself under the lady's bed,) wishing to discover some particular mark about her person, which might help him to deceive her husband, "at last espied a large mole under her left breast, with several hairs round it, of the colour of gold."

Though this mole is said in the present passage to be on Imogen's breast, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Posthumus, our author has adhered closely to his original:

" ———— *under her breast*

" (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud

" Of that most delicate lodging." MALONE.

This is the passage very properly referred to by Mr. Malone, in p. 3; though (his printer having changed his reference from 354 to 364) it was not discovered till after the four first sheets of the present play were worked off." STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *like the crimson drops*

*I'the bottom of a cowslip:]* This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *She hath been reading late*

The tale of Tereus;] [See *Rape of Lucrece*, Mr. Malone's

Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!<sup>4</sup>—that  
dawning

May bare the raven's eye:<sup>5</sup> I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,<sup>6</sup>—Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

edit. Vol. X. p. 149, n. 1.] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The same tale is related in Gower's *Poem de Confessione Amantis*, B. V. fol. 113, b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Lib. VI.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *you dragons of the night!*] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penseroso*; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“ ——— the dragon womb

“ Of Stygian darkness.”

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance. See Vol. X. p. 122, n. 2. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that dawning*

*May bare the raven's eye:*] The old copy has—*bears*. The correction was proposed by Mr. Theobald; and I think properly adopted by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expressed, *bare his eye*.

STEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet says of the crow, (a bird whose properties resemble very much those of the raven,) in his *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ O Cressida, but that the busy day

“ Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribbald crows—.”

HEATH.

<sup>6</sup> *One, two, three,*] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was

## SCENE III.

*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

I. LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

I. LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

I. LORD. Day, my lord.

CLO. I would this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

*almost midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is three o'clock. MALONE.

## S O N 'G.

*Hark! bark! the lark at beaven's gate sings,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Phæbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Hark! bark! the lark at beaven's gate sings,]* The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book V:

" ——— ye birds

" That singing up to *beaven's gate* ascend."

Again, in Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day arising

" From fullen earth, *sings hymns at beaven's gate.*"

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* in his mind, when he wrote this song:

" ——— who is't now we hear?

" None but the lark so shril and clear;

" Now at *beaven's gates* she claps her wings,

" The morn not waking till she sings.

" *Hark, bark ———.*" REED.

In this song, Shakspeare might have imitated some of the following passages:

" The besy larke, the messager of day,

" Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray;

" And firy Phebus riseth up so bright," &c.

Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 1493, Tyrwhitt's edition.

" Lyke as the larke upon the somers daye

" Whan Titan radiant burnisheth his bemes bright,

" Mounteth on hye, with her melodious laye

" Of the sone shyne engladed with the lyght."

Skelton's *Crowne of Laurel*.

" Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,

" The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed,

" Allready to her silver coach to clime;

" And Phæbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.

" Harke, how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,

" And carol of love's praise.

" The merry larke her mattins sings aloft,—

*And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;<sup>a</sup>  
With every thing that pretty bin:<sup>a</sup>  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.*

" Ah my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long  
" When meeter were that ye should now awake."

Spenser's *Epithalamion*.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Lo here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
" From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
" And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
" The sun ariseth in his majesty."

I am unable to decide whether the following lines in Du Bartas were written before Shakspeare's song, or not:

" La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,  
" Tire-lire, à lirè, & tire-lirant tire,  
" Vers la voûte du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu  
" Vire, & desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu."

DOUCE.

<sup>a</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs*

*On calic'd flowers that lies;*] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *calice*. JOHNSON.

— *those springs*

*On calic'd flowers that lies;*] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,  
" Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:"

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider  
your musick the better:<sup>1</sup> if it do not, it is a vice

Shakspeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,

"Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness *lies*."

STEEVENS.

See also Vol. III. p. 73, n. 5; and Vol. V. p. 500, n. 3. There is scarcely a page of our author's works in which similar false concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have silently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impossible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is such a gross offence against grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wish to exhibit our author's writings with strict fidelity it had been preserved. The reformation therefore, it is hoped, will be pardoned, and considered in the same light as the substitution of modern for ancient orthography. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And winking* Mary-buds *begin*

*To ope their golden eyes*;] The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sunset. So, in one of Browne's Pastorals:

"—— the day is waxen olde,

"And gins to shut up *with* the *marigold*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *pretty bin*:] is very properly restored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads:

*With* all the things that *pretty bin*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. i:

"That which of them to take, in diverse doubt *they been*."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Sir, you may boast your flocks and herds, that *bin* both  
fresh and fair."

Again:

"As fresh as *bin* the flowers in May."

Again:

"Oenone, while we *bin* disposed to walk."

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakspeare. The real author was George Peele. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I will consider your musick the better*:] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV:  
"—— being something gently *consider'd*, I'll bring you" &c.

STEEVENS.

in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts,<sup>4</sup> nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.  
[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

2. *LORD.* Here comes the king.

*CLO.* I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*CYM.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?  
Will she not forth?

*CLO.* I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*CYM.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
Must wear the-print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*QUEEN.* You are most bound to the king;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits;<sup>5</sup> and be friended<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — cats-guts,] 'The old copy reads—*calves-guts*.

STEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *vice*, which was printed instead of *vice*, was corrected by the same editor. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *To orderly solicits;*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEVENS.

The oldest copy reads—*solicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

With aptness of the season: make demials  
 Increase your services: so seem, as if  
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
 And therein you are senseless.

CLO.

Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. So like you, fir, ambassadors from Rome;  
 The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow,  
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him  
 According to the honour of his sender;  
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
 We must extend our notice.<sup>7</sup>—Our dear son,  
 When you have given good morning to your  
 mistress,  
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need

<sup>6</sup> ——— and be friended &c.] We should read:  
 ——— and befriended

*With aptness of the season.*

That is, “with solicitations not only proper but well timed. So Terence says: “In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.” M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> And towards himself his goodness forespent on us

*We must extend our notice.*] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shewn to us. Our author has many similar ellipses. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Thine honourable metal may be wrought

“From what it is dispos'd [to].”

See Vol. X. p. 598, n. 3; and Vol. XI. p. 185, n. 2.

MALONE.



To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM. Queen, Lords, and Mess.

CLO. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves,<sup>9</sup> yield up Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

LADY. Who's there, that knocks?

CLO. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY. That's more Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

<sup>9</sup> — false *themselves*,] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such is used in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*." See Vol. VII. p. 237, n. 4. Spenser often has it:

"Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

CLO. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

LADR. Ay,  
To keep her chamber.

CLO. There's gold for you; tell me your good report.

LADR. How! my good name? or to report of  
you  
What I shall think is good?—The princefs—

*Enter IMOGEN.*

CLO. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

IMO. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much  
pains  
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still, I swear, I love you.

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompence is still  
That I regard it not.

CLO. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield, being  
silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.<sup>9</sup>

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:  
I will not.

<sup>9</sup> — one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who is  
taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.<sup>2</sup>

CLO. Do you call me fool?

IMO. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal:<sup>3</sup> and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

CLO. You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract<sup>4</sup> you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *so verbal:*] is, *so verbose*, so full of talk. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *The contract &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

“ Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,

“ And leave eighteen.——”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *in self-figur'd knot;*] This is nonsense. We should read—*self-finger'd knot*, i. e. A knot solely of their own tying,

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil.<sup>5</sup>  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery,<sup>6</sup> a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

IMO.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues,<sup>7</sup> to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

CLO.

The south-fog rot him!

IMO. He never can meet more mischance, than  
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?<sup>8</sup>

without any regard to parents, or other more publick considerations.

WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? *A self-figured knot* is a knot formed by your-  
self. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *soil*—] Old copy—*soil*. See Vol. XII. p. 444, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a  
livery, and serve as a lacquey. See Vol. VI. p. 442, n. 8; and  
Vol. IX. p. 13, n. 2; and p. 423, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *if 'twere made*

*Comparative for your virtues,*] If it were considered as a  
*compensation adequate* to your virtues, to be styled, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?*] Sir T.  
Hanmer regulates this line thus:

————— *all made such men.*

Clot. *How now?*

Imo. *Pisanio!* JOHNSON.

Enter PISANIO.

CLO. His garment? Now, the devil—

IMO. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

CLO. His garment?

IMO. I am sprighted with a fool;<sup>9</sup>  
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm;<sup>2</sup> it was thy master's: 'threw  
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kifs'd it:<sup>3</sup>  
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
That I kifs aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

IMO. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis.]

CLO. You have abus'd me:—  
His meanest garment?

<sup>9</sup> *I am sprighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— Julius Cæsar,

“ Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *a jewel, that too casually*

*Hath left mine arm;*] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kifs'd it:*] *Arm* is here used by Shakspeare as a disyllable. MALONE.

I must on this occasion repeat my protest against the whole tribe of such unauthorized and unpronounceable disyllabifications. I would read the now imperfect line before us, as I suppose it came from our author:

*Last night it 'was upon mine arm; I kifs'd it.* STEEVENS.

IMO. Ay; I said so, fir.  
If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.<sup>3</sup>

CLO. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too:  
She's my good lady;<sup>4</sup> and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, fir,  
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

CLO. I'll be reveng'd:—  
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

POST. Fear it not, fir: I would, I were so fast  
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour  
Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

POST. Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come:<sup>5</sup> In these fear'd  
hopes,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *call witnesses to't.*] I cannot help regarding the redundant —*to't*, as an interpolation. The sense is obvious, and the metre perfect without it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *She's my good lady;*] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: “——and when you come to court, stand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come:*] I believe we should read *winter-state*, not *winter's state*. M. MASON.

I barely gratify your love; they failing.  
I must die much your debtor.

*PHI.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute,<sup>6</sup> send the arrearages,  
Or look<sup>7</sup> upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*POS.* I do believe,  
(Statist<sup>8</sup> though I am none, nor like to be,)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions,<sup>9</sup> now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages)<sup>2</sup> will make  
known

<sup>6</sup> *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 9, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Or look—*] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er*  
*look*. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So, Gawin Douglas, in his translation  
of *Virgil*:

“ ——— sufferit he also,

“ *Or* he his goddess brocht in Latio.”

See also Vol. III. p. 11, n. 3; and Vol. VIII. p. 142, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Statist—*] i. e. Statesman. See note on *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The legions,*] Old copy—*legion*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.  
So afterwards:

“ And that the *legions* now in Gallia are

“ Full weak to undertake our war,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— mingled *with their courages—*] The old folio has this  
odd reading:

——— *Their discipline*

(*Now wing-led with their courages*) will make known—.

JOHNSON.

To their approvers,<sup>3</sup> they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*PHI.* See! Iachimo!

*POST.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*PHI.* Welcome, sir.

*POST.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*IACH.* Your lady  
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.<sup>4</sup>

*POST.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,<sup>5</sup>  
And be false with them.

*Their discipline (now wing-led with their courages) may mean  
their discipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their  
military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery.*

STEEVENS.

The same error that has happened here being often found in these  
plays, I have not hesitated to adopt the emendation which was  
made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the subsequent editors.  
Thus we have in the last act of *King John*, *wind*, instead of *mind*;  
in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, instead of *minds*; in *Measure for  
Measure*, *flawes*, instead of *flames*, &c. See Vol. XII. p. 424, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To their approvers,*] i. e. To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Is one the fairest &c.*] So, p. 59:

" — And he is *one*

" *The truest manner'd* —."

The interpolated old copy, however, reads, to the injury of the  
metre:

*Is one of the fairest &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — or let her beauty

*Look through a casement to allure false hearts,*] So, in *Timon of  
Athens*:



*IACH.* Here are letters for you.

*POST.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*IACH.* 'Tis very like.

*PHI.* Was Caius Lucius<sup>6</sup> in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*IACH.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.<sup>7</sup>

*POST.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*IACH.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*POST.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*IACH.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*POST.* Make not, fir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*IACH.* Good fir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought

" — let not those milk paps,

" That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,

" Make soft thy trenchant sword." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Phi. Was Caius Lucius &c.*] This speech in the old copy is  
given to Posthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it  
certainly belongs, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, who justly  
observes that "Posthumus was employed in reading his letters."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *But not approach'd.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent  
defect in this line, by reading:

*But was not yet approach'd.* STEEVENS.

POSS. This is a thing,  
Which you might from relation likewise reap;  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH. The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted:<sup>1</sup> Her andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *With golden cherubins is fretted;*] The same tawdry image occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

" — their dwarfish pages were

" *As cherubins, all gilt.*"

The sole recommendation of this gothick idea, which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby, unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into the composition of such infantine and absurd representatives of the choirs of heaven. STEEVENS.

— *fretted*:] So again, in *Hamlet*: " — this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire —." So, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book II. ch. ix:

" In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold

" *Was fretted all about, she was array'd.*" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — — — — — *nicely*

*Depending on their brands.*] I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poised on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this passage. Here seems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the andiron. These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands*.

WHALLEY.

It should seem from a passage in *The Black Book*, a pamphlet published in 1604, that andirons in our author's time were sometimes formed in the shape of human figures: " — ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he saw a paire of corpulent

*Pos.* This is her honour!—  
 Let it be granted,<sup>4</sup> you have seen all this,<sup>5</sup> (and  
 praise  
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves  
 The wager you have laid.

*IACH.* Then, if you can,  
 [*Pulling out the bracelet.*]  
 Be pale;<sup>6</sup> I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
 And now 'tis up again: It must be married  
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Pos.* Jove!—  
 Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
 Which I left with her?

*IACH.* Sir, (I thank her,) that:  
 She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
 And yet enrich'd it too:<sup>7</sup> She gave it me, and said,  
 She priz'd it once.

*gigantick andirons, that stood like two burgomasters at both corners."*  
*Instead of these corpulent burgomasters, Imogen had Cupids.*

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant  
 that the andirons he describes were uncommonly large.

*MALONE.*  
<sup>4</sup> *Let it be granted, &c.*] Surely, for the sake of metre, we  
 should read, with some former editor:

*Be it granted, &c.* *STEVENS,*

<sup>5</sup> *This is her honour!*—

*Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.*] The expression  
 is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus  
 answers with impatience,

"This is her honour!"—

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the  
 corruption of her honour. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *if you can,*

*Be pale;*] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

*JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> *And yet enrich'd it too:*] The adverb—*too*, which hurts the

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off,  
To send it me.

*Lach.* She writes so to you? doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this  
too; [*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;  
love,  
Where there's another man: The vows of women<sup>6</sup>  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable, she lost it; or,  
Who knows if one of her women,<sup>7</sup> being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her.<sup>8</sup>

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

*Lach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am  
sure,

metre, might safely be omitted, the expression being sufficiently forcible without it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *The vows of women*—] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *if one of her women,*] *Of* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Hath stolen it from her.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, (for some words are here deficient) has perfected the metre by reading:

*Might not have stolen it from her.* STEEVENS.

She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn, and honourable:<sup>8</sup>—They induc'd to  
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance<sup>9</sup> of her incontinency  
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

PHI. Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of——

POST. Never talk on't:  
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing,)<sup>1</sup> lies a mole, right proud

<sup>8</sup> ——— her attendants are

*All sworn, and honourable:*] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expressly ordered [p. 49] that “what person soever he be that commyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the countyng-hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the presence of the hede officers; and on theire absence before the clerke of the kechyng-e either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as thei shall seyme beste by their discretion.”

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> *The cognizance*—] The badge; the token; the visible proof.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> (*Worthy the pressing*,)] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:

(*Worthy her pressing*,)——. JOHNSON.

Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*PosT.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*IACH.* Will you hear more?

*PosT.* Spare your arithmetick: never count the  
turns;  
Once, and a million!

*IACH.* I'll be sworn,——

*PosT.* No swearing,  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou hast made me cuckold.

*IACH.* I will deny nothing.

*PosT.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-  
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before  
Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

*PHI.* Quite besides  
The government of patience!—You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath<sup>3</sup>  
He hath against himself.

*IACH.* With all my heart.  
[*Exeunt.*

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compositor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had just composed. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— pervert the present wrath——] i. e. turn his wrath to another course. MALONE.

To *pervert*, I believe, only signifies to *avert* his wrath from himself, without any idea of turning it against another person. To

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers?<sup>4</sup> We are bastards all;<sup>5</sup>  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit:<sup>6</sup> Yet my mother seem'd

what other course it could have been diverted by the advice of  
Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Is there no way &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to  
this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imparted to  
Adam, *Paradise Lost*, Book X:

“ ——— O, why did God,  
“ Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
“ With spirits masculine, create at last  
“ This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
“ With men, as angels, without feminine,  
“ Or find some other way to generate  
“ Mankind?”

See also Rhodoment's invective against women in the *Orlando  
Furioso*; and above all, a speech which Euripides has put into the  
mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *We are bastards all;*] Old copies—*We are all bastards.*  
The necessary transposition of the word—*all*, was Mr. Pope's.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *was I know not where*

*When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools*

*Made me a counterfeit:]* We have again the same image in  
*Measure for Measure*:





Cry'd, *ob!* and mounted: found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
 Should from encounter guard.<sup>8</sup> Could I find out  
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,  
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
 All faults that may be nam'd,<sup>9</sup> nay, that hell knows,  
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all  
 For ev'n to vice  
 They are not constant, but are changing still

bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has spoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German one* must have been in his thoughts, for the *boar* was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on*; and, what is still more extraordinary, this strange sophification has found its way into Dr. Johnson's most valuable Dictionary. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read:

— found no opposition

From what he look'd for should oppose, &c.

This alteration probably escaped the observation of the late Mr. Edwards, or it would have afforded occasion for some pleasant commentary. T. C.

Thomas Harvey his Epistle to Sir T. H. and Thomas Potter his Epigram on Dr. W. sufficiently demonstrate how little these criticks were at home, when they presumed on any circumstance touching the premises which our author hath, in this place, somewhat obscurely figured. AMNER.

<sup>9</sup> — that may be nam'd,] Thus the second folio. The first, with its usual disposition to blundering:

All faults that name.

I have met with no instance in the English language, even tending to prove that the verb—to name, ever signified—to have a name.

STEEVENS.

One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
 Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill  
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
 The very devils cannot plague them better.<sup>9</sup> [*Exit.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

CYM. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?<sup>1</sup>

LUC. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,  
 Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,  
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> —to pray they have their will:

*The very devils cannot plague them better.*] So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort against Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?*] So, in *King John*:

"Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —thine uncle,] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 9, n. 7.

MALONE.

(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,  
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

CLO. There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN. That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors; together with  
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable,<sup>4</sup> and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of  
conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame  
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!<sup>5</sup>) on our terrible seas,

<sup>4</sup> *With rocks unscaleable,*] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's.  
The old editions have:

*With oaks unscaleable.* JOHNSON.

“The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their  
wooden forts and castles; our *rocks*, shelves, and *firies*, that lye  
along our coasts; and our trayned bands.” From chapter 109  
of Bariffe's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's  
*Legend of Britomart*. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> (Poor ignorant baubles!)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our  
boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot fortune!<sup>6</sup>) to master Cæsar's sword,<sup>7</sup>  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with courage.

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:  
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;  
 and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other  
 of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such  
 straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe us  
 hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I  
 have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay  
 tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a  
 blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will  
 pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,  
 pray you now.

CYM. You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans did extort

<sup>6</sup> O, giglot fortune!] O false and inconstant fortune! A ~~giglot~~  
 was a strumpet. See Vol. IV. p. 375, n. 4; and Vol. IX.  
 p. 636, n. 2. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!" MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point

— to master Cæsar's sword,] Shakspeare has here transferred  
 to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius.  
 "The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of  
 Nennius, brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get  
 Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke  
 at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of  
 the hurt received at Cæsar's hand, although after he was hurt he  
 slew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." Book III. ch. xiii.  
 Nennius, we are told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, was buried with  
 great funeral pomp, and Cæsar's sword placed in his tomb.

MALONE.

This tribute from us,<sup>6</sup> we were free: Cæsar's ambition,  
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour,<sup>7</sup> here  
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar  
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,  
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,<sup>8</sup>  
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
 Himself a king.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *This tribute from us,]* The unnecessary words—*from us*, only derange the metre, and are certainly an interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *against all colour,]* Without any pretence of right.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“For, of no right, nor colour like to right,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Mulmutius,]* Here the old copy (in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—

“——— *Mulmutius, which*

“Ordain'd our laws;)”

most absurdly adds:

——— *made our laws,——*

I have not scrupled to drop these words; nor can suppose our readers will discover that the omission of them has created the smallest chasm in our author's sense or measure. The length of the parenthetical words (which were not then considered as such, or enclosed, as at present, in a parenthesis,) was the source of this interpolation. Read the passage without them, and the whole is clear:—*Mulmutius, which ordained our laws; Mulmutius, who was the first of Britain, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Mulmutius,*

*Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd*

*Himself a king.]* The title of the first chapter of Holinshed's

*LUC.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion;  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,  
I thank thee for myself.

*CRM.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; <sup>2</sup> of him I gather'd honour;

third book of the History of England is—"Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations, &c.

"Mulmucius,—the sonne of *Cloten*, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's decease began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world 3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called *Mulmucius lawes*, turned out of the British speech into Latin by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English by Alfred king of England, and mingled in his statutes. After he had established his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned;—and because he was the first that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

"Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and measures, with the which men should buy and sell. And further he caused fore and streight orders for the punishment of theft."  
*Holinshed, ubi supra.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou art welcome, Caius.*

*Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent*

*Much under him;*] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed:

"Kymbeline, says he, (as some write,) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"—Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refused to pay that tribute."

Which he, to seek of me again, perforce;  
Behoves me keep at utterance;<sup>3</sup> I am perfect;  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms:<sup>4</sup> a precedent  
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

LUC.

Let proof speak.

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you  
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us

"—— But whether the controversy, which appeared to fall  
forth betwixt the Britons and Augustus, was occasioned by Kym-  
beline, I have not a vouch."

"—— Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him  
two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *keep at utterance*;] means to keep at the extremity of  
defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude  
with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The History of*  
*Helias Knight of the Swanee*, bl. l. no date: "—— Here is my  
gag to sustaine it to the utteraunce, and besight it to the death."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

"And champion me to the utterance."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—— will you, the knights

"Shall to the edge of all extremity

"Pursue each other," &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"So be it, either to the uttermost,

"Or else a breath."

See Vol. VII. p. 454, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— *I am perfect*,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— in your state of honour *I am perfect*." JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 520, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for*

*Their liberties, are now in arms*:] The insurrection of the Pan-  
nonians and Dalmatians for the purpose of throwing off the Roman  
yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his  
father, Tenantius. MALONE.

in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

*LUC.* So, fir.

*CRM.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:  
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*PIS.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser?<sup>6</sup>—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongu'd, as banded,<sup>7</sup>) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue.<sup>8</sup>—O, my master!

<sup>6</sup> *What monster's her accuser?*] The old copy has—*What monsters her accuse?* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the single person named by Pisanio, fully support the emendation. *What monsters her accuse*, for *What monsters accuse her*, could never have been written by Shakspeare in a soliloquy like the present. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—*What monsters have accus'd her?* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *What false Italian*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as banded,*.)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *take in some virtue.*] To take in a town, is to conquer it.  
JOHNSON.



Thy mind to her is now as low,<sup>9</sup> as were  
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
 If it be so to do good service, never  
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
 That I should seem to lack humanity,  
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*  
[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity:*<sup>2</sup>—O damn'd paper!  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
 Art thou a feodary for this act,<sup>3</sup> and look'st

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——cut the Ionian seas,

“And take in Toryne—.”

See also Vol. XII. p. 26, n. 9. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Thy mind to her is now as low,*] That is, thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author should rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— *Do't:—The letter*

*That I have sent her, by her own command,*

*Shall give thee opportunity:*] Here we have another proof of what I have observed in The Dissertation at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker; who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former instance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.* See Vol. IV. p. 88, n. 7.

The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*,) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Art thou a feodary for this act,*] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of *fuit and service* to a superior lord.

HANMER.

So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.<sup>4</sup>

*IMO.* How now, Pisanio?

*PIS.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*IMO.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

How a letter could be considered as a *feudal vassal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loss to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. So, Leontes says of Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is

"A *feodary* with her."

I also think that the word *feodary* has the same signification in *Measure for Measure*, though the other commentators do not, and have there assigned my reasons for being of that opinion.

M. MASON.

*Art thou a feodary for this act,]* Art thou too combined, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not signify a feudal vassal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors have supposed, (though if the word had borne that signification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *present with*, and *assistant* to the Escheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to survey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquisition had been made to the king's use,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. "In cognoscendis rimandisque feudis (says Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifestandas tuendasque, operam navat; Escautori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibusque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we see, the Escheator's *associate*, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a *confederate* or *associate* in general. The feudal vassal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatory* or *feudatary*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* signified both. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.]* i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"O, I am ignorance itself in this." MALONE.

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,<sup>5</sup>—  
 (Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,  
 For it doth physick love;<sup>6</sup>—of his content,  
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,  
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.<sup>7</sup>—Good news,  
 gods! [Reads.]

<sup>5</sup> ——— *let that grieve him,*] I should wish to read:  
*Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet no;  
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!* TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt wishes to amend this passage by reading *no*, instead of *us*, in the first line; but it is right as it stands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a stop longer than a comma, after the word *asunder*. The sense is this:—“Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are asunder—let that circumstance grieve him; but of his content in every shape but that. M. MASON.

The text is surely right. Let what is here contained relish of my husband's content, in every thing except our being separate from each other. Let that one circumstance afflict him! MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *For it doth physick love;*] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Blest be,  
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.*] The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blessed by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.*<sup>1</sup> Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow,<sup>2</sup> and your, *increasing in love,*<sup>3</sup>

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

<sup>1</sup> *Justice, &c.*] Old copy—*Justice, and your father's wrath, &c. could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.* This passage, which is probably erroneous, is nonsense, unless we suppose that the word *as* has the force of *but*. “Your father's wrath could not be so cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes.” M. MASON.

I know not what idea this passage presented to the late editors, who have passed it in silence. As it stands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the press, after *would*. By its insertion a clear sense is given: Justice and the anger of your father, should I be discovered here, could not be so cruel to me, *but that you*, O thou dearest of creatures, *would be able* to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you. Mr. Pope obtained the same sense by a less justifiable method; by substituting *but* instead of *as*; and the three subsequent editors adopted that reading. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—“would *not*,” and I have followed him,

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *that remains loyal to his vow, &c.*] This subscription to the second letter of Posthumus, affords ample countenance to Mr. M. Mason's conjecture concerning the conclusion of a former one. See p. 46, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and your, increasing &c.*] We should, I think, read thus:—*and your, increasing in love*, Leonatus Posthumus,—to make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*. TYRWHITT.

May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
 O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—  
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
 For mine's beyond beyond,<sup>2</sup>) say, and speak thick,<sup>3</sup>  
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is  
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,  
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
 And our return,<sup>4</sup> to excuse:—but first, how get  
 hence:  
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *For mine's beyond beyond,*] The comma, hitherto placed after the first *beyond*, is improper. The second is used as a substantive; and the plain sense is, that her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond. RITSON.

. So, in *King Lear*:

“*Beyond* all manner of so much I love you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *speak thick,*] i. e. crowd one word on another, as fast as possible. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,

“Became the accents of the valiant.”

See Vol. IX. p. 71, n. 7. Again, in *Macbeth*:

“———— as *thick* as tale

“Can post with post ———.”

See Vol. VII. p. 354, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *from our hence-going,*

And *our return,*] i. e. in consequence of our going hence and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope,—*Till* our return.

In support of the reading of the old copy, which has been here restored, see Vol. XII. p. 76, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary? MALONE.

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, <sup>out</sup>  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score, 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to his execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding  
wagers,<sup>5</sup>

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i'the clock's behalf.<sup>6</sup>——But this is  
foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-  
sently,

A riding fuit; no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.<sup>7</sup>

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.<sup>8</sup>

*Imo.* I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through.<sup>9</sup> Away, I pr'ythee;

<sup>5</sup> ——— of riding wagers,] Of wagers to be determined by the speed of horses. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> That run i'the clock's behalf:] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time.

WARBURTON

<sup>7</sup> A franklin's housewife.] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 418, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Madam, you're best consider.] That is, "you'd best consider."

M. MASON,

So afterwards, in sc. vi: "I were best not call." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look through.] The lady says: "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections

Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;  
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:<sup>2</sup> This  
 gate

insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me  
 no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

JOHNSON.

When Imogen speaks these words, she is supposed to have her  
 face turned towards Milford; and when she pronounces the words,  
*nor here, nor here*, she points to the right and to the left. This  
 being premised, the sense is evidently this:—"I see clearly the  
 way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that  
 behind me, are all cover'd with a fog that I cannot penetrate.  
 There is no more therefore to be said, since there is no way acces-  
 sible but that to Milford."—The passage, however, should be  
 pointed thus:

"I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,

"Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them

"That I cannot look through."

*What ensues* means *what follows*; and Shakspeare uses it here, some-  
 what licentiously, to express what is behind. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's paraphrase is not, I think, perfectly correct. I  
 believe Imogen means to say, "I see neither *on this side*, nor *on*  
*that*, nor *behind* me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that  
 my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and  
 open: Let us therefore instantly set forward:

"Accessible is none but Milford way."

By "*what ensues*," which Dr. Johnson explains perhaps rightly,  
 by the words—*behind me*, Imogen means, what will be the *conse-*  
*quence* of the step I am going to take. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— Stoop, boys:] The old copy reads—*Sleep*, boys:—from  
 whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*Stoop*,

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows  
 you  
 To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs  
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet<sup>9</sup> through.  
 And keep their impious turbands on,<sup>2</sup> without  
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!  
 We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
 As prouder livers do.

GUL.

Hail, heaven!

ARV.

Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon  
 hill,  
 Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-  
 sider,  
 When you above perceive me like a crow,  
 That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told  
 you,  
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
 This service is not service, so being done,  
 But being so allow'd:<sup>3</sup> To apprehend thus,

boys—as that word affords an apposite introduction to what follows.  
 Mr. Rowe reads—*See, boys*,—which (as usual) had been silently  
 copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Sweet boys*; which is more likely to  
 have been confounded by the ear with "*Sleep, boys*," than what  
 Sir T. Hanmer has substituted. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup>—*may jet*—] i. e. strut, walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth  
 Night*: "— how he *jets* under his advanced plumes."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *their impious turbands on*,] The idea of a giant was, among  
 the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those  
 times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> This *service is not service*, &c.] In war it is not sufficient to  
 do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the ac-  
 ceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

As this seems to be intended by Bellarius as a general maxim, not



Draws us a profit from all things we see:  
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
 The sharded beetle<sup>4</sup> in a safer hold  
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;<sup>5</sup>  
 Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;<sup>6</sup>

merely confined to services in war, I have no doubt but we should read :

That *service* is not *service*, &c. M. MASON.

This *service* means, any particular service. The observation relates to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The sharded beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or *shards*. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 103, b :

“ That with his swerd, and with his spere,

“ He might not the serpent dere ;

“ He was so *sharded* all aboute,

“ It held all edge toole withoute.”

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jafon.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 466, n. 9. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—“ A *shard* or crust—*Crusta* ;” which in the Latin part he interprets—“ A crust or shell, a *rough casing* ; shards.” “ The *cases* (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes, which they dig out by their own industry.*” These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the poet's imagery ; for whilst the bird can soar towards the sun beyond the reach of the human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — *attending for a check* ;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a *reproof* ; but I rather think it signifies *command, controul*. Thus in *Truiss and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's *checks*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *than doing nothing for a babe* ;] [Dr. Warburton reads—*bauble*.] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a *bribe*. WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not.

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for filk:  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,

Of *babe* some corrector made *banble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *banble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *banble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act IV. sc. v. the Clown says:

“ I would give his wife my *banble*, sir.”

It was a kind of truncheon, (says Sir John Hawkins,) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than a *finecure* at court, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand. So, in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1623:

“ Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable* ?”

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these neglected orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

*Richer than doing nothing for a brabe*;—

*Brabium* is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are synonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *play-thing* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnson that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe substituted *banble*.

*Doing nothing* in this passage means, I think, being *busy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the same sense as when we say, *melius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere*.

The following lines in Drayton's *Orule*, 4to. 1604, may add, however, some support to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *banble*:

“ Which with much sorrow brought into my mind

“ Their wretched soules, so ignorantly blinde,

“ When even the greatest things, in the world unstable,

“ Clyme but to fall, and dammed for a *bable*.” MALONE.

Yet keeps his book uncross'd:<sup>6</sup> no life to ours.<sup>7</sup>

GUI. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor  
unfledg'd,  
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know  
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is  
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.<sup>8</sup>

ARV. What should we speak of,<sup>9</sup>  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:  
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

<sup>6</sup> *Yet keeps his book uncross'd:]* So, in *Skiaetheta*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:

"Yet stands he in the *debet book uncross'd*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *no life to ours.]* i. e. compared with ours. So, p. 103:

"Thy mind to her is now as low," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To stride a limit.]* To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A prison, or a debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *What should we speak of,]* This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

BEL.

How you speak!<sup>2</sup>

Did you but know the city's usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the  
 search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
 Must court'fy at the censure:—O, boys, this story—  
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd  
 With Roman swords; and my report was once  
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather.<sup>3</sup>

GUI.

Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have told you  
 oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,

<sup>2</sup> *How you speak!*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 “ Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,  
 “ Fallen from their boughs, and left me, open, bare,  
 “ For every storm that blows.” STEVENS.

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,  
This rock, and these demefnes, have been my world:  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-  
tains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes  
The venifon first, shall be the lord o'the feaft;  
To him the other two shall minifter;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater ftate.<sup>4</sup> I'll meet you in the  
valleys. [Exeunt GUI. and ARV.]

How hard it is, to hide the fparks of nature!  
Thefe boys know little, they are fons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up  
thus meanly  
I'the cave, wherein they bow,<sup>5</sup> their thoughts do hit

<sup>4</sup> *And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater ftate.*] The comparative—*greater*, which  
violates the meafure, is furely an abfurd interpolation; the *low-  
brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place  
of *no ftate* at all. STEVENS.

“ ——— nulla aconita bibuntur

“ Fiftilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes

“ Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.” Juv.  
MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *though train'd up thus meanly*

*I'the cave, wherein they bow,*] The old editions read:

*I'the cave, whereon the bowe;*

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as  
it ftands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is fo low that they  
muft bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts fo ex-  
alted, &c. This is the antithetis. Belarius had fpoken before of  
the lownefs of this cave:

“ A goodly day! not to keep houfe, with fuch

“ Whofe roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate

“ Infructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

“ To morning's holy office.” WARBURTON.

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,<sup>6</sup>—  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*  
*And thus I set my foot on his neck;* even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *This Polydore,*] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ This noble king builded fair Caerguent,  
 “ Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;  
 “ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,  
 “ That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.” STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinshed which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore* [i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably suggested the name to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Otway (see p. 114, n. 2,) was evidently of the same opinion, as he has so denominated one of the sons of Acasto in *The Orphan*.

The translations, however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakspeare the name of *Polydore*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The younger brother, Cadwal,*] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

“ — Augifell, king of stout Albania,  
 “ And *Cadwall*, king of Vinedocia——.”

(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes; \*  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
                mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave : †  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up.  
[Exit.

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X.  
p. 341, n. q. STEEVENS.

— *I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *to her grave:*] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother, as they suppose it to be.* The poet ought rather to have written—*to thy grave.* MALONE.

Perhaps he did write so, and the present reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publishers. STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
the place  
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisania! Man!  
Where is Posthūmus? <sup>a</sup> What is in thy mind,

<sup>a</sup> *Where is Posthūmus?*] Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Almost throughout this play he calls *Posthūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*, always *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by William Alexander of Menstrie (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes*:

“ The diadem that *Darius* erst had borne——

“ The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border——.”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of *Posthumus* is the rather remarkable, as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs, and in another place:

“ To his protection; calls him *Posthūmus*.

“ Struck the main-top!—O, *Posthūmus*! alas.”

RITSON.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

“ Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,

“ First built by Arvirāgus, Britaine's king.”

Again, by Heywood, in his *Britaynes Troy*:

“ Now Arvirāgus reigns, and takes to wife

“ The emperor Claudius's daughter.”



That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that  
 sigh  
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
 Into a haviour<sup>3</sup> of less fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender? If it be summer news,  
 Smile to't before:<sup>4</sup> if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
 hand!  
 That drug-damn'd<sup>5</sup> Italy hath out-craftied him,<sup>6</sup>  
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy  
 tongue

It seems to have been the general rule, adopted by scholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like English words: Shakspeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing.

MALONE.

The propriety of the foregoing remark, is not altogether confirmed by the practice of our ancient translators from classic authors. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *haviour*—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Æglogue IX*:

“ Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *If it be summer news,*

*Smile to't before:*] So, in our author's 98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell

“ Of different flowers in odour and in huc,

“ Could make me any *summer's story* tell.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *drug-damn'd*—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *out-craftied him,*] Thus the old copy, and so Shakspeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— chaste as the icicle,

“ That's *curdied* by the frost from purest snow.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*out-crafted*, here, and *curdied* in *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
paper  
Hath cut her throat already.<sup>7</sup>—No, 'tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;<sup>8</sup> whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds,<sup>9</sup> and doth belie

<sup>7</sup> *What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already.* So, in *Venus and Adonis*:  
“Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; &c.* So, in Churchyard's  
*Discourse of Rebellion* &c. 1570:

“Hit venom castes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]

“Hit poysoneth all it toucheth any wheare.”

Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Rides on the posting winds,* So, in *King Henry V*:

“—making the wind my post-horse.” MALONE.

All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,<sup>2</sup>  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*IMO.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?<sup>3</sup>  
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?<sup>4</sup>  
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
                   nature,  
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?  
 Is it?

*PIS.* Alas, good lady!

*IMO.* I false? Thy conscience witnesses:—Iachimo,  
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
 Thy favour's good enough.<sup>5</sup>—Some jay of Italy,<sup>6</sup>  
 Whose mother was her painting,<sup>6</sup> hath betray'd  
                   him:

<sup>2</sup> — *states,*] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 300, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *What is it, to be false?*

*To lie in watch there, and to think on him?*] This passage  
 should be pointed thus:

“ ———— What! is it to be false,

“ To lie in watch there, and to think on him?”

M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Then thou look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,*

*Thy favour's good enough.*] So, in *King Lear*:

“ Those wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,

“ When others are more wicked.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Some jay of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Teach him to know turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whose mother was her painting,*] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;<sup>7</sup>  
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
 I must be ripp'd:<sup>8</sup>—to pieces with me!—O,  
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-  
 ing,

forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—— a parcel of  
 conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments."

STEEVENS.

In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

"—— whose judgments are

" Mere fathers of their garments." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;*] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: " But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her as a garment out of fashion." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,*

*I must be ripp'd:] To hang by the walls*, does not mean, to be converted into hangings for a room, but to be hung up, as useless, among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*"

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of rich substances, were occasionally ripped for domestic uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to hang by the walls, till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

*Comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,*

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors.——When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*.

STEEVENS.

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;<sup>9</sup>  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Dothou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience: Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:  
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

<sup>9</sup> *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; &c.*] i. e. says Mr. Upton,  
"wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like four dough that  
leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected." In  
the line below he would read—*fall*, instead of *fail*. So, in *King  
Henry V*:

"And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot  
"To mark the full-fraught man, and best-indued,  
"With some suspicion."

I think the text is right. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— for the *fail*  
"Of any point" &c. STEEVENS.

No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter<sup>7</sup>  
 There is a prohibition so divine,  
 That cravens my weak hand.<sup>8</sup> Come, here's my  
 heart;

Something's afore't:<sup>9</sup>—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;  
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

The scriptures<sup>2</sup> of the loyal Leonatus,  
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools  
 Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-  
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that<sup>3</sup> did'st set up  
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
 And make me put into contempt the suits  
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
 It is no act of common passage, but  
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd<sup>4</sup> by her

<sup>7</sup> *Against self-slaughter &c.*] So again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— the Everlasting——fix'd

“ His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That cravens my weak hand.*] i. e. makes me a coward. POPE.

That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. See Vol. VI.

P. 454, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Something's afore't:*] The old copy reads—*Something's a-foot*—  
 JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The scriptures*—] So, Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd*:

“ The lover's *scriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'.”

Shakspeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between  
*scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— thou *that*—] The second *thou*, which is not in the old  
 copies, has been added for the sake of recovering metre.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *disedg'd*—] So, in *Hamlet*: “ It would cost you a  
 groaning, to take off mine edge.” STEEVENS.

That now thou tir'st on,<sup>5</sup> how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady;  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then<sup>6</sup>  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,

<sup>5</sup> *That now thou tir'st on,*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 70, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.*] [In the old copies, the word *blind* is wanting.] The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by—*Ab* wherefore. I read—I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture (which I have inserted in the text) may receive support from the following passage in *The Bugbears*, a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:

" ————— I doubt

" Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche my eyes oute.*"

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

" — A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*

" An old man's eyes blood-shot."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: " — I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head speak."

STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has observed in a note on *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Here she exclaims against *repose* and *rest*;

" And bids her *eyes* hereafter still be *blind.*" MALONE.

For my being absent; whereunto I never  
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
 To be unbent,<sup>7</sup> when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
 The elected deer before thee?<sup>8</sup>

*Pis.* But to win time  
 To lose so bad employment: in the which  
 I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,  
 Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
 I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
 Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:  
 But if I were as wise as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
 But that my master is abus'd:  
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
 Hath done you both this curst injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
 I should do so: You shall be mis'd at court,  
 And that will well confirm it.

<sup>7</sup> *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an  
 hunter. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *when thou hast ta'en thy stand,*  
*The elected deer before thee?*] So, in one of our author's  
 poems, *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599:

“When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 “And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike.” MALONE.



*IMO.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*PIS.* If you'll back to the court,—

*IMO.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;<sup>9</sup>  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*PIS.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*IMO.* Where then?<sup>10</sup>  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines?<sup>11</sup> Day, night,

<sup>9</sup> *With that harsh, noble, &c.*] Some epithet of two syllables has here been omitted by the compositor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to seek. MALONE.

Perhaps the poet wrote:

*With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten;  
That Cloten, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *Where then?*] Hanmer has added these two words to Pisanio's speech. MALONE.

<sup>11</sup> *Where then?*

*Hath Britain all the sun that shines?*] The rest of Imogen's speech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What then?*" instead of "*Where then?*" The reason of the change is evident.

M. MASON.

Perhaps Imogen silently answers her own question: "*any where.* Hath Britain" &c.

Shakspeare seems here to have had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, which he has imitated in *King Richard II*: "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished, that had the *sunne*, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blaft, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part

Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think  
There's rivers out of Britain.<sup>9</sup>

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The embassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is;<sup>2</sup> and but disguise  
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger; you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view:<sup>3</sup> yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty,<sup>4</sup> not death on't,  
I would adventure.

of the world be distant far from the other, when as the mathematicians set downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *There's rivers out of Britain.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"There is a world elsewhere." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now, if you could wear a mind*

*Dark as your fortune is;*] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the mind, is *secrecy*; applied to the fortune, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says *Pisanio*, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *full of view:*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

*Full of view* may mean—affording an ample prospect, a complete opportunity of discerning circumstances which it is your interest to know. Thus, in *Pericles*, "*Full of face*" appears to signify—*amply beautiful*; and Duncan assures Banquo that he will labour to make him "*full of growing*," i. e. of *ample growth*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Though peril to my modesty,*] I read—*Through* peril. *I would*

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point:  
 You must forget to be a woman; change  
 Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,  
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
 Woman its pretty self,) to 'a waggish courage;  
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 As quarrellous as the weasel:<sup>6</sup> nay, you must  
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
 Alack, no remedy!<sup>7</sup>) to the greedy touch  
 Of common-kissing Titan;<sup>8</sup> and forget  
 Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein  
 You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
 I see into thy end, and am almost  
 A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,  
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
 That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,  
 And with what imitation you can borrow  
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius

*for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— to —] Old copies, unmetrically, —into. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As quarrellous as the weasel:*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“ A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

“ As you are tof'd with.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!*

*Alack, no remedy!)*] I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

———— the harder hap! JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— common-kissing Titan;] Thus, in *Othello*:

“ The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets ———.”

STEEVENS.



*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;

Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;<sup>1</sup>  
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.*

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
Lords.*

*CrM.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.*

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of  
*ardour* to undertake it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly just. *I'm soldier to*, is  
equivalent to the modern cant phrase—*I am up to it*, i. e. I have  
ability for it. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Here is a box; I had it from the queen;*] Instead of this box,  
the modern editors have in a former scene made the queen give  
Pisano a *vial*, which is dropp'd on the stage, without being broken.  
See Act I. sc. vi.

In *Pericles*, Cerimon, in order to recover Thaisa, calls for all  
the *boxes* in his closet. MALONE.

*Cym.* Our subjects, fir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, fir, I desire of you<sup>8</sup>  
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!<sup>9</sup>

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honour in no point omit:—  
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly: but from this time  
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius, and Lords.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

<sup>8</sup> *So, fir, I desire of you—*] The two last words are, in my opinion, very properly omitted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as they only serve to derange the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *—all joy befall your grace, and you!]* I think we should read—*his* grace, and you. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:

—your grace, and yours!

i. e. your relatives. So, in *Macbeth*:

“And beggar'd *yours* for ever.” STEEVENS.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he  
moves  
His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus,  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;  
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.

QUEEN. Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

CYM. Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

ATTEN. Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no an-  
swer  
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;  
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
 Which daily she was bound to proffer : this  
 She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court  
 Made me to blame in memory.

CYM. Her doors lock'd ?  
 Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that, which I  
                   fear,  
 Prove false ! [Exit.

QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.<sup>a</sup>

CLO. That man of hers, Pifanio, her old servant,  
 I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after.—  
[Exit CLOTEN.

Pifanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus !—  
 He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence  
 Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes  
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;  
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
 To her desir'd Posthúmus : Gone she is  
 To death, or to dishonour ; and my end  
 Can make good use of either : She being down,  
 I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son ?

CLO. 'Tis certain, she is fled :  
 Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none  
 Dare come about him.

<sup>a</sup> *Son, I say, follow the king.* Some word, necessary to the  
 metre, is here omitted. We might read :

*Go, son, I say ; follow the king.* STEVENS.



QUEEN. All the better: May  
This night forestall him of the coming day!<sup>3</sup>

[Exit Queen.]

CLO. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and  
royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman;<sup>4</sup> from every one  
The best she hath,<sup>5</sup> and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgement,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, fir-  
rah?  
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,

<sup>3</sup> ——— May  
*This night forestall him of the coming day!*] i. e. may his grief  
this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an antici-  
pated and premature destruction! So, in Milton's *Masque*:

“Perhaps *forestalling night* prevented them.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman;*] *She has all courtly parts*, says he,  
*more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.*

JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, Act II.  
sc. iii: “To any count; to all counts; to what is man.”

TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *from every one*  
*The best she hath,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“——— but you, O you,

“So perfect, and so peerless, are created

“Of every creature's best.” MALONE.

Where is thy lady! In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,  
I will not ask again. Close villain,<sup>5</sup>  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, fir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, fir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

*Clo.* Let's see't:—I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish.<sup>7</sup>  
She's far enough; and what he learns by  
this, } *Aside.*  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

<sup>5</sup> — *Close villain,*] A syllable being here wanting to complete the measure, perhaps we ought to read:

— *Close villain, thou,* —. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Or *this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten, who, requiring the paper, says:

CLO.

Humh!

PIS. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PIS.

Sir, as I think.

CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,  
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true  
service; undergo those employments, wherein I

*Let's see't:—I will pursue her**Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.*

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

*She's far enough; &c. JOHNSON.*

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it*: or else the words may be considered as a reply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus, and are added sily: *You will either do what you say, or perish, which is the more probable of the two.*—The subsequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to justify the arrangement of the old copies. STEEVENS.

I cannot but think Dr. Johnson in the right, from the account of this transaction which Pisanio afterwards gave:

“ ———— Lord Cloten,

“ Upon my lady's missing, came to me,

“ With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore

“ If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

“ *It was my instant death*: By accident,“ I had a *feigned letter* of my master's

“ Then in my pocket, which directed him

“ To seek her on the mountains near to Milford.”

But if the words, *Or this, or perish*, belong to Pisanio, as the letter was *feigned*, they must have been spoken out, not *aside*.

HENLEY.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Pisanio had such a letter as he now presents; there could therefore be no question concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio's present conduct, and they mean, I think, “ I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury.” MALONE.

should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou do'st me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will

execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true.<sup>1</sup>—To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

*[Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

## SCENE VI.

*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

IMO. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
 I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together  
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
 But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
 When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,  
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,  
 Foundations fly the wretched:<sup>8</sup> such, I mean,  
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told  
     me,  
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis  
 A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,  
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in full-  
     ness  
 Is forer,<sup>9</sup> than to lie for need; and falsehood  
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
 Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on  
     thee,  
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?  
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:  
 I were best not call;<sup>1</sup> I dare not call: yet famine,

<sup>8</sup> *Foundations fly the wretched:*] Thus, in the fifth *Æneid*:  
 "Italian sequimur fugientem." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Is forer,*] Is a greater, or heavier crime. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *I were best not call;*] Mr. Pope was so little acquainted with the language of Shakspeare's age, that instead of this the original reading, he substituted—'*Twere best not call.*' MALONE.

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?  
 If any thing that's civil,<sup>2</sup> speak; if savage,  
 Take, or lend.<sup>3</sup>—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.

<sup>2</sup> *If any thing that's civil,]* Civil, for human creature.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,*

Take, or lend.] I question whether, after the words, *if savage*,  
 a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read:

————— *Ho! who's here?*

*If any thing's that's civil, take or lend,*

*If savage, speak.*

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, take a price for what I want, or  
 lend it for a future recompense; if you are *rough* *inhospitable* inha-  
 bitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state.

JOHNSON.

It is by no means necessary to suppose that *savage* *hold* signifies  
 the habitation of a *beast*. It may as well be used for the cave of a  
*savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the romances of the time, were  
 represented as residing in the woods, like the famous *Orson*, *Breno*  
 in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the *savage* in the seventh canto of the  
 fourth book of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and the 6th B. C. 4.

STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in supposing that the word *savage* does not  
 mean, in this place, a *wild beast*, but a *brutish man*, and in that  
 sense it is opposed to *civil*: in the former sense, the word *human*  
 would have been opposed to it, not *civil*. So, in the next act,  
 Imogen says:

“ Our courtiers say, all's *savage* but at court.”

And in *As you like it*, Orlando says:

“ I thought that all things had been *savage* here.”

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one resides here that is accus-  
 tomed to the modes of civil life, answer me; but if this be the  
 habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one banished  
 from society, that will enter into no converse, let him at least  
*silently* furnish me with enough to support me, accepting a price for  
 it, or giving it to me without a price, in consideration of future  
 recompence. Dr. Johnson's interpretation of the words *Take*, or  
*lend*, is supported by what Imogen says afterwards:

“ Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

“ To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took.”

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,<sup>3</sup>  
and  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:<sup>4</sup>  
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely, favourable: Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth<sup>5</sup>  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUI. I am thoroughly weary:

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

but such licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and transposing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehension, never to be admitted. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *woodman,*] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a *hunter*. For the particular and original meaning of the word, see Mr. Reed's note in *Measure for Measure*, Vol. IV. p. 347, n. 2. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow

“ Against a poor unseasonable doe.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *'tis our match:*] i. e. our compact. See p. 115, l. 6.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *when restive sloth—*] *Resty* signified, mouldy, rank. See Minshew, in v. The word is yet used in the north. Perhaps, however, it is here used in the same sense in which it is applied to a horse. MALONE.

*Restive*, in the present instance, I believe, means unquiet, shifting its posture, like a restive horse. STEEVENS.



GUI. There is cold meat i'the cave ; we'll brouze  
on that,  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BEL. Stay ; come not in :  
[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

GUI. What's the matter, fir ?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon !<sup>6</sup>—Behold divinenefs  
No elder than a boy !

*Enter IMOGEN.*

IMO. Good masters, harm me not :  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took :  
Good troth,  
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had  
found  
Gold strew'd o'the floor.<sup>7</sup> Here's money for my  
meat :  
I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal ; and parted<sup>8</sup>  
With prayers for the provider. \

GUI. Money, youth ?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

<sup>6</sup> *An earthly paragon !*] The same phrase has already occurred  
in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ No ; but she is *an earthly paragon*.” STEEVENS. .

<sup>7</sup> — o'the floor.] Old copy—*i'the floor*. Corrected by Sir  
T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and parted—] A syllable being here wanting to the  
measure, we might read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—and parted  
*thence*. STEEVENS.

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*IMO.* I see, you are angry :  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*BEL.* Whither bound?

*IMO.* To Milford-Haven, sir.<sup>4</sup>

*BEL.* What is your name?

*IMO.* Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen in this offence.<sup>5</sup>

*BEL.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*GUI.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *sir.*] This word, which is deficient in the old copies, has been supplied by some modern editor, for the sake of metre.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I am fallen in this offence.*] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of—*into*. Thus, in *Othello*:

"Fallen *in* the practice of a cursed slave."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"But first, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty, I bid for you, as I'd buy.*] The old copy reads—as *I do buy*. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unnecessarily, *I'd bid for you, &c.* In the folio the line is thus pointed:

"I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty:

"I bid for you," &c. MALONE.



BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUI. 'Would, I could free't!

ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

BEL. Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*]

IMO. Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)\*

\* *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

*That nothing gift of deferring multitudes:*  
i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Ceder par respect a quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—Deferent, *civil, respectueux, &c.* Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the *many-headed* multitude, unless we supply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthless boon of the *differing* or *many-headed* multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to them;*]" or suppose the whole line to be a periphrasis for *adulation* or *obsequance*.

There was no such word as *deferer* or *deferring* in Shakspeare's time. "*Deferer a une compaignie,*" Cotgrave in his Dictionary, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie." MALONE.

*That nothing gift* which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. HEATH.

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unsteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded. M. MASON.

Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.<sup>9</sup>

BEL. It shall be so:  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come  
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUI. Pray, draw near.

ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to the  
lark, less welcome.

IMO. Thanks, sir.

ARV. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is just. So, in the Induction to the  
Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

"The still discordant, warring multitude." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Since Leonatus false.*] Mr. M. Mason would read:

*Since Leonatus is false*——

but this conjecture is injurious to the metre. If we are to connect  
the words in question with the preceding line, and suppose that  
Imogen has completed all she meant to say, we might read:

*Since Leonatus is false.*

Thus, for the convenience of verification, Shakspeare sometimes  
calls Prospero, Prosper, and Enobarbus, Enobarbe. STEEVENS.

As Shakspeare has used "thy mistress' ear," and "Menelaus'  
tent," for thy mistress's ear, and Menelaus's tent, so, with still  
greater licence, he uses—*Since Leonatus false*, for—*Since Leonatus  
is false*. MALONE.

Of such a licence, I believe, there is no example either in the  
works of Shakspeare, or of any other author. STEEVENS.

## SCENE VII.

Rome.

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

1. SEN. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that<sup>2</sup> the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business: He creates  
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.<sup>3</sup> Long live Cæsar!

TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. SEN.

Ay.

TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. SEN.

With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

TRI.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> *That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that &c.]* These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

See p. 101, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *\_\_\_\_\_ and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.]* He commands the commission to be  
given to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.  
JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

CLO. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for<sup>4</sup> 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:<sup>5</sup> yet this imperseverant<sup>6</sup> thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus,

<sup>4</sup> — *for* —] i. e. because. See p. 161, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *in single oppositions:*] In single combat. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“ In *single opposition*, hand to hand,

“ He did confound the best part of an hour,

“ In changing hardiment with great Glendower.”

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. See Vol. X. p. 694, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *imperseverant* —] Thus the former editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ill-perseverant*. JOHNSON.

*Imperseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbofom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immak'd*. STEEVENS.

thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face;<sup>5</sup> and all this done, spurn her home to her father;<sup>6</sup> who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

<sup>5</sup> — *before thy face:*] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten.

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare, who in *The Winter's Tale*, makes a clown say, "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastick a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *spurn her home to her father;*] Cloten seems to delight in rehearsing to himself his brutal intentions; for all this he has already said in a former scene: "—and when my lust hath dined,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again."

STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

**BEL.** You are not well: [*to IMOGEN.*] remain  
here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

**ARV.** Brother, stay here:  
[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

**IMO.** So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

**GUI.** Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

**IMO.** So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:  
But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all.<sup>7</sup> I am ill; but your being by me  
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

**GUI.** I love thee; I have spoke it:

<sup>7</sup> *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all.*] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if  
the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confu-  
sion. JOHNSON.

How much the quantity,<sup>8</sup> the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

BEL.

What? how? how?

ARV. If it be sin to say so, fir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
*My father, not this youth.*

BEL.

O noble strain! [*Aside.*  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.  
I am not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—  
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

ARV.

Brother, farewell.

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV.

You health.—So please you, fir.<sup>9</sup>

IMO. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
The imperious seas<sup>2</sup> breed monsters; for the dish,

<sup>8</sup> How much the quantity,] I read—*As* much the quantity.

JOHNSON.

Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. *How* much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — So please you, fir.] I cannot relish this *courtly phrase* from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> The imperious seas—] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. See Vol. XI. p. 391, n. 3. MALONE.

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

GUL. I could not stir him:<sup>3</sup>  
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;<sup>4</sup>  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARV. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

BEL. To the field, to the field:—  
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

IMO. Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

BEL. And so shalt be ever.<sup>5</sup>

[Exit IMOGEN.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd,<sup>6</sup> appears, he hath had  
Good ancestors.

<sup>3</sup> *I could not stir him:*] Not move him to tell his story.

<sup>4</sup> — gentle, but unfortunate;] Gentle, is well-born, of birth  
above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Rather, of rank above the vulgar. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— be he ne'er so vile,

“ This day shall gentle his condition.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And so shalt be ever.*] The adverb—*so*, was supplied by Sir  
Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Imo. *Well, or ill,*

*I am bound to you.*

Bel. *And so shalt be ever.*—

*This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c.*] These speeches are im-  
properly distributed between Imogen and Belarius; and I flatter  
myself that every reader of attention will approve of my amend-  
ing the passage, and dividing them in the following manner:

Imo. *Well, or ill,*

*I am bound to you; and shalt be ever.*

Bel. *This youth, howe'er distress'd, &c.* M. MASON.

ARV. How angel-like he sings!

GVI. But his neat cookery!<sup>6</sup> He cut our roots in  
characters;<sup>7</sup>

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

GVI. I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,<sup>8</sup>  
Mingle their spurs together.<sup>9</sup>

ARV. Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!<sup>10</sup>

*And shalt be ever.*] That is, you shall ever receive from me the  
same kindness that you do at present: you shall *thus* only be bound  
to me for ever. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Gui. *But his neat cookery!* &c.] Only the first four words of  
this speech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of  
Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next  
speech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *He cut our roots in characters;*] So, in Fletcher's *Elder  
Brother*, Act IV:

“And how to cut his meat in characters.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *rooted in him both,*] Old copy—in *them*. Corrected by  
Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres  
of a tree. POPE.

*Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. Our poet  
has again used the same word in *The Tempest*:

“—— the strong bas'd promontory

“Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*

“Pluck'd up the pine and cedar.”

Hence probably the *spur* of a post; the short wooden buttress  
affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!*] Shakspeare had

BEL. It is great morning.<sup>3</sup> Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

BEL. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

GUI. He is but one: You and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

CLO. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

GUI. A thing'

only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine—from the vine*. JOHNSON.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increase, and may the stinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decaying [or destructive, if *perishing* is used actively,] root *with* the vine, patience, thus increasing!—As to *untwine* is here used for *to cease to twine*, so, in *King Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been used, the poet has constructed the remainder of the sentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See Vol. XI. p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read—*entwine*. He says “Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end Patience must outgrow Grief.” STEVENS.

There is no need of alteration. The elder is a plant whose roots are much shorter lived than the vine's, and as those of the vine swell and outgrow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold.

HENRY.  
<sup>3</sup> *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. See Vol. XI. p. 367, n. 4. STEVENS.

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
*A slave* without a knock.<sup>3</sup>

CLO. Thou art a robber,  
 A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

GUI. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have  
 not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
 My dagger in my mouth.<sup>4</sup> Say, what thou art;  
 Why I should yield to thee?

CLO. Thou villain base,  
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUI. No,<sup>5</sup> nor thy tailor, rascal,  
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
 Which, as it seems, make thee.<sup>6</sup>

CLO. Thou precious varlet,  
 My tailor made them not.

GUI. Hence then, and thank  
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
 I am loath to beat thee.

CLO. Thou injurious thief,  
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *than answering*  
*A slave without a knock.*] Than answering that abusive word  
*slave*. *Slave* should be printed in Italicks. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is supported by a passage in *Romeo*  
*and Juliet*:

"Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for I wear not*  
*My dagger in my mouth.*] So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:  
*"I fight not with my tongue: this is my oratrix."* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> No,] This negation is at once superfluous and injurious to the  
 metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
 Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar passage  
 in a former scene, p. 121, n. 6. STEEVENS.

GUI. What's thy name?

CLO. Cloten, thou villain.

GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

CLO. To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

GUI. I'm sorry for't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

CLO. Art not afeard?

GUI. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the  
wife:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLO. Die the death:<sup>1</sup>  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:  
Yield, rustick mountaineer.<sup>2</sup> [Exeunt, fighting.]

<sup>1</sup> *Die the death:*] See Vol. IV. p. 269, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though *it may lack form a little*, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgement); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress,

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
 My head, as I do his.

BEL.

What hast thou done?

GUI. I am perfect, what:<sup>3</sup> cut off one Cloten's  
 head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;  
 Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
 With his own single hand he'd take us in,<sup>4</sup>  
 Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)<sup>5</sup> they  
 grow,  
 And set them on Lud's town.

*effect* was the *cause*; nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: besides, the passage thus amended is liable to the objection already stated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — not Hercules

*Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:]* This thought had occurred before in *Trilussa and Cressida*:

" — if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I am perfect, what:]* I am well informed, what. So, in this play:

" I'm perfect, the Pannonians are in arms." JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *take us in,]* To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to apprehend an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick justice.

JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — cut the Ionian seas,

" And take in Toryne." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present allusion to Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" Die the death:

" When I have slain thee with my proper hand," &c.

" He'd fetch us in," is used a little lower by Belarius, in the sense assigned by Dr. Johnson to the phrase before us, MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — (*thank the gods!*) The old copies have—(*thanks the gods.*)



BEL.

We are all undone.

GVI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, but, that he swore to take, our lives? The law protects not us:<sup>6</sup> Then why should we be tender, to let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us; say judge, and executioner, all himself; or we do fear the law?<sup>7</sup> What company discover you abroad?

BEL.

No single soul can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason, he must have some attendants. Though his humour was nothing but mutation;<sup>8</sup> ay, and that

Rowe, and other editors after him,—*thanks to the gods*. But the present omission of the letter *s*, and the restoration of the parenthesis, I suppose this passage, as it now stands in the text, to be as our author gave it. STEEVENS.

—*The law*

Protects not us:] We meet with the same sentiment in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law.”

STEEVENS.

[For we do fear the law?] For is here used in the sense of *usage*. So, in Marlowe’s *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“See the simplicity of these base slaves!

“Who, for the villains have no faith themselves,

“Think me to be a senseless lump of clay.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“And, for I know thou art full of love,” &c. MALONE.

—*Though his humour*

*Was nothing but mutation*; &c.] [Old copy—his *honour*.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a mad man, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning seems plainly this: “Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and governed by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unseconded.” THEOBALD.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing.

WARBURTON.

This would be a strange description of honour; and appears to



*GUL.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reck. *[Exit.*

*BEL.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore thou hadst not done't! though  
valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*ARV.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-  
venges,  
That possible strength might meet,<sup>9</sup> would seek us  
through,  
And put us to our answer.

*BEL.* Well, 'tis done:—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*ARV.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,<sup>2</sup>  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,<sup>3</sup>  
And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.*

<sup>9</sup> ——— *revenues,*  
*That possible strength might meet,*] Such pursuit of vengeance  
as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *To gain his colour,*] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of  
health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,*] I would, says the young  
prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a  
parish. JOHNSON.

*BEL.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! <sup>1</sup> They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind, <sup>2</sup>  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful, <sup>4</sup>

"His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." *FARMER.*

The sense of the passage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole parish, or any number, of such fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a parish of blood." *EDWARDS.*

Mr. Edwards, is, I think, right. In the fifth act we have—

"This man——hath

"More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens

"Had ever scar for." *MALONE.*

<sup>2</sup> O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys! ] The first folio has:

Thou divine Nature; thou thyself thou blazon'st——

The second folio omits the first *thou*. *REED.*

Read:

—— how thyself thou blazon'st——. *M. MASON.*

I have received this emendation, which is certainly judicious;  
*STEVENS.*

<sup>3</sup> —— They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind, &c.] So, in

our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,

"For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

"Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

"As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

"When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

*MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> —— 'Tis wonderful, ] Old copies—*wonder*. The correction is Mr. Pope's. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Keep a good student from his book, and it is *wonderful*." *STEVENS.*

That an invifible inftinct ſhould frame them<sup>s</sup>  
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
 Civility not ſeen from other; valour,  
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
 As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,  
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
 Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

**GUI.** Where's my brother?  
 I have ſent Cloten's clotpoll down the ſtream,  
 In embaffy to his mother; his body's hoſtage  
 For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*]

**BEL.** My ingenious inſtrument!  
 Hark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion  
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

**GUI.** Is he at home?

**BEL.** He went hence even now.

**GUI.** What does he mean? ſince death of my  
 dear'ſt mother  
 It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things  
 Should answer ſolemn accidents. The matter?  
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,<sup>6</sup>  
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
 Is Cadwal mad?

<sup>s</sup> *That an invifible inſtinct ſhould frame them—*] The metre, ſays Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:

*That an inſtinct invifible ſhould frame them—.*

He probably did not perceive that in Shakspeare's time the accent was laid on the ſecond ſyllable of the word *inſtinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

“As if by ſome *inſtinct* the wretch did find —.”

The old copy is certainly right. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *—lamenting toys,]* *Toys* formerly ſignified freaks, or

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.*

**BEL.** Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

**ARV.** The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

**GVI.** O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

**BEL.** O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?<sup>7</sup> find  
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care  
Might easiliest harbour in?<sup>8</sup>—Thou blessed thing!

frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1577, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See also Vol. X. p. 465, n. 7; and Cole's Dict. 1679, in v. MALONE.

*Toys* are *trifles*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:  
"That for a *toy*, a thing of no regard."  
Again, in *Hamlet*:  
"Each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O, melancholy!  
[*Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?*] So, in *Alba, the Murther  
Mind of a melancholy Lover*, by R. T. 1598:

"This woeful tale, where sorrow is the ground,  
"Whose bottom's such as nere the depth is found."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *what coast thy sluggish care  
Might easiliest harbour in?*] The folio reads:  
——— *thy sluggish care*:

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesced, and inserted it in the text. Mr. Simpson, among his

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
but I,<sup>9</sup>

notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading; which is,

—— *thy sluggish crare*.

See *The Captain*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ —— let him venture

“ In some decay'd *crare* of his own.”

A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, Book XXXIX. stanza 28:

“ To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*,” &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ Behold a form to make your *crars* and barks.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“ After a long chase took this little *cray*,

“ Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.”

Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ —— some shell, or little *crea*,

“ Hard labouring for the land on the high working sea.”

Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ Till thus my soule dooth passe in Charon's *crare*.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32: “ —— the owner of every ship, vessel, or *crayer*.” TYRWHITT.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*thou*, sluggish *crare*, *might'st*, &c. The epithet *sluggish* is used with peculiar propriety, a *crayer* being a very slow-sailing unwieldy vessel. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, “ *Varchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *but I*,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah*! The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst*, &c.

TYRWHITT.

I believe, “ *but ah*!” to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the first folio, and in all books of that time, printed instead of *ah*! Hence probably *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
How found you him?

ARK. Stark,<sup>9</sup> as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right  
cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

GUI. Where?

ARK. O'the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put  
My clouted brogues<sup>2</sup> from off my feet, whose rude-  
ness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but sleeps:<sup>3</sup>  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

*Heaven knows (says Belarius) what a man thou would'st have been, had'st thou lived; but alas! thou diedst of melancholy, while yet only a most accomplished boy.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Stark,] i. e. stiff. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“———guiltless labour

“When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“And many a nobleman lies stark—

“Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —clouted brogues—] are shoes strengthened with clout or bob-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called clouts, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. Brog is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Why, he but sleeps:] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, [1612] on account of its singular beauty:

“Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin

“To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet

“Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl

“Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf

“Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,

“While horror waits on princes!” STEEVENS.



And worms will not come to thee.<sup>4</sup>

*ARR.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts,<sup>5</sup> and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And worms will not come to thee.*] This change from the second person to the third, is so violent, that I cannot help imputing it to the players, transcribers, or printers; and therefore wish to read:

*And worms will not come to him.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *With fairest flowers*

*Whilst summer lasts, &c.*] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, (edit. 1609):

"No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,  
"To strewe thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,  
"The purple violets and marygolds,  
"Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*,  
"While summer dayes doth last." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the ruddock would,*

*With charitable bill, — bring thee all this;*

*Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,*

*To winter-ground thy corse.*] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

*To winter-gown thy corse: —*

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid

Gr. Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that

ever it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender  
words or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents  
her to be.

The ruddock is the red-breast, and is so called by Chaucer and  
Spenser:

"The tame ruddock, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the ruddock  
by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl*:

"Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

"The little red-breast teacheth charitie." STEEVENS.

—the ruddock would, &c.] Is this an allusion to the *Babes of  
the Wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies,  
general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

In *Cornucopia, or divers secrets wherein is contained the rare secrets  
in Man, Beasts, Fowles, Fishes, Trees, Planets, Stones, and such like  
most pleasant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in  
Englisch. Newlie drawen out of divers Latine Authors into Englisch*, by  
Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, signat. E. it is said, "The robin  
redbreast if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face  
with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine un-  
buried that he would cover the whole body also." REED.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White  
Devil*; and in such a manner as confirms the old reading:

"Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

"Since o'er shady groves they hover,

"And with leaves and flowers do cover

"The friendless bodies of unburied men;

"Call unto his funeral dole

"The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

"To rear him *billocks* that shall keep him warm," &c.

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be de-  
termined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shak-  
speare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the  
edition of Webster's play, he thus speaks of Shakspeare: "And  
lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious  
industry of M. Shakspeare," &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for  
in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing  
lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is  
spoken by a distracted lady:

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

ARV. Say, where shall's lay him?

GUI. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother;<sup>7</sup> use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUI. Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:<sup>8</sup> for  
Cloten

" —you're very welcome;  
" Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;  
" Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;  
" I have left more for myself."

Dr. Warburton asks, "What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moses*?" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moses*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakspeare, the passage should be printed thus:

*Yea, and furr'd mofs besides,—when flowers are none  
To winter-ground thy corse.*

i. e. you shall have also a warm covering of mofs, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which WINTER is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: "He looks like WINTER, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*."—I have not however much confidence in this observation. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *As once our mother;*] The old copy reads:

*As once to our mother;—*

The compositor having probably caught the word—to from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Great griefs, I see, medicine the less:]* So again, in this play;



ARV.

'Tis true.

GUI. Come on then, and remove him.

ARV.

So,—Begin.

## S O N G.

GUI. *Fear no more the heat o'the sun,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

ARV. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The scepter, learning, physick, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.<sup>4</sup>*

GUI. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 ARV. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 GUI. Fear not slander, censure rash;<sup>5</sup>  
 ARV. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

<sup>3</sup> *Fear no more &c.*] This is the topick of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. *Τίνας ἄλλων ἔστι διψῶν, ἔστι πεινῶν, &c.* WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *The scepter, learning, &c.*] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Fear not slander, &c.*] Perhaps,  
*Fear not slander's censure rash.* JOHNSON.

BOTH. *All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>6</sup> and come to dust.*

GUI. *No exorciser harm thee!*<sup>7</sup>

ARV. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

GUI. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

ARV. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

BOTH. *Quiet consummation have;<sup>8</sup>  
And renowned be thy grave!*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Consign to thee,*] Perhaps,

*Consign to this,——.*

And in the former stanza, for—*All follow this*, we might read—*All follow thee.* JOHNSON.

*Consign to thee* is right. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“———*seal*

“A dateless bargain to engrossing death.”

To *consign to thee*, is to *seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *No exorciser harm thee!*] I have already remarked that Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. M. MASON.

See Vol. VI. p. 373, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

“This mangled tribute, with all willingness,

“To darkness, *consummation*, dust and worms.”

Milton, in his *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, is indebted to the passage before us:

“Gentle lady, may thy grave

“Peace and quiet ever have!” STEVENS.

So Hamlet says:

“———’tis a *consummation*

“Devoutly to be wish’d.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> ———*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.*

**GUI.** We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

**BEL.** Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,  
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:<sup>2</sup>—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.  
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]*

**IMO.** *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;  
Which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!<sup>3</sup>—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!  
*[Seeing the body.]*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

<sup>2</sup> — *Upon their faces:*] Shakspeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed. This passage might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have disturbed the text in a former scene. See p. 150, n. 5.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> 'Ods pittikins!'] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Ho*, 1600; in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, or *The Gentle Craft*, 1600. It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.





Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top!<sup>6</sup>—O, Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's  
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on.<sup>7</sup>—How should this be?  
Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
nant!<sup>8</sup>

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrid may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a  
Soothsayer.*

*CAP.* To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the main-top!*] i. e. the top of the mainmast. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on.*—] I would willingly read:  
*And left thy head on.* STEVENS.

*This head means the head of Posthumus; the head that did belong  
to this body.* See p. 175, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *'tis pregnant, pregnant!*] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite  
conclusion. So, in *Hamlet*:

"How pregnant sometimes his replies are?"  
See Vol. IV. p. 182, n. 6. STEVENS.

You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :  
They are here in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome ?

CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service : and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.<sup>5</sup>

LUC. When expect you them ?

CAP. With the next benefit o'the wind.

LUC. This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present  
numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a  
vision :<sup>6</sup>

(I fast, and pray'd,<sup>7</sup> for their intelligence,) Thus :—  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spungy south<sup>8</sup> to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,  
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)  
Success to the Roman host.

<sup>5</sup> *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant)  
brother to the Prince of Sienna : but, unluckily, *Sienna* was a re-  
publick. See W. Thomas's *History of Italy*, 4to. bl. l. 1561.  
p. 7. b. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :*] It was no common  
dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves.

<sup>7</sup> *I fast, and pray'd,*] *Fast* is here very licentiously used for *fasted*.  
So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *the spungy south* —] Milton has availed himself of this  
epithet, in his *Musique at Ludlow Castle* :  
MALONE.

“ ——— Thus I hurl  
“ My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air.” STEEVENS.

*LUC.* Dream often so,  
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,  
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*CAP.* He is alive, my lord.

*LUC.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young  
one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,  
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture?<sup>9</sup> What's thy inter-  
rest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*IMO.* I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
There are no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,

<sup>9</sup> ———— *who was he,*  
*That, otherwise than noble nature did,*  
*Hath alter'd that good picture?*] To do a picture, and a picture  
is well done, are standing phrases; the question therefore is,—Who  
has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did  
it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a picture, asks Viola  
if it “is not well done?” STEEVENS.

*Fecit* was, till lately, the technical term universally annexed to  
pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

Try many, all good, serve truly, never<sup>2</sup>  
Find such another master.

*LUC.* 'Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

*IMO.* Richard du Champ.<sup>3</sup> If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

*LUC.* Thy name?

*IMO.* Fidele.<sup>4</sup>

*LUC.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith;<sup>5</sup> thy faith, thy name.

<sup>2</sup> *Try many, all good, serve truly, never*—] We may be certain that this line was originally complete. I would, therefore, for the sake of metre, read:

*Try many, and all good; serve truly, never* &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Richard du Champ.*] Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie bis Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and "that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiarus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. &c. *Cannon-shot* is found in Golding's Version of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, Book III. STEEVENS.

This absurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's *Wounds of Civill War*, 1594, one of the directions is, "Enter *Lucius Favorinus*, *Pausanias*, with Pedro a Frenchman," who speaks broken English; the earliest dramatick specimen of this sort of jargon now extant. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Fidele.*] Old Copy—*Fidele, fir*; but for the sake of metre I have omitted this useless word of address, which has already occurred in the same line. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Thy name well fits thy faith*;] A similar thought has been already

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,  
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*IMO.* I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the  
 gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
 As these poor pickaxes<sup>6</sup> can dig: and when  
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his  
 grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
 So please you entertain me.<sup>7</sup>

*LUC.* Ay, good youth;  
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—  
 My friends,  
 The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
 Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,  
 And make him with our pikes and partisans  
 A grave: Come, arm him.<sup>8</sup>—Boy, he is preferr'd  
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,  
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

met with in *King Henry V.* where Pistol having announced his  
 name, the King replies: "It suits well with your fierceness."

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —these poor pick-axes—] Meaning her fingers.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> So please you entertain me.] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your  
 service. See Vol. III. p. 336, n. 8; and Vol. XII. p. 167, n. 9.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —arm him.] That is, Take him up in your arms.

HANMER.

## SCENE III.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.<sup>7</sup>*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen  
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

<sup>7</sup> — *Cymbeline's Palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act. JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of Act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of Act IV. and that which in Dr. Johnson is the eighth scene of Act IV. is in this the seventh scene. STEVENS.

Nor when the purposes return. 'Beseech your high-  
ness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

I. LORD. Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was here :  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.  
For Cloten,—  
There wants no diligence in seeking him;  
And will,<sup>8</sup> no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome ;  
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy  
[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.<sup>9</sup>

I. LORD. So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

<sup>8</sup> And will,] I think it should be read—And he'll. STEEVENS.

There are several other instances of the personal pronoun being omitted in these plays, beside the present, particularly in *King Henry VIII.* nor is Shakspeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631 : " —after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and so came to his house ; where missing the afore named counsellors, fortified his house with full purpose to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543 : " Then when they heard that Henry was safe returned into Britagne, rejoiced not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, ad ann. 1652 : " One of these, a most handsome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life ; and being stricken with a deep remorse, took her under his arme, went with her out of the church, &c."

See also *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv. note on—" Having more man than wit about me, drew." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —our jealousy  
Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.

Are landed on your coast; with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son; and queen!—  
I am amaz'd with matter.<sup>9</sup>

1. LORD. Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of:<sup>2</sup> come more, for more  
you're ready:  
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you: Let's withdraw;  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.]

PIS. I heard no letter<sup>3</sup> from my master, since  
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be  
true.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of  
business. So, in *King John*:

“ I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way,

“ Among the thorns and dangers of this world.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your preparation can affront &c.*] Your forces are able to face  
such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

See p. 198, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I heard no letter—*] I suppose we should read with Sir T.  
Hanmer:

I've had *no letter*——. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part  
of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time.  
We yet say—I have not *heard* a syllable from him. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *not true, to be true.*] The uncommon roughness of this  
line persuades me that the words—*to be*, are an interpolation, which,  
to prevent an ellipsis, has destroyed the measure. STEEVENS.



These present wars shall find I love my country,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Even to the note o'the king,<sup>5</sup> or I'll fall in them.  
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.  
 [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it,

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we<sup>6</sup> in life, to lock it  
 From action and adventure?

GUI. Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans  
 Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts<sup>7</sup>  
 During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,  
 We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
 To the king's party there's no going: newness  
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not must-  
 ter'd  
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
 Where we have liv'd;<sup>8</sup> and so extort from us

<sup>5</sup> ——— to the note o'the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— find we—] Old copy—we find. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— revolts—] i. e. revolters. So, in *King John*:  
 "Lead me to the revolts of England here." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a render  
 Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode.

That which we've done, whose answer<sup>a</sup> would be  
 death  
 Drawn on with torture.

*Gul.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
 Nor satisfying us.

*Arr.* It is not likely,  
 That when they hear the Roman horses<sup>9</sup> neigh,  
 Behold their quarter'd fires,<sup>2</sup> have both their eyes  
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
 That they will waste their time upon our note,  
 To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
 Of many in the army: many years,  
 Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
 From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
 The certainty of this hard life;<sup>3</sup> aye hopeless

This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of  
 an old man. JOHNSON.

*Render* is used in a similar sense in *Timon of Athens*, Act V:

"And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*."

STEEVENS.

So, again, in this play:

"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,

"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *whose answer* —] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten  
 would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — the *Roman horses* —] Old copy—*their* Roman. This is  
 one of the many corruptions into which the transcriber was led by  
 his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *their quarter'd fires*,] Their fires regularly disposed.

JOHNSON.

*Quarter'd fires*, I believe, means no more than *fires in the re-*  
*spective quarters* of the Roman army. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The certainty of this hard life*;] That is, the certain con-  
 sequence of this hard life. MALONE.

To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*GUI.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army;  
I and my brother are not known; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,<sup>4</sup>  
Cannot be question'd.

*ARV.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*GUI.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans!

*ARV.* So say I; Amen.

*BEL.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood  
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *o'ergrown*,] Thus, Spenser:

“ ——— *o'ergrown* with old decay,

“ And hid in darkness, that none could behold

“ The hue thereof.” STEVENS.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.*<sup>4</sup>

POST. Yea, bloody cloth,<sup>5</sup> I'll keep thee; for I  
wish'd<sup>6</sup>

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you would take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For wrying but a little? —O, Pisanio!

<sup>4</sup> — *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *I wish'd* —] The old copy reads—*I am wish'd*.

STEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *For wrying but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

“ — the maysters wrye their vessels,”

Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on<sup>3</sup> this: so had you saved  
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;<sup>9</sup>  
 And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.<sup>2</sup>

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ — in her sinking down she wryes

“ The diadem —,” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to put on —] Is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the powers above,

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — each elder worse;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

— each worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

— each elder worse;

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed. JOHNSON.

— each elder worse;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest finner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil, commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

“ You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

“ To have them fall no more: —.”

But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes;

“ And make them *dread it*, to the doers’ *thrift*.”

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

*And make them dreaded, to the doers’ thrift.*

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer’s negligence:

*And make them dread, to the doers’ thrift.*

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

*And make them deeded to the doers’ thrift.*

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense, *undeeded* in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— my sword

“ I sheath again *undeeded*.”

I will try again, and read thus:

——— *others you permit*

*To second ill with ill, each other worse,*

*And make them trade it, to the doers’ thrift.*

*Trade* and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So *Isabella* says:

“ Thy fin’s, not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *perpetrate in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in *Hamlet*, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—“ To *sin* it, or *stain* it”—and “ to *coy* it.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens’s interpretation appears to me inadmissible.

MALONE.

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and in my opinion not a bad one:—“ Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ill on ill, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers.”

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state*

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And make me blest to obey!<sup>3</sup>—I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
                  heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

*of prosperity.* It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation. The same sentiment occurs in *The False One*, though not so seriously introduced, where the Soldier, speaking of the contrition of Septimius who murdered Pompey, says, "he was happy he was a rascal, to come to this." M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Do your best wills,*  
*And make me blest to obey!*] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written:

— *Do your blest wills,*  
*And make me blest to obey!* — JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; LRONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

**IACH.** The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengeingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,<sup>4</sup>  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> — *this carl,*] *Carl* or *churl* (ceopl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman. RITSON.

Verstegan says *ceorle*, now written *churle*, was anciently understood for a sturdy fellow. REED.

*Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

*Carlot* is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient interlude or morality, printed by Rastell, without title or date:

"A carlys sonne, brought up of nought."

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

"The gods take part against me; could this boor

"Have held me thus else?" STEVENS.



*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*BEL.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of  
the ground;  
The land is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villainy of our fears.

*GUI. ARV.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and secunds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*LUC.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*IACH.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*LUC.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
Let's re-enforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

### S C E N E III.

*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*LORD.* Cam'st thou from where they made the  
stand?

*POST.* I did:  
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*LORD.* I did:

*POST.* No blame be to you, fir; for all was lost,

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But that the heavens fought:<sup>4</sup> The king himself  
Of his wings destitute,<sup>5</sup> the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD.

Where was this lane?

POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd  
with turf;<sup>6</sup>

Which gave advantage to an ancient foldier,—  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

<sup>4</sup> *But that the heavens fought:*] So, in *Judges*, v. 20: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *The king himself*

*Of his wings destitute,*] "The Danes rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee back.—HAIE beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*," &c. Holinshed. See the next note. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Close by the battle, &c.*] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs*, &c. article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
 The country base,<sup>1</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)<sup>2</sup>  
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,  
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:*  
*To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;*  
*Or we are Romans, and will give you that*  
*Like beasts, which you sbun beastly; and may save,*  
*But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three,  
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
 (For three performers are the file, when all  
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*  
 Accommodated by the place, more charming  
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd  
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,  
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began

<sup>1</sup> *The country base,*] i. e. a rustick game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the tragedy of *Hoffman*, 1632:

“ — I'll run a little course

“ *At base, or barley-brake* —.”

Again, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

“ — my men can run at *base*.”

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book V. ch. viii:

“ So ran they all as they had been at *bace*.” STEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 183, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *for preservation cas'd, or shame,*] *Shame for modesty.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Nay, do not wonder at it:]* Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
 Than to work any: Will you rhyme upon't,  
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

LORD. Nay, be not angry, fir.

POST. 'Lack, to what end?  
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:  
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
 You have put me into rhyme.

LORD. Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.

POST. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!  
 To-day, how many would have given their honours  
 To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *This is a lord!*] Read:—*This a lord!* RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Morie Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristick, say, “*Germani corporum proceritate & magicæ cognitione sibi placent.*” And Prior, in his *Alma*:

“North Britons hence have *second fight*;

“And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*” WARBURTON.

See Vol. VII. p. 578, n. 6. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

“Their seconds minister an oath

“Which was indifferent to them both,

“That, on their knightly faith and troth,

“No *magick* them supplied;

“And fought them that they had no *charms*

“Wherewith to work each other's harms,

“But come with simple open arms

“To have their causes tried.” STEEVENS.

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;  
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly  
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find  
him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,<sup>6</sup>  
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be<sup>7</sup>  
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1. CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2. CAP. There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,<sup>8</sup>  
That gave the affront with them.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Sir Thomas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* still. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *great the answer be—*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *a filly habit,*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustick*. So, in *King Lear*:  
“ — twenty *filly* ducking observants —.” STEVENS.

So, in the novel by Boccace, on which this play is formed:  
“ The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily  
grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore  
ragged doublet, a *filly* chapperone,” &c. *The Decameron*, 1620.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their  
faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

1. CAP. So 'tis reported:  
But none of them can be found.—Stand!<sup>1</sup> who is  
there?

POST. A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2. CAP. Lay hands on him; A dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his  
service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE,<sup>3</sup> attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The  
Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who  
delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go  
out.*

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:

“To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow  
“Give lords the affront.” STEEVENS.

To *affront*, Minshew explains thus in his Dictionary, 1617:  
“To come face to face. v. *Encounter*.” *Affrontare*, Ital.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — Stand!'] I would willingly, for the sake of metre, omit  
this useless word, and read the whole passage thus:

*But none of them can be found.—Who's there?*

Post.

*A Roman;—*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Cymbeline, &c.*] This is the only instance in these plays  
of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show.  
The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is per-  
fectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] ex-  
pressed his contempt of such mummery. RITSON.

## SCENE IV.

*A Prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1. GAOL. You shall not now be stolen,<sup>1</sup> you have  
locks upon you;  
So graze, as you find pasture.

2. GAOL. Ay, or a stomach.  
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

POST. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a  
way,  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had  
rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art  
fetter'd  
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,  
give me  
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

<sup>1</sup> *The Gaol'ers now be stolen.*] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.



**QDA**

[He sleeps.

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

I doff *my freedom*,——. STEEVENS.

**MALONE.**

JOHNSON,

"Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

"That keeps me pale." STEEVENS,

## SCENE IV.

*A Prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

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locks upon you;  
So graze, as you find pasture.

2. GAOL.

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

POST. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a  
way,  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had  
rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
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<sup>3</sup> *You shall not now be stolen,]* The wit of the gaoler  
the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when  
pasture. JOHNSON.

No stricter render of me, than my all.<sup>4</sup>  
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:  
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;  
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;  
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great  
                   powers,  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds.<sup>5</sup> O Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

<sup>4</sup> ——— to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I doff my freedom,——. STEEVENS.

I believe Posthumus means to say, "since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect, however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *so satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— cold bonds.] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetick speeches.

JOHNSON.

An allusion to the same legal instrument has more than once debased the imagery of Shakespeare. So, in *Macbeth*:  
 "Cause that great bond  
 To be." STEEVENS.

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<sup>3</sup> *You shall not now be stolen,*] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

**QOI**

[*He sleeps.*]

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

I doff *my freedom*,——. STEEVENS.

**MALONE.**

JOHNSON,

"Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

"That keeps me pale." STEEVENS,

*Solemn musick.*<sup>6</sup> *Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

SICI. No more, thou thunder-master, show  
 Thy spite on mortal flies:  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
 Rates, and revenges.

<sup>6</sup> *Solemn musick. &c.]* Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare.

POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakspeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will show that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable:—"We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Nash, called *Lenten Stufte, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players." STEEVENS.

In a note on Vol. I. (Article—SHAKSPEARE, FORD, and JONSON) may be found a strong confirmation of what has been here suggested. MALONE.

One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 Whose face I never saw?  
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,  
 Attending Nature's law.  
 Whose father then (as men report,  
 Thou orphan's father art,)  
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
 From this earth-vexing smart.

MOTH. Lucina lent not me her aid,  
 But took me in my throes;  
 That from me was Posthúmus ript,<sup>7</sup>  
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
 A thing of pity!

SICI. Great nature, like his ancestry,  
 Moulded the stuff so fair,  
 That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,  
 As great Sicilius' heir.

I. BRO. When once he was mature for man,  
 In Britain where was he  
 That could stand up his parallel;  
 Or fruitful object be  
 In eye of Imogen, that best  
 Could deem his dignity?

his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyfes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *That from me was Posthúmus ript,*] Perhaps we should read:  
*That from my womb Posthumus ript,*  
*Came crying 'mongst his foes.* JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.  
 The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:

"What would'st thou run again into my womb?  
 "If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,  
 "And ript out of my sides," &c. STEEVENS.

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,<sup>6</sup>  
 To be exil'd, and thrown  
 From Leonati' seat, and cast  
 From her his dearest one,  
 Sweet Imogen?

SICI. Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
 Slight thing of Italy,  
 To taint his nobler heart and brain  
 With needless jealousy;  
 And to become the geck<sup>7</sup> and scorn  
 O' the other's villainy?

2. BRO. For this, from stiller seats we came,  
 Our parents, and us twain,  
 That, striking in our country's cause,  
 Fell bravely, and were slain;  
 Our fealty, and Tenantius'<sup>8</sup> right,  
 With honour to maintain.

1. BRO. Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 To Cymbeline perform'd:  
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
 The graces for his merits due;  
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
 No longer exercise,  
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
 And potent injuries:

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
 Take off his miseries.

<sup>6</sup> *With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,*] The same phrase occurs in *Measure for Measure*:

"I hope you will not mock me with a husband." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And to become the geck* —] And permit *Posthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.

A geck is a fool. See Vol. IV. p. 169, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Tenantius'* —] See p. 9, n. 7. STEEVENS.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
 Or we poor ghosts will cry  
 To the shining synod of the rest,  
 Against thy deity.

2. BRO. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends<sup>9</sup> in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,  
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?  
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;  
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
 The more delay'd, delighted.<sup>2</sup> Be content;  
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;  
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

<sup>9</sup> *Jupiter descends*—] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some *Saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towardes some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The more delay'd, delighted.*] That is, the more delightful for being delayed.—It is scarcely necessary to observe, in the thirteenth volume, that Shakspeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles. M. MASON.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.  
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein  
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
 And so, away: no further with your din  
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crySTALLINE. [*Ascends.*  
*SICIL.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell:<sup>9</sup> the holy eagle  
 Stoop'd, as to foot us:<sup>2</sup> his ascension is  
 More sweet than our blest'd fields: his royal bird  
 Prunes the immortal wing,<sup>3</sup> and cloy's his beak,<sup>4</sup>

*Delighted* is here either used for *delighted in*, or for *delighting*.  
 So, in *Othello*:

“If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack ——.” MALONE.

Though it be hardly worth while to waste a conjecture on the wretched stuff before us, perhaps the author of it, instead of *delighted* wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. This participle occurs in *King Henry V.* and the verb in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He came in thunder; his celestial breath*

*Was sulphurous to smell:*] A passage like this one may suppose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in *Every Man in his Humour* he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of Justice Clement:

“——— testify,

“How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,

“Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,

“And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *to foot us:*] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:

“And till they *foot* and clutch their prey.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Prunes the immortal wing,*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:

“Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.”

See Vol. V. p. 284, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 366, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *cloy's his beak,*] Perhaps we should read:

—— *claws his beak.* TYRWHITT.



As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL.

Thanks, Jupiter!

SICI. The marble pavement closes,<sup>3</sup> he is enter'd  
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

POST. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
fire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created  
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare  
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

A *cley* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 69:

“And as a catte wold ete fishes

“Without wetyng of his *cleyes*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

“\_\_\_\_\_ from the seize

“Of vulture death and those relentless *cleyes*.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “of a disease in cattell  
betwixt the *cleyes* of their feete.” And in *The Book of Hawking*, &c.  
bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “The *cleyes*  
within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces.” To *claw* their  
beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The marble pavement closes,*] So, in T. Heywood's *Troia Britanica*, Cant. xii. st. 77. 1609:

“A general shout is given,

“And strikes against the marble floors of heaven.”

HOLT WHITE.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.  
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein  
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
 And so, away: no further with your din  
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crySTALLINE. [*Ascends.*]  
*SICI.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell:<sup>9</sup> the holy eagle  
 Stoop'd, as to foot us:<sup>2</sup> his ascension is  
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<sup>4</sup> ———— *cloy's his beak,*] Perhaps we

——— *claws his beak.* TIEB.

GAOL. A heavy reckoning for you, fir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments; fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;<sup>7</sup> purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness:<sup>8</sup> O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.<sup>9</sup>—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor<sup>a</sup> but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

GAOL. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the

<sup>7</sup> — *sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;*] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that *you are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: “— seven of the eleven I *pay'd*.” Again, in the fifth scene of the fourth act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

“ And though he came our enemy, remember

“ He was *paid* for that.”

See also Vol. X. p. 411, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *being drawn of heaviness;*] Drawn is *embowell'd*, *exenterated*.—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.*] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ———— Death,

“ That makes these odds all even.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *debtor and creditor* —] For an *accounting book*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ By *debtor and creditor*, this counter-caster;” —

STEEVENS.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.  
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein  
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STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He came in thunder; his celestial breath*

*Was sulphurous to smell:]* A passage like this one may sup-  
 pose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in *Every Man in*  
*his Humour* he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of  
 Justice Clement:

“——— testify,

“How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud,

“Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,

“And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *to foot us:*] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:

“And till they *foot* and clutch their prey.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Prunes the immortal wing,]* A bird is said to *prune* himself  
 when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's  
*Polyolbion*, Song I:

“Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.”

See Vol. V. p. 284, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 366, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *cloy's his beak,]* Perhaps we should read

—— *claws his beak.* TYRWH

PosT. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;  
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.

GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.<sup>3</sup> Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> — *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

“ Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,

“ With bombard and basilisk, with men prone and vigorous.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of *Lucan*:

“ — Theſſalian fierce steeds

“ For use of war so prone and fit.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 201, n. 7. MALONE.

SCENE V.<sup>4</sup>

## Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-  
RAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you, whom the gods  
have made  
Prefervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.<sup>5</sup>

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

<sup>4</sup> *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramattick violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.*] To promise nothing but poor looks, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.  
So, in *King Richard II*:  
“To look so poorly, and to speak so fair.” STEEVENS.

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and  
living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*  
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*BEL.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:  
Arise, my knights o'the battle;<sup>6</sup> I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o'the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician?  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

<sup>6</sup> — *knights o'the battle;*] Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the field*." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Whom *worse than a physician* —] Old copy—*Who*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you: These her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM.

Pr'ythee, say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

CYM.

She alone knew this:  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to  
love<sup>5</sup>  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her fight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

CYM.

O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

COR. More, fir, and worse. She did confess, she  
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,<sup>6</sup>  
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

<sup>5</sup> — *bore in hand to love*—] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. See Vol. IV. p. 212, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *yes, and in time,*] Thus the second folio. The first, injuriously to the metre, omits—*yes*. STEEVENS.



Her son into the adoption of the crown.  
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,  
 Despairing, died.

*Crm.* Heard you all this, her women?

*Ladr.* We did, so please your highness.

*Crm.* Mine eyes?  
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
 vicious,  
 To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
 Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,  
 and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
 Of you their captives, which our self have granted:  
 So, think of your estate.

*LUC.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
 threaten'd

<sup>1</sup> *Mine eyes—*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my  
 opinion, supplies the syllable here wanting to the metre, by  
 reading:

Yet, mine eyes &c. STEEVENS.

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,  
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
 Augustus lives to think on't: And so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat,<sup>8</sup> so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-  
 nefs

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, fir,  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him;  
 His favour is familiar<sup>9</sup> to me.—  
 Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor where-  
 fore,

To say, live, boy:<sup>2</sup> ne'er thank thy master; live:  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;  
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
 The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;

<sup>8</sup> *So feat,*] So ready; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.

See p. 10, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *His favour is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *I know not why, nor wherefore,*

*To say, live, boy:*] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. The word *nor* was inserted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have—*I say, &c.* MALONE.

And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*IMO.* No, no; alack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*LUC.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*CYM.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?  
                  speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*IMO.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your  
                  vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*CYM.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*IMO.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*CYM.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*IMO.* Fidele, sir.

*CYM.* Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.  
[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*BEL.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?<sup>3</sup>

*ARV.* One fand another  
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *reviv'd from death?*] The words—*from death*, which spoil the measure, are an undoubted interpolation. From what else *but death* could Imogen, in the opinion of Belarius, have *revived*?

Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you?

*GVI.* The same dead thing alive.

*BEL.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;  
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*GVI.* But we saw him dead.

*BEL.* Be silent; let's see further.

*PIS.* It is my mistress:  
[*Afide.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*]

*CYM.* Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to IACH.*] step you  
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to  
him.

*IMO.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*POS.* What's that to him?  
[*Afide.*]

*CYM.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*IACH.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*CYM.* How! me?

*IACH.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
which<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *which*—] Mr. Ritson (and I perfectly agree with him)  
thinks this pronoun should be omitted, as in elliptical language, on

Torments me to conceal. By villainy  
 I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:  
 Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may  
     grieve thee,  
 As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
     lord?<sup>2</sup>

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,—  
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
 Quail to remember,<sup>3</sup>—Give me leave; I faint.

CYM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
     strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACH. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
 That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
 The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would  
 Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,

similar occasions, is often known to have been the case. How inju-  
 rious this syllable is to the present measure, I think no reader of  
 judgement can fail to perceive. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Wilt thou hear more, my lord? &c.*] The metre will be-  
 come perfectly regular, if we read:

*'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt more, my lord?*

Cym.

*All that*

*Belongs to this.*

Iach.

*That paragon, thy daughter,—*

In elliptical language, such words as—*thou hear*, are frequently  
 omitted; but the players, or transcribers, as in former instances,  
 were unsatisfied till the metre was destroyed by the insertion of  
 whatever had been purposely left out. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Quail to remember,*] To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The  
 word is common to many authors. So, in *The Three Ladies of*  
*London*, 1584: "She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the  
 great Devil." See Vol. VI. p. 43, n. 7; and Vol. VIII. p. 538, n. 6.

STEEVENS.

Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rarest of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature;<sup>4</sup> for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,

<sup>4</sup> ——— for feature, laming

*The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature;*] Feature for proportion of parts,  
which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *stature*.

——— for feature, laming

*The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,*

*Postures beyond brief nature;*——

i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"O'er picturing *that* Venus where we see

"*The fancy outwork nature.*"

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we at present call *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEVENS.

Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

*Cym.* I stand on fire:  
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-  
humus,  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue,) he began  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being  
made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian ' had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of Phœbus' wheel;<sup>5</sup> and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain

<sup>5</sup> — as *Dian* —] i. e. as if *Dian*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
“ — he utters them as he had eaten ballads.” See also Vol. IX.  
p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a carbuncle &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:  
“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
“ Like *Phœbus'* car.” STEVENS.

Post I in this design: Well may you, fir,  
Remember me at court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus  
                    quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gain in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

**Ay, so thou dost,**

[Coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
 bigamous murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out

[--- ~~stating~~ ~~note~~---] Such marks of the chamber and pictures,  
 as ~~appeared~~ ~~or~~ confirmed my report.    JOHNSON.

the right justice!) I meet with this antiquated word in  
 the *Journal of Planché*, 1803:

" this day,

" 'Th' eternal writer sees through the stars."

~~Wm. L. G. T. Co., Dec. 1008:~~

"No, we must have an upright *justicer*."

~~in~~ in Warner's *Women's England*, 1602, Book X. ch. liv:

" Travelling his progenitors, a *je-ne-sais-quoi* upright."

STEEVENS.



For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,  
 By being worfe than they. I am Posthumus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.<sup>9</sup>  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!

IMO. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

POST. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful  
 page,  
 There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

PIS. O, gentlemen, help, help  
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
 Mine honour'd lady!

CRM. Does the world go round?

POST. How come these staggers<sup>a</sup> on me?

PIS. Wake, my mistress!

CRM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my mistress?

<sup>9</sup> *Justicer* is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. HENLEY.

The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. REED.

<sup>9</sup> — and *she herself*.] That is,—She was not only the temple of virtue, but *virtue herself*. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — *these staggers*—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

**Imo.** O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

**Clu.** The tune of Imogen!

**Fla. Lady,**  
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

**Clu.** New matter still?

**Imo.** It poison'd me.

**Fla.** O Gods!—  
I tell you one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

**Clu.** What's this, Cornelius?

**Clu.** The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
To killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
As to esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A deadly stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The potent power of life; but, in short time,  
The powers of nature should again  
Perform due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

**Imo.** Most like I did, for I was dead.

**Fla.** My boys,  
There was our error.

**Clu.** This is sure, Fidele.

**Imo.** Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
me?

Think, that you are upon a rock;<sup>3</sup> and now  
Throw me again. [Embracing him.]

POST. Hang there like fruit; my soul;  
Till the tree die!

CRM. How now, my flesh, my child?  
What, mak'st thou me a dullard<sup>4</sup> in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMO. Your blessing, sir.  
[Kneeling.]

BEL. Though you did love this youth, I blame  
ye not;  
You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

CRM. My tears, that fall,  
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I am sorry for't, my lord. A

<sup>3</sup> *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a dullard —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. So, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"What dullard! would'st thou doat in rusty art?"

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

"We Moores, lyke dullards, are not so wytyles abyding."

STEEVENS.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.* *My lord,*  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death: By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him<sup>s</sup>  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did  
me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here

<sup>s</sup> — *which directed him*—] Which led or induced him.

MALONE.

To tell this tale of mine.

*CYM.* I am sorry for thee:<sup>6</sup>  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

*IMO.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*CYM.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*BEL.* Stay, fir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

*CYM.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath?<sup>7</sup> How of descent  
As good as we?

*ARV.* In that he spake too far.

*CYM.* And thou shalt die for't.

*BEL.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

<sup>6</sup> *I am sorry for thee:]* The old copy has—

*I am sorrow for thee.*

This obvious error of the press was corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *By tasting of our wrath?]* The consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste.*

JOHNSON.

ARV. Your danger is  
Ours.

GVI. And our good is his.

BEL. Have at it then.—  
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who  
Was call'd Belarius.

CYM. What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is, that hath  
Assum'd this age:<sup>s</sup> indeed, a banish'd man;  
I know not how, a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence;  
The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons?

BEL. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my  
knee;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty fir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

<sup>s</sup> Assum'd *this age*:] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or *attain'd*  
*this age*. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, instead of *age*, we should read *gage*; so that he may be understood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few lines before, in these words:

“ We will die all three;

“ But I will prove two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

Assum'd *this age*, has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him. HENLEY.

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

CYM.

How! my issue?

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence,<sup>9</sup> my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose

<sup>9</sup> *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.*] [Modern editors—  
near.] I think this passage may better be read thus:

*Your pleasure was my dear offence, my punishment  
Itself, was all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did.*—

The offence which cost me so dear was only your caprice. My  
sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally  
nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the  
most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages.

Dr. Johnson would read—*dear offence*. In the folio it is *neere*;  
which plainly points out to us the true reading—*meere*, as the word  
was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed,  
originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation; which  
is also commended by Mr. Malone. STEVENS.

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.<sup>2</sup>

*CYM.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.<sup>3</sup>  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*BEL.* Be pleas'd a while.—  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*CYM.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*BEL.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*CYM.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother

<sup>2</sup> *To inlay heaven with stars.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Take him and cut him into little stars,

“And he will make the face of heaven so fine,” &c.

STEEVENO.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] “Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.



Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,<sup>4</sup>  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*IMO.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.<sup>5</sup>

*CYM.* Did you e'er meet?

*ARV.* Ay, my good lord.

*GUL.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*COR.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*CYM.* O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-  
ment<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — may you be,] The old copy reads—*pray* you be.

STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *When you were so indeed.*] The folio gives:

*When we were so, indeed.*

If this be right, we must read:

*Imo. I, you brothers.*

*Arv. When we were so, indeed.* JOHNSON.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. Shakspeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—“when we did really stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — fierce abridgement —] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!”

STEEVENS.

See also Vol. V. p. 372, n. 2. MALONE.

" At length the gentlewoman, having untired her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listning if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

" In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily, ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So, passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

" At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheers his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. The poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber weary of this world, (seeing where he had put on

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unfought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

CRM. This hath some seeming.

SOOTH. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CRM. Well,  
My peace we will begin:<sup>4</sup>—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *My peace we will begin:*] I think it better to read:  
*By peace we will begin.* JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but Johnson's amendment is right. The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "*peace and plenty.*" To which Cymbeline replies: "*We will begin with peace,* to fulfil the prophecy." M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,) Have laid most heavy hand.*] i. e. have laid most heavy hand on. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakspeare certainly wrote, many

ARR. You help us, fir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

POST. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows<sup>a</sup>  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it:<sup>b</sup> let him show  
His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus,——

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTH. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

<sup>a</sup> —— spritely shows——] Are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *Make no collection of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*:

“ When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;

“ Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war;

“ From many cases like, one rule of law:

“ These her collections, not the senses are.” STEEVENS.

So, the Queen says to Hamlet:

“ —— Her speech is nothing,

“ Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

“ The hearers to collection.”

*Whose containing means, the contents of which.* M. MASON.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
 [To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
 We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,  
 Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
 Answering the letter of the oracle,  
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
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To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—  
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,  
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.  
 [Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.  
 JOHNSON.

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A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Western Wenchies, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*,—was published at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumstances of *Cymbeline*. [See p. 3.] It is told by the Fish-wife of *Stand on the Green*, and is as follows:

“ In the troublefome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unpareled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you.

" Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inn, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnes and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

" This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, sir; contrive my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answer in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like fouldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the means and opportunitie to be dishonest; so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's flights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused. This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger beeing a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divelish art of corrupting women's chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie, (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake, and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, yours



proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered in the oast of the house his hands, and the fitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to perswade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny); after his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keeps him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

" In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman,) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at board, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to thinke that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewells she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

“ At length the gentlewoman, having untired her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with art. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might heare her draw her breath long; then thought he all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vain he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his be proved his grave.

“ In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistress the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily ('cause one tarried to speake with her,) missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, and was whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; one she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmannerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed; but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him returned suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himself of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him he said in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too young in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In briefe know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient prooffe, I will fetch you more.

“ At the sight of this, his blood left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of the crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neerer, which should be so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world, (seeing where he had put onely his trust)

teares in their eyes. George went home, where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of the house till his master and mistress returne, which he said lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome, and that was a place where they were more secure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongst whom he used himselfe so kindly that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistress of the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise; so wandered she up and downe the countrey, for she could get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which she could well spare) to make money of, she resolved rather to starve than so much to debase herselfe to become a beggar. With this resolution she went to a solitary place beside Yorke, where she lived the space of two dayes on hearbs, and such things as she could there finde.

" In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying thereabout with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featured as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

" After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

" On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necks; to whom he said, ' Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horreur in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest.' Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, ' Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

" She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had knowne the owner of it! It was my wife's, a woman virtuous till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

" With that the king said, Sirra, now are you found, to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it? To whom he answered with fearfull countenance, And it like your grace, I said so to preserve this gentleman's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

“ The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover her selfe in that disguise, said, ‘ And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman.’ The king having given her leave, she said, ‘ First, sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denied that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman’s wife’s gift. With his majestie’s leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.’ With that she discovered her selfe to be a woman, saying—‘ Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet’s favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodness left in thee, speak the truth.’

“ With that, he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and him selfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes perswaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—‘ Sir, (speaking to her husband,) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge.’ With that *Mrs. Drorill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying, ‘ Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse.’ He wondering all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere’s imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king’s leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content.” MALONE.

" On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, ' Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horreur in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest.' Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, ' Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

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**TITUS ANDRONICUS.\***



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hibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discredibly mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

" ————— as welcome shall you be  
" To me, my daughters, and my son in law,  
" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,  
" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Therfites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this piece. STEEVENS.

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told" (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) "by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company

of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed. See the *Dissertation on King Henry VI.* Vol. X. p. 428.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismund*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeronimo*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Loqrine*, *Arden of Feversham*, *King Edward I.* *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseda*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is not in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare.

MALONE.

" On a time, when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said, ' Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horror in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest.' Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to do her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her above all his other pages, most dearly, said, ' Edmund, (for so had she named herselfe,) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge my selfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battel of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

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# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT I, SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

*The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title<sup>2</sup> with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BAS. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of  
my right,—  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:

<sup>2</sup> — my successive title—] i. e. my title to the succession.

MALONE.

Thus also Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not successive, the emperors, in being, made profit of their own times."

STEEVENS.

But let desert in pure election shine;  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.*

**MAR.** Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends,  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls:  
 He by the senate is accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,  
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

**SAT.** How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

**TITUS ANDRONICUS.** 255

*BAS.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,  
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

*[Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.]*

*SAT.* Friends, that have been thus forward in  
my right,  
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

*[Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.]*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*BAS.* Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

*[SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt  
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.]*

**S C E N E II.**

*The same.*

*Enter a Captain, and Others.*

*CAP.* Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd,



256      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome. . . .

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; soldiers and people, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!<sup>3</sup>

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,<sup>4</sup>  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears;  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote:

— in my mourning weeds!

i. e. Titus would say: Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory.

WARBURTON.

*Thy* is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits. JOHNSON.

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — her *fraught*,] Old copies—*his* fraught. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou great defender of this Capitol*,] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. JOHNSON.

Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—  
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors:  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my  
 sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?<sup>6</sup>—  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more?

*LUC.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.<sup>7</sup>

*TIT.* I give him you; the noblest that survives,  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*TAM.* Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,

<sup>6</sup> *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. STEEVENS.

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
 O ! if to fight for king and common weal  
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :  
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful :<sup>8</sup>  
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;  
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*TIT.* Patient yourself,<sup>9</sup> madam, and pardon me.  
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
 Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

<sup>8</sup> *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful :]* " *Homines enim ad  
 deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.*"  
*Cicero pro Ligario.*

Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare from this passage :  
 but our present author, whoever he was, might have found a trans-  
 lation of it in several places, provided he was not acquainted  
 with the original. STEVENS.

The same sentiment is in *Edward III.* 1596 :

" ——— kings approach the nearest unto God,

" By giving life and safety unto men." REED.

<sup>9</sup> *Patient yourself, &c.]* This verb is used by other dramatick  
 writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

" *Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.*"

Again, in *King Edward I.* 1599 :

" *Patient your highness, 'tis but mother's love.*"

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxv :

" Her, weeping ripe, he laughing, bids to *patient* her  
 awhile." STEVENS.

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*LUC.* Away with him! and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

*TAM.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*CHI.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*DEM.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, &c.]* I read, against the  
authority of all the copies:

\_\_\_\_\_ *in her tent,*  
i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women  
were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor,  
in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from  
Euripides's *Hecuba*; the only author, that I can at present remem-  
ber, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author  
understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been  
translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars  
are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-  
book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of Ovid. See  
Metam. XIII. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might  
have been misled by the passage in Ovid: "*vadit ad artificem,*"  
and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides  
in the original. Mr. Steevens justly observes in a subsequent note

260 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.  
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;  
Rome's readiest champions; repose you here;<sup>2</sup>  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

*Enter LAVINIA.*

In peace and honour rest you here my sons!  
LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

near the end of this scene, that there is "a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *repose you here,*] Old copies, redundantly in respect both to sense and metre:

————— *repose you here in rest.* STEEVENS.

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :  
O, blefs me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TIT. Kind Rome, that haft thus lovingly re-  
serv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—  
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praife !<sup>3</sup>

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSI-  
ANUS, *and Others.*

MAR. Long live lord Titus, my beloved bro-  
ther,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Mar-  
cus.

MAR. And welcome, nephews, from successful  
wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your fwords :  
But fafer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happinefs,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praife !] This absurd wish  
is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. WARBURTON.

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.  
To *outlive an eternal date*, is though not philosophical, yet poetical  
sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her  
praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> That hath aspir'd to Solon's happinefs,] The maxim of Solon  
here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy  
before his death :

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—  
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*TIT.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :  
 What ! should I don this robe,<sup>5</sup> and trouble you ?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;  
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all ?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And led my country's strength successfully ;  
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country :  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a scepter to control the world :  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*MAR.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-  
 pery.<sup>6</sup>

*SAT.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou  
 tell?—

“ ———— ultima semper  
 “ Expectanda dies homini ; dicique beatus  
 “ Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera, debet.” *Ovid.*  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— don *this robe*,] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in  
*Hamlet* :

“ Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.*] Here is rather  
 too much of the ὑπερπρόταρον. STEEVENS.

*TIT.* Patience, prince Saturnine.

*SAT.* Romans, do me right;—  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—  
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*LUC.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*TIT.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-  
selves.

*BAS.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die;  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,<sup>1</sup>  
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*TIT.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

*TRIB.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*TIT.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this common-weal:  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

*MAR.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;

<sup>1</sup> — *thy* friends,] Old copies—*friend*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.



264 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish.*]

SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon<sup>1</sup> her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
King and commander of our common-weal,  
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:  
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;  
[To TAMORA.]  
To him, that for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
That I would choofe, were I to choofe anew.—

<sup>1</sup> — *Pantheon*—] The quarto 1611, and the first folio—*Panthan*; the second folio—*Pantheon*. STEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 165

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes ; Madam, he comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

LAV. Not I, my lord ;<sup>s</sup> fith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

BAS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is  
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

TIT. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

BAS. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.

MAR. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's  
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

<sup>s</sup> LAV. *Not I, my lord ;*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again ; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice.

SAT. Surpriz'd! By whom?

BAS. By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her  
back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What, villain boy!  
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*Titus kills* MUTIUS.

MUT. Help, Lucius, help!

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than  
so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;  
My sons would never so dishonour me:  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Was there &c.*] The words, *there*, *else*, and *of*, are not found in the old copies. This conjectural emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
 That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*TIT.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are  
 these?

*SAT.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing  
 piece<sup>1</sup>

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:  
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.<sup>2</sup>

*TIT.* These words are razors to my wounded  
 heart.

*SAT.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of  
 Goths,—  
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

*Dele* the word *of*, which was inserted by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of ancient phraseology. See Vol. V. p. 10, n. 8; and Vol. XIII. p. 235, n. 5. MALONE.

I must excuse myself from ejection any one of these monosyllables, being convinced that they were all inserted from an authorized copy, and by a judicious hand. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *changing piece* —] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

So, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, by Brown, 1613:

“ ——— her husband, weaken'd *piece*,  
 “ Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;  
 “ Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,  
 “ Grated with gold.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, *to ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183.

STEEVENS.

*To ruffle* meant, to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A *ruffler* was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,<sup>4</sup>—  
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.  
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my  
 choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—  
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome;  
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I  
 swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-  
 company  
 Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

<sup>4</sup> *That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
 Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,*]

— *Micat inter omnes  
 Julium sidus, velut inter ignes  
 Luna minores.* HOR. MALONE.

From Phaer's *Virgil*, 1573: [*Æneid*, B. I.]

“ Most like unto Diana bright when she to hunt goth out,—  
 “ Whom thousands of the ladie *nymphs* awaite to do her  
 will;

“ She on her armes her quiuer beres, and al them *over/lynes*.”

RITSON.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 269

*TIT.* I am not bid<sup>s</sup> to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*MAR.* O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*TIT.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*LUC.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*TIT.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*MAR.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*QUIN. MART.* And shall, or him we will accom-  
pany.

*TIT.* And shall? What villain was it spoke that  
word?

*QUIN.* He that would vouch't in any place but  
here.

*TIT.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

<sup>s</sup> *I am not bid—*] i. e. invited. See Vol. V. p. 441, n. 2.  
MALONE.

270 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MAR. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.<sup>6</sup>

QUIN. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.

MAR. Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead.

QUIN. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MAR. Renowned Titus, more than half my  
soul,——

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,——

MAR. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wife Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *He is not with himself; let us withdraw.*] Read:

*He is not now himself;——* RITSON.

Perhaps the old reading is a mere affected imitation of Roman phraseology. See *Æneid* XI. 409, though the words there are otherwise applied:

“——*habitet tecum, & sit pectore in isto.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*

*That slew himself; and wife Laertes' son*

*Did graciously plead for his funerals.*] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*TIT.* Rife, Marcus, rife :—  
The difmall'ft day is this, that e'er I faw,  
To be difhonour'd by my fons in Rome !—  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*]

*LUC.* There lie thy bones, fweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

*ALL.* No man fhed tears for noble Mutius ;<sup>8</sup>  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's caufe.

*MAR.* My lord,—to ftep out of thefe dreary  
dumps,—

How comes it, that the fubtle queen of Goths  
Is of a fudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

*TIT.* I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell :  
Is fhe not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn fo far ?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.<sup>9</sup>

language. We have here a plain allufion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no tranflation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon confents at laft to allow Ajax the rites of fepulture, and Ulyffes is the pleader, whofe arguments prevail in favour of his remains. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *No man fhed tears &c.*] This is evidently a tranflation of the diftich of Ennius :

“ Nemo me lacrumis decoret : nec funera fletu

“ Facit. quur ? voluto vivu' per ora virum.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Yes, &c.*] This line is not in the quarto. I fufpect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the fpeaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the fecond line of this fpeech the modern editors read—*If by device, &c.* MALONE.



*Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

*SAT.* So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;<sup>a</sup>  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*BAS.* And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*SAT.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*BAS.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

*SAT.* 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*BAS.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;  
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*TIT.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;  
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

<sup>a</sup> ——— *play'd your prize;*] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school. See Vol. III. p. 327, n. 3. STEEVENS.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAM. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome fore-  
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you!  
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in  
vain.—

*Aside.*

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*SAT.* Rise, Titus, rise; my emprefs hath pre-  
vail'd.

*TIT.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*TAM.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*LUC.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his  
highness,  
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*MAR.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*SAT.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

*TAM.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be  
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*SAT.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's  
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.  
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tir.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-  
jour*.

*Sar.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.<sup>2</sup>

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

*AAR.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora.—  
Upon her wit<sup>3</sup> doth earthly honour wait,

<sup>2</sup> In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Upon her wit—*] We should read—*Upon her will.*

WARBURTON.

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph  
 long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;  
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!  
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,<sup>4</sup>  
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
 Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

DEM. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants  
 edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
 And so in this to bear me down with braves.  
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:  
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

I think *wit*, for which she is eminent in the drama, is right.

JOHNSON.

The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this scene:

"Come, come, our emperess with her sacred *wit*," &c.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *this queen*,] The compositor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [see the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. MALONE.

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AAR. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep  
the peace.

DEM. Why, boy, although our mother, unad-  
vis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,<sup>6</sup>  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?  
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEM. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

AAR. Why, how now, lords?  
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;  
I would not for a million of gold,  
The cause were known to them it most concerns:  
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

<sup>5</sup> *Clubs, clubs!*] So, in *King Henry VIII*: "*— and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs!*"

This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI, p. 151, n. 2; and Vol. IX, p. 533, n. 9.

<sup>6</sup> *— a dancing-rapier by your side,*] So, in Greene's *Ship for an upstart Courtier*: "*— one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight.*" Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"*— no sword worn,*

"*But one to dance with.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI, p. 234, n. 4. MALONE.

*DEM.* Not I; till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*CHI.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—  
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*AAR.* Away, I say.—  
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.—  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jut upon a prince's right?  
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*CHI.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world;  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*DEM.* Youngling, learn thou to make some  
meaner choice:  
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*AAR.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in  
Rome  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

<sup>1</sup> Not I; till I have sheath'd &c.] This speech, which has been  
all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both  
given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown  
out the reproachful speeches on the other. WARBURTON.

CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose,<sup>8</sup> to achieve her whom I love.

AAR. To achieve her!—How?

DEM. Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— a thousand deaths.

Would I propose,] Whether Chiron means he would contrive a thousand deaths for others, or imagine as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

Aaron's words, to which these are an answer, seems to lead to the latter interpretation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;] These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *King Henry VI*:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

"She is a woman, therefore to be won."

This coincidence may lead one to suspect that the author of the present play was also author of the original *Henry VI*. I do not, indeed, conceive either to be the production of Shakspeare; for, though his hand is sufficiently visible in some parts of the other play, particularly in the second scene of the fourth act, there does not appear a single line in this, which can have any pretensions to that honour: and therefore the testimony of Meres and the publication of the players must necessarily yield to the force of intrinsic and circumstantial evidence. It is much to be regretted that the dramatick works of our earliest tragick writers, as Greene and Peele, for instance, and "sporting Kyd," and "Marlowe's mighty line," are not collected and published together, if it were only to enable the readers of Shakspeare to discriminate between his style and that of which he found the stage, and has left some of his dramas, in possession; and of which I consider this play, and at least four fifths of the First Part of *King Henry VI*. (including the whole of the first act) the performances, no doubt, of one or other of the writers already named, as a genuine and not unfavourable specimen. Indeed, I should take *Kyd* to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus*, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin; though I must confess that, in the first of those good qualities, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the *Spanish Tragedy*. Some few of the obsolete dramas I allude to, are, it is true, to be found in the collections of Doddsley and Hawkins: though I could wish that each of those gentlemen had confined his researches to the further side of the year 1600.



She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill<sup>2</sup>  
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,<sup>3</sup> we know:  
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
 Better than he have yet worn<sup>4</sup> Vulcan's badge.

AAR. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

[*Aside.*]

DEM. Then why should he despair, that knows  
 to court it  
 With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
 What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,<sup>5</sup>  
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Future editors will, doubtless, agree in ejecting a performance by which their author's name is dishonoured, and his works are disgraced. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *more water glideth by the mill &c.*] A Scots proverb: "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *to steal a shive.*] A *shive* is a *slice*. So, in the Tale of *Argentile and Curan*, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

"A *shieve* of bread as browne as nut."

Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:

"It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *have yet worn*—] *Worn* is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors, however, after the second folio, read—*have yet worn*. MALONE.

Let him who can read *worn* as a dissyllable, read it so. As I am not of that description, I must continue to follow the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *struck a doe.*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *King Henry VI.* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time than any other amusement, I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 281

AAR. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch  
or so  
Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEM. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AAR. 'Would you had hit it too;<sup>6</sup>  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,  
To square for this?<sup>7</sup> Would it offend you then  
That both should speed?

CHI. I'faith, not me.

DEM. Nor me,  
So I were one.

AAR. For shame, be friends; and join for that  
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve;  
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a  
deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy the rest of the piece.

STEEVENS.

Demetrius surely here addresses Aaron, not his brother.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Would you had hit it too;] The same pleasant allusion occurreth  
also in *Love's Labour's Lost*. See Vol. V. p. 254. AMNER.

<sup>7</sup> To square for this?] To square is to quarrel. So, in *A Mid-  
summer Night's Dream*:

" ————— they never meet,

" But they do square."

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

" Let them not sing twixt act and act,

" What squareth from the rest."

But to square, which in both these instances signifies to differ, is now  
used only in the very opposite sense, and means to agree.

STEEVENS.

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Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To tend the emperor's person carefully:  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,  
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and  
Attendants.*

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good!—  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS. Lavinia, how say you?

LAV. I say, no;  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

“ ——— it stuck upon him as the sun

“ In the grey vault of heaven.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night—.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.”

Again, more appositely in *Venus and Adonis*, which decisively  
supports the reading of the old copy:

“ Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning.”

MALONE.

A lady's eye of any colour may be bright; but still grey cannot  
mean aerial blue, nor a grey morning a bright one. Mr. Malone  
says grey is blue. Is a grey coat then a blue one? STEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 285

MAR. I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the  
game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEM. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor  
hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A desert part of the Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

AAR. He, that had wit, would think that I had  
none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.<sup>6</sup>  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,<sup>7</sup>

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *to inherit it.*] To *inherit* formerly signified to possess.  
See Vol. III. p. 127, n. 6; and Vol. VIII. p. 194, n. 5.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *for their unrest.*] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently  
used by the old writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

“ Thus therefore will I rest me in *unrest*.”

Again, in *Elisio Libidinoso*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde,  
1606:

“ For the ease of whose *unrest*,

“ Thus his furie was exprest.”

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TITUS ANDRONICUS. 285

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Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
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1606:

“ For the ease of whose *unrest*,  
“ Thus his furie was *express*.”

*Enter TAMORA.*

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou  
sad,<sup>9</sup>

When every thing doth make a gleeeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

Again, in *An excellent pastorall Dittie*, by Shep. Tonic; published  
in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ With lute in hand did paint out her *unrest*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That have their alms &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean  
only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to  
suffer by it. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,*] In the course of  
the following notes several examples of the savage genius of  
Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of King James II.  
are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following  
is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with  
which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

“ The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,  
“ Is fallen asleep; in's *pendant couch* he's laid,  
“ That *hangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,  
“ Which rais'd by art do give it gentle motion:  
“ And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,  
“ Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,  
“ And cool him into golden slumbers:  
“ This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.  
“ My lovely Aaron, wherefore,” &c.—

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and  
in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which par-  
takes of the nature of a sailor's hammock and a child's cradle, is  
a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe  
on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few  
of his flowers into the barren desert of our comments on this tra-  
gedy. STEVENS.

*My lovely Aaron, &c.*] There is much poetical beauty in this  
speech of Tamora. It appears to me to be the only one in the play  
that is in the style of Shakspeare. M. MASON.

And make a checquer'd shadow<sup>2</sup> on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,<sup>3</sup>—  
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:  
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious  
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.<sup>4</sup>

AAR. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— a checquer'd shadow —] Milton has the same expression:  
“ ——— many a maid

“ Dancing in the *checquer'd* shade.”

The same epithet occurs again in *Lochner*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As if a double hunt were heard at once,*] Hence, perhaps, a line in a well known song by Dryden:

“ And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— as is a nurse's song

*Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.*] Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says “ it is observable that the nurses call sleep *by*, *by*; *lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep*.” But to *lull* originally signified to sleep. To compose to sleep by a pleasing sound is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house*; go to *by* is go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good *house*, may your house prosper; and Selby, the Archbishop of York's palace, is great *house*. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*, i. e. the cradle.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *though Venus govern your desires,*

*Saturn is dominator over mine:*] The meaning of this passage may



What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution?  
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—  
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:<sup>s</sup>  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—  
 Now question me no more, we are espied;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than  
 life!

AAR. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:  
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which  
*Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of *Saturn*  
 is especially *cooling*, and somewhat *drie*," &c.

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——— for your aspect  
 " You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that  
 " Tells me the *fullen Saturn* had predominance  
 " At your nativity, a malignant planet!  
 " And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction  
 " Of a soft ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,  
 " It may prove fatal." COLLINS.

<sup>s</sup> *His Philomel &c.*] See Vol. XIII. p. 69, n. 3. STEEVENS.

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*BAS.* Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,  
Unfurnish'd of her<sup>6</sup> well-beseeming troop?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her;  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

*TAM.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,<sup>7</sup>  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*LAV.* Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*BAS.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>8</sup>  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

<sup>6</sup> — of her —] Old copies—of *our*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,*] Mr. Heath suspects that the poet wrote:

*Should thrive upon thy new-transformed limbs,*  
as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy.  
But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should pass with impetuous haste*; &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Pyrrhus at Priam *drives*,” &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. STEEVENS.

The old copies have—*upon* his *new-transformed limbs*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *swarth Cimmerian* —] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. JOHNSON.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?  
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,  
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
 For faucinefs.—I pray you, let us hence,  
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;  
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BAS. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.<sup>7</sup>

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted  
 long:<sup>8</sup>

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

DEM. How now, dear sovereign, and our gra-  
 cious mother,  
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
 These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
 A barren detested vale,<sup>9</sup> you see, it is:  
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.  
 Here never shines the sun;<sup>2</sup> here nothing breeds,

<sup>7</sup> — have note of this.] Old copies—notice. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — made him noted long:] He had yet been married but one night. JOHNSON.

The true reading may be—made her, i. e. *Tamora*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> A barren detested vale,] As the verification of this play is by no means inharmonious, I am willing to suppose the author wrote:

A bare detested vale,——. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Here never shines the sun; &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore*:

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.  
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,<sup>3</sup>  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.<sup>4</sup>  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me, they would bind me  
 here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed:  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEM. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs BASSIANUS.

CHI. And this for me, struck home to show my  
 strength. [Stabbing him likewise.

" This is the house where the sun never dawns,  
 " The bird of night fits screaming o'er its roof,  
 " Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,  
 " And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — urchins,] i. e. hedgehogs. See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.] This is said in  
 fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake  
 torn up. JOHNSON.

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo*  
*and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

LAV. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

TAM. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,  
my boys,  
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
wrong.

DEM. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to  
her;

First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:  
This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-  
nesses:<sup>4</sup>

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when you have the honey you desire,<sup>5</sup>  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam; we will make that  
sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

<sup>4</sup> *And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:*] *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON.

The ruggedness of this line persuades me that the word—*hope* is an interpolation, the sense being complete without it;

*And with that painted, braves your mightiness.*

So, in *King Richard III*: "Poor painted queen," &c.

*Painted with* is, *speciously coloured with*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —you *desire*,] Old copies—*we* desire. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

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LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEM. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach  
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to  
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

CHI. What! would'st thou have me prove my-  
self a bastard?

LAV. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain  
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent;

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Therefore away with her,<sup>6</sup> and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*LAV.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*TAM.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let  
me go.

*LAV.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing  
more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*TAM.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*DEM.* Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

*LAV.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly  
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall——

*CHI.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou  
her husband;      [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*  
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*[Exeunt.*

*TAM.* Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her  
sure:  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*

<sup>6</sup> ——— *with her,*] These useless syllables, which hurt the metre,  
might well be omitted.      STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

AAR. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

QUIN. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.  
[MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

QUIN. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O, brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

AAR. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here;  
That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

MART. Why dost not comfort me, and help me  
out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?



QUIN. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUIN. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate  
heart.

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUIN. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring,<sup>6</sup> that lightens all the hole,

<sup>6</sup> *A precious ring.*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Gesta Romanorum*, history the sixth: "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house."

Again, in Lydgate's *Description of king Priam's Palace*, l. 2:

"And for most chere all dirkeness to confound,  
"A carbuncle was set as kyng of stones all,  
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall.  
"And it to enlumine in the black night  
"With the freshnes of his ruddy light."

Again, in *The Muse's Elysium*, by Drayton:

"Is that admired, mighty stone,  
"The carbuncle that's named;  
"Which from it such a flaming light  
"And radiancy ejecteth,  
"That in the very darkest night  
"The eye to it directeth."

Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, attributes the same properties to the carbuncle:

"Soche light ysprang out of the stone." STEVENS.

Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon<sup>7</sup> on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUIN. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee  
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MARS. Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
help.

QUIN. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:  
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

SAT. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—  
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

• So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ——— a gem,  
“ To lighten all this isle.”

So also, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Book VI. c. xi:

“ ——— like diamond of rich regard,  
“ In doubtful shadow of the darksome night.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> So pale did shine the moon &c.] Lee appears to have been indebted to this image in his *Massacre of Paris*:

“ Looks like a midnight moon upon a murder.” STEEVENS.

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MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:  
He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,  
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

TAM. Where is my lord, the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing  
grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my  
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timelefs<sup>a</sup> tragedy;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT. [*Reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him hand-  
somerly,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;  
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder tree,  
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,*

<sup>a</sup> ——— *timelefs* ———] i. e. untimely. So, in *King Richard II.*  
"The bloody office of his *timelefs* end." STEVENS.

*Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?  
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:  
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,  
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AAR. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.  
[*Showing it.*]

SAT. Two of thy whelps, [*To TIT.*] fell curs of  
bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—  
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;  
There let them bide, until we have devis'd  
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous  
thing!  
How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee  
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,  
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,  
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——

SAT. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—  
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow  
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-  
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

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TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;  
Fear not thy fons, they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with  
them, [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEM. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;  
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

DEM. See, how with signs and tokens she can  
scowl.

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy  
hands.

DEM. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to  
wash;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 'twere my case, I should go hang my-  
self.

DEM. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the  
cord. [Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]

*Enter MARCUS.*

MAR. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so  
fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!<sup>7</sup>

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—  
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;  
And might not gain so great a happiness,  
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—  
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;  
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.<sup>8</sup>  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,<sup>9</sup>—  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

<sup>7</sup> *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!]* If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *—lest thou should'st detect him, &c.]* Old copies—*detect them*. The same mistake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *—three issuing spouts,]* Old copies—*their issuing &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the filken strings delight to kiss them ;  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life :  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's <sup>9</sup> feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*TIT.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,  
stay!  
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Thracian poet's* —] Orpheus. STEEVENS.

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.  
 For these, these, tribunes,<sup>9</sup> in the dust I write

*[Throwing himself on the ground.]*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

*[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,  
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,<sup>2</sup>  
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;  
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
 And let me say, that never wept before,  
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

*LUC.* O, noble father, you lament in vain;  
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

<sup>9</sup> *For these, these, tribunes,*] The latter *these* was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *two ancient urns,*] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient ruins.* JOHNSON.



304 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

*TIT.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*LUC.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you  
speak.

*TIT.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,  
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.  
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than  
stones:<sup>2</sup>

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to  
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*LUC.* To rescue my two brothers from their  
death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*TIT.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

<sup>2</sup> A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:] The  
author, we may suppose, originally wrote:

*Stone's soft as wax, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*MAR.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*TIT.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*MAR.* This was thy daughter.

*TIT.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*LUC.* Ah me! this object kills me!

*TIT.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon  
her:—

Speak, my Lavinia,<sup>3</sup> what accursed hand  
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's fight?<sup>4</sup>  
What fool hath added water to the sea?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;<sup>5</sup>  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:  
Now, all the service I require of them

<sup>3</sup> *Speak, my Lavinia,*] *My*, which is wanting in the first folio,  
was supplied by the second. STEVENS.

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WARBURTON.

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Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*LUC.* Speak, gentle sifter, who hath martyr'd  
 thee?

*MAR.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,<sup>5</sup>  
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;  
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*LUC.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this  
 deed?

*MAR.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,  
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*TIT.* It was my deer;<sup>6</sup> and he, that wounded her,  
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:  
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes;  
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
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"The pale that held my lovely deer." JOHNSON.

It would have madded me; What shall I do  
 Now I behold thy lively body so?  
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,  
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—  
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew  
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MAR. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd  
 her husband:  
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joy-  
 ful,  
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
 Witnesses the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;  
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
 How they are stain'd; like meadows,<sup>1</sup> yet not dry  
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
 What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

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TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

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What fool hath added water to the sea?  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;<sup>5</sup>  
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 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

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 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
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"The pale that held my lovely *deer*."—JOHNSON.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 311

MAR. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MAR. But I will use the axe.<sup>a</sup>

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AAR. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*  
[*He cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

*Enter* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

TIT. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is  
despatch'd.—  
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited, that let it have.  
As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AAR. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—  
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> *But I will use the axe.*] Metre requires us to read:  
*But I will use it.* STREVENS.



### 310 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*MAR.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go  
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For fear they die before their pardon come.

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*offer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this  
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" ——— and, Diomede,

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Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his  
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After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did  
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one of the knights in the tournament described, made his entry in a  
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might have appeared in a building formed in imitation of a *castle*.

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The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was  
adduced for ; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced in  
ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself much more  
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# TITUS ANDRONICUS. 311

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MAR. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,  
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 For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
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 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

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 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;  
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
 How they are stain'd; like meadows,<sup>7</sup> yet not dry  
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
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310 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AAR. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go  
along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

MAR. My hand shall go.

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TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs  
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*coffer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— and, Diomede,

" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. See Grosé's *Treatise of ancient Armour*, p. 12, from whence it appears that *castle* may only be a corruption of the old French word—*casquetel*. Thus also, in *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 815: " ——— Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*, and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the king," &c.

A remark, however, of my late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt, has taught me to suspect the validity of my quotation from Holinshed; for one of the knights in the tournament described, made his entry in a *fountain*, and another in a *horse-litter*. Sir Thomas Knevet therefore might have appeared in a building formed in imitation of a *castle*.

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The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced in ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself much more decisive. MALONE.

*TIT.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
 My hand;  
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*LUC.* Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,  
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
 Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:  
 My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*MAR.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
 Rome,  
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,  
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?<sup>9</sup>  
 O, none of both but are of high desert:

<sup>9</sup> *Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612): "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. IV. cap. xviii. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and, Diomedes,  
 "Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head."

WARBURTON.

"Dr. Warburton's proof (says Mr. Heath) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *saxa*, from whence the word *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or

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Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*TIT.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

*LUC.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*MAR.* But I will use the axe.\*

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

*TIT.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*AAR.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*  
[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*TIT.* Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is  
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited, that let it have.  
As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*AAR.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—  
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

\* *But I will use the axe.*] Metre requires us to read:  
*But I will use it.* STEVENS.



312      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MAR. O! brother speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MAR. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes:  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!<sup>a</sup>

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

<sup>a</sup> ———do blow!] Old copies—do flow. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

**MESS.** Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

*[Exit.*

**MAR.** Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne!  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

**LUC.** Ah, that this fight should make so deep a  
wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!  
*[LAVINIA kisses him.*

**MAR.** Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

**TIT.** When will this fearful slumber have an end?

**MAR.** Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;  
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:<sup>3</sup>  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

<sup>3</sup> — thy *griefs*:] The old copies—*my* griefs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE,

314      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal fight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha!

MAR. Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this  
hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about;  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear:  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;<sup>4</sup>  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.  
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my fight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;

<sup>4</sup> *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;]* Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto, 1611, thus:

*And Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these arms.*

Perhaps we ought to read:

*Lavinia,*

*Thou too shalt be employed in these things;—.*

STEEVENS.

The folio also reads—*And Lavinia*; the rest as above. The compositor probably caught the word—*And* from the preceding line. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 315

And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!  
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,  
He leaves<sup>5</sup> his pledges dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make proud Saturninus and his empress  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.<sup>6</sup>

*A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,  
*a boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

<sup>5</sup> *He leaves &c.*] Old copies—*He loves*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe,  
MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Scene II.*] This scene, which does not contribute any thing  
to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is  
omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623:  
JOHNSON.

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Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;<sup>7</sup>  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands  
 And cannot passionate<sup>8</sup> our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
 And when<sup>9</sup> my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—  
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MAR. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to  
 lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?

<sup>7</sup> *Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“                     fitting  
 “ His arms in this *sad knot*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And cannot passionate &c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

“ Great pleasure mix’d with pitiful regard,  
 “ That godly king and queen did *passionate*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And when &c.*] Old copies—*Who* when—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;<sup>2</sup>  
 Left we remember still, that we have none.—  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—  
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—  
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,<sup>3</sup>  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:<sup>4</sup>—  
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice,<sup>5</sup> learn to know thy meaning.

*Bor.* Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

<sup>2</sup> O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— thou ———

“ Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand—.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— she drinks no other drink but tears,] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

“ Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— by still practice,] By constant or continual practice.

JOHNSON.

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- *MAR.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd;  
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

*TIT.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of  
tears,<sup>5</sup>  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*  
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*MAR.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a  
fly.

*TIT.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my  
heart;<sup>6</sup>

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

*MAR.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*TIT.* But how, if that fly had a father and mo-  
ther?<sup>7</sup>

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

<sup>5</sup> *Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:  
“ ——— thou boy of tears.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;*] So, in *King Henry V*:

“ The king hath kill'd his heart.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a father and mother?*] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens judiciously conjectures that the words—*and mother*, should be omitted. We might read:

*But!—How if that fly had a father, brother?*

The note of exclamation seems necessary after—*But*, from what Marcus says, in the preceding line:

“ Alas! my lord I have *but* kill'd a fly.” RITSON.

And buz lamenting doings in the air?<sup>1</sup>  
 Poor harmless fly!  
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd  
 him.

MAR. Pardon me, fir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd  
 fly,  
 Like<sup>2</sup> to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, O, O,  
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
 Ah, firrah!<sup>3</sup>—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,<sup>4</sup>  
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MAR. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on  
 him,  
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

<sup>1</sup> *And buz lamenting doings in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea. I read—*dolings*. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that's no new thing with our author.

THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Ab, firrah!*] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales. See Vol. VIII. p. 385, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet I do think &c.*] *Do* was inserted by me for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.



*TIT.* Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,  
LAVINIA running after him.*

*BOR.* Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why:—  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!  
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*MAR.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine  
aunt.

*TIT.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee  
harm.

*BOR.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she  
did.

*MAR.* What means my niece Lavinia by these  
signs?

*TIT.* Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she  
mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.  
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,  
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.\*  
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Bor.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:  
Which made me down to throw my books, and  
fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*MAR.* Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS  
has let fall.*

*TIT.* How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means  
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—  
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,

\* ——— *Tully's orator.*] The moderns—*oratory*. The old copies  
read—*Tully's oratour*; meaning, perhaps, *Tully De oratore*.

STEEVENS.

——— *Tully's Orator.*] *Tully's Treatise on Eloquence*, addressed to  
Brutus, and entitled *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was  
formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent  
editors read—*Tully's oratory*. MALONE.

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MAR. I think, she means, that there was more  
 than one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was;—  
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

BOY. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;  
 My mother gave't me.

MAR. For love of her that's gone,  
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!<sup>3</sup>  
 Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?  
 This is the tragick tale of Philomel,  
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;  
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MAR. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes  
 the leaves.<sup>4</sup>

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet  
 girl,  
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—  
 See, see!—  
 Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

<sup>3</sup> *Soft! see, how busily &c.*] Old copies—*Soft, so busily, &c.*  
 Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *how she quotes the leaves.*] To quote is to observe. See  
 a note on *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

See, Vol. V. p. 277, n. 8; and Vol. VI. p. 367, n. 2.

MALONE.

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

MAR. O, why should nature build so foul a  
den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none  
but friends,—  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MAR. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down  
by me.—  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—  
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it  
with his feet and mouth.]*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—  
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at  
last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge:  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it  
with her stumps, and writes.]*

TIT. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath  
writ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

MAR. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magne Dominator poli,<sup>5</sup>  
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

MAR. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I  
know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Magne Dominator poli, &c.] Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,]* The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio, of a reading (incontestably the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent criticks, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakspeare:

*My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me, as with the woeful peer,  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape—.*

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, fig. A 4:

“Christabell, your daughter free,  
“When shall she have a *fere*?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII*:

“Was I not a king's *fere* in marriage?”

And again:

“Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *fere*  
“To prince Arthur.” TYRWHITT.

The word *feere* or *phere* very frequently occurs among the old

*TIT.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand;  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*LUC.* Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*MAR.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?<sup>9</sup>  
O, none of both but are of high desert:

<sup>9</sup> *Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?*] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expence of a great deal of awkward mirth, corrects it to *casque*; and this, he says, he'll stand by: And the Oxford editor taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *casque*, and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, at least as good a critic as these editors, says, (in Shelton's translation, 1612): "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *casque*, and other things touching warfare." Lib. IV. cap. xviii. And the original, *celada de encaxe*, has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——— and, Diomedes,  
"Stand fast, and wear a *casque* on thy head."

WARBURTON.  
"Dr. Warburton's proof (says Mr. Heath) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close casque* is an error of the press for a *close casque*, which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe*; this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For the primitive *taxa*, from whence the word *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or

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**TIT.** Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents, that I intend to send them both:  
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
not?

**Boy.** Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,  
grandfire.

**TIT.** No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;  
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.  
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

**MAR.** O heavens, can you hear a good man  
groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?  
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:  
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—  
Revenge the heavens' for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

<sup>9</sup> *Revenge the heavens—*] We should read:  
*Revenge thee, heavens!*——. WARBURTON.

It should be:  
*Revenge, ye heavens!*——.

*Ye* was by the transcriber taken for *y<sup>e</sup>*, *tho*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens  
avenge, &c.* STEVENS.

I believe we should read:  
*Revenge then heavens.* TYRWHITT.

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

CHI. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver to us.

AAR. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

BOR. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

DEM. Gramercy,<sup>a</sup> lovely Lucius: What's the news?

BOR. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,  
My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

<sup>a</sup> Gramercy,] i. e. *grand merci*; *great thanks*. STEVENS.



328 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

You may be armed and appointed well :  
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody vil-  
lains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

DEM. What's here? A scroll; and written round  
about?

Let's see;  
*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.*

CHI. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well :  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AAR. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you  
have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's no sound jest!<sup>a</sup> the old man hath  
found their guilt;  
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with  
lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the  
quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—  
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Aside.*

<sup>a</sup> *Here's no sound jest!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; so, in *King Henry IV. Part I*: "Here's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *sound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—*Here's no fond jest.* MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Good Catesby, go, effect this business *soundly*."  
See also *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. sc. v. STEEVENS.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS: 329**

**DEM.** But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

**AAR.** Had he not reaſon, lord Demetrius?  
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

**DEM.** I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames  
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

**CHI.** A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

**AAR.** Here lacks but your mother for to ſay  
amen.

**CHI.** And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand  
more.

**DEM.** Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

**AAR.** Pray to the devils; the gods have given us  
o'er. *[Aſide. Flourish.]*

**DEM.** Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh  
thus?

**CHI.** Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.

**DEM.** Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child in her  
arms.*

**NUR.** Good morrow, lords:  
O, tell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?

**AAR.** Well, more, or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

**NUR.** O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

**AAR.** Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?  
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

**NUR.** O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
eye,

336 TITUS ANDRONICUS

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AAR. To whom?

NUR. I mean, she's brought to bed.

AAR. Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NUR. A devil.

AAR. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful  
issue.

NUR. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AAR. Out, out,<sup>9</sup> you whore! is black, so base a  
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEM. Villain, what hast thou done?

AAR. Done! that which thou<sup>2</sup>  
Canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AAR. Villain, I have done thy mother.<sup>3</sup>

DEM. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast un-  
done.

<sup>9</sup> Out, out,] The second interjection, which is wanting in the  
old copies, I have inserted for the sake of metre. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Done! that which thou—] Done! which is wanting in the  
old copies, was very properly added, for the sake of measure, by  
Mr. Capell. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Villain, I have done thy mother.] To do is here used obscenely.  
So, in Taylor the water poet's character of a *Prostitute*:

"She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne,)

"Or, conf'ring truly, easy to be *done*." COLLINS.

See Vol. IV. p. 193, n. 8. REED.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 331

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHI. It shall not live.

AAR. It shall not die.<sup>1</sup>

NUR. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AAR. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEM. I'll broach the tadpole<sup>4</sup> on my rapier's  
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AAR. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels  
up.

[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir!  
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

<sup>1</sup> *It shall not die.*] We may suppose that the measure here was originally perfect, and stood thus:

I say, *it shall not die.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll broach the tadpole—*] A *broach* is a *spit*. I'll *spit* the tadpole. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"I'll *broach* thee on my steel."

Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: "— with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre, she should therewith *broach* him."

COLLINS.

332 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ye white-lim'd walls!<sup>5</sup> ye alehouse painted signs!  
 Coal-black is better than another hue,  
 In that it scorns to bear another hue:<sup>6</sup>  
 For all the water in the ocean  
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,  
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—  
 Tell the emperers from me, I am of age  
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

DEM. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AAR. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;  
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:  
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;  
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEM. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.<sup>7</sup>

NUR. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her  
 death.

<sup>5</sup> *Ye white lim'd walls!*] The old copies have—white *limb'd*.  
 The word intended, I think, was—white *limn'd*. Mr. Pope and  
 the subsequent editors read—white *lim'd*. MALONE.

I read—*lim'd*, because I never found the term—*limn'd*, employed  
 to describe *white-washing*, and because in *The Midsummer Night's*  
*Dream* we have—

“ This man, with *lime* and rough-cast, doth present  
 “ *Wall*.”

A layer-on of *white-wash* is not a *limner*. *Limning* comprehends  
 the idea of *delineation*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *In that it scorns to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto  
 and the folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns*,  
 which was restored by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

*Scorns* should undoubtedly be inserted in the text.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *for this foul escape.*] This foul illegitimate child.

MALONE.

So, in *King John*:

“ No *scape* of nature.” STEEVENS.

CHI. I blush to think upon this ignomy.<sup>8</sup>

AAR. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!<sup>9</sup>

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:<sup>10</sup>

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;  
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NUR. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEM. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AAR. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

DEM. How many women saw this child of his?

<sup>8</sup> — *ignomy.*] i. e. ignominy. See Vol. VIII. p. 588, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The close enacts and counsels of the heart!*] So, in *Othello*:

"They are *close* denotements working from the heart,—"

MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> — *another leer:*] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you like it*: "— a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you." See Mr. Tollet's note on Act IV. sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin*. So, in *Isambard*, MS. Coll. Cal. 11, fol. 129:

"His lady is white as wales bone,

"Here *lere* brygte to se upon,

"So faire as blofme on tre." STEEVENS.

334 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

AAR. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,  
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
But, say again, how many saw the child?

NUR. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

AAR. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:<sup>a</sup>  
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

DEM. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore  
didst thou this?

AAR. O, lord, fir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,<sup>3</sup> my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him,<sup>4</sup> and give the mother gold,

<sup>a</sup> *Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:*] This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *one Muliteus* lives,] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

— *Muliteus*—] This line being too long by a foot, *Muliteus*, no Moorish name, (or indeed any name at all,) and the verb—*lives* wanting to the sense in the old copy, I suspect the designation of Aaron's friend to be a corruption, and that our author wrote:

*Not far, one Muley lives, my countryman.*

*Muley lives* was easily changed by a blundering transcriber, or printer, into—*Muliteus*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Go pack with him,*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 315

And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!  
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,  
He leaves<sup>5</sup> his pledges dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make proud Saturninus and his empress  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.<sup>6</sup>

*A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,  
*a boy.*

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

<sup>5</sup> *He leaves &c.*] Old copies—*He loves*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Scene II.*] This scene, which does not contribute any thing  
to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is  
omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623:  
JOHNSON.



336 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And feed<sup>3</sup> on curds and whey, and suck the goat;  
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends  
of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and  
other Gentlemen, with bows.*

TIT. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is  
the way:—  
Sir boy, now<sup>4</sup> let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:  
*Terras Astræa reliquit:—*  
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may find her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition:  
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;

<sup>3</sup> *And feed—*] This verb having occurred in the line immediately preceding, Sir T. Hanmer, with great probability, reads:  
*And feast on curds &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *—now—*] This syllable which is necessary to the metre, but wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second.

STEEVENS.

And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MAR. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

PUB. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
By day and night to attend him carefully;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MAR. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?  
What,  
Have you met with her?

PUB. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
word  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;

338 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Yet wrung with wrongs,<sup>5</sup> more than our backs can  
bear:—

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak<sup>6</sup> our wrongs:  
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius,<sup>7</sup> not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

MAR. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the  
court:<sup>8</sup>

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

<sup>5</sup> *Yet wrung with wrongs,*] *To wring* a horse is to press or  
strain his back. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“Our withers are unwrung.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *to wreak*—] i. e. revenge. So, in p. 342:

“Shall we be thus afflicted in his *wreaks*?” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To Saturn, Caius, &c.*] Old copies:

*To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine.*

For *Caius* Mr. Rowe substituted—*Cælus*. STEEVENS.

*Saturnine* was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently  
repeated by the compositor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the  
kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already  
mentioned. Publius and *Caius*, are again introduced in Act V.  
sc. ii:

“*Tit.* Publius, come hither; *Caius*, and Valentine.”

The modern editors read—*To Saturn, to Cælus, &c.*

MALONE.

I have always read—*Cælus*, i. e. the Roman deity of that name.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *shoot all your shafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad  
of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 339

TIT. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

MAR. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;<sup>9</sup>  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MAR. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

" Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,  
" And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:  
" *I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*  
" And for revenge to hell did often crye."

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation: " If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the Psalms: " They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words, *Psalm lxiv. 3.*" *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 228, third edit. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I aim a mile beyond the moon;*] To " cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Elioffs Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: " Risio hath gone beyond himself in casting beyond the moon." Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

" — I talk of things impossible,  
" And cast beyond the moon." STEEVENS.

— *I aim a mile beyond the moon;*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* substituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

*Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

CLO. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he  
hath taken them down again, for the man must not  
be hang'd till the next week.

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLO. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank  
with him in all my life.<sup>8</sup>

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLO. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLO. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:  
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven  
in my young days. Why, I am going with my  
pigeons to the tribunal plebs,<sup>9</sup> to take up a matter  
of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the em-  
perial's men.

MAR. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve  
for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons  
to the emperor from you.

<sup>8</sup> — *I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.*] Perhaps, in this instance also, the Clown was designed to blunder, by saying, (as does the Dairy-maid in a modern farce) *Jew Peter*, instead of *Jupiter*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the tribunal plebs,*] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors.

STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*.

MALONE.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS 341**

**TIT.** Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

**CLO.** Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

**TIT.** Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

**CLO.** Ay, fir.

**TIT.** Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, fir; see you do it bravely.

**CLO.** I warrant you, fir; let me alone.

**TIT.** Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

**CLO.** God be with you, fir; I will.

**TIT.** Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,  
Lords and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows  
in his hand, that TITUS shot.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was  
ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do<sup>a</sup> the mightyful gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace  
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
But even with law,<sup>3</sup> against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice every where?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

<sup>a</sup> — as do —] These two words were supplied by Mr. Rowe; who also in the concluding lines of this speech substituted—if *he* sleep, &c. for, if *be* sleep, and—as *he*, for, as *be*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — even with law,] Thus the second folio. The first, unmetrically,—even with *the* law. STEVENS.

But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages :  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*TAM.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his  
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

*CLO.* Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*TAM.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*CLO.* 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

*SAT.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*CLO.* How much money must I have?

*TAM.* Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.



344 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

CLO. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought  
up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?  
I know from whence this same device proceeds;  
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—  
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.<sup>4</sup>

What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, arm, my lords;<sup>5</sup> Rome never had  
more cause!

<sup>4</sup> Enter Æmilius.] [Old copy—Nuntius Æmilius.] In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, Enter Nuntius; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in—Enter Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given this new-adopted citizen Nuntius, a place in the Dramatis Personæ. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> Arm, arm, my lords;] The second arm is wanting in the old copies. STEEVENS.

Arm is here used as a disyllable. MALONE.

i. e. to those who can so pronounce it. I continue, for the sake of metre, to repeat the word—arm. May I add, that having seen very correct and harmonious lines of Mr. Malone's composition, I cannot suppose, if he had written a tale of persecuted love, he would have ended it with such a couplet as follows?—and yet, according to his present position, if arms be a disyllable, it must certainly be allowed to rhyme with any word of corresponding sound;—for instance:

The Goths have gather'd head ; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAR. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?  
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with  
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :  
'Tis he, the common people love so much ;  
Myself hath often over-heard<sup>6</sup> them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em-  
peror.

TAM. Why should you fear ? is not your city  
strong ?

SAR. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ;  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy  
name.<sup>7</sup>

" Escaping thus aunt Tabby's *larums*,

" They triumph'd in each other's *arms*."

i. e. *arums*. But let the reader determine on the pretension of  
*arms* to rank as a dissyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Myself* hath often over-heard—] *Self* was used formerly as  
a substantive, and written separately from the pronominal adjective:  
*my self*. The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Sir  
T. Hanmer,—*have* often.—*Over*, which is not in the old copies,  
was supplied by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — imperious, like thy name.] *Imperious* was formerly used  
for *imperial*. See *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. ii:

" The imperious seas" &c. MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon." STEEVENS.

346      **TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,  
 He can at pleasure stint their melody:<sup>8</sup>  
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Then baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;<sup>9</sup>  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

*SAT.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*TAM.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises; that were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
 Go thou before, be our ambassador:<sup>10</sup>

[*To ÆMILIUS.*

Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

<sup>8</sup> — stint *their melody*:] i. e. stop their melody. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “ — it stinted, and cried—ay.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — honey-stalks *to sheep*;] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. JOHNSON.

Clover has the effect that Johnson mentions, on black cattle, but not on sheep. Besides, these *honey-stalks*, whatever they may be, are described as rotting the sheep, not as bursting them; whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them. M. MASON.

Perhaps, the author was not so skilful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> — be *our ambassador*:] The old copies read—to be &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 347

SAR. Æmilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage<sup>3</sup> for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus;  
And temper him, with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAR. Then go successfully,<sup>4</sup> and plead to him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.*

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our fight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

<sup>3</sup> — on *hostage* —] Old copies—*in* hostage. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *successfully*,] The old copies read—*successantly*; a mere blunder of the press. STEEVENS.

Whether the author of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape*. By *successantly* I suppose he meant *successfully*. MALONE.

348      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,<sup>4</sup>  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1. GOTH. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-  
dronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our com-  
fort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on curst Tamora.

GOTHS. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.*

2. GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I  
stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;<sup>5</sup>  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:

<sup>4</sup> ——— *scath*,] i. e. harm. See Vol. VIII. p. 32, n. 6.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery* ;] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *papist tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEVENS.

I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !*  
*Did not thy bue bewray whose brat thou art,*  
*Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,*  
*Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :*  
*But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,*  
*They never do beget a coal-black calf.*  
*Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the*  
 babe,—

*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;*  
*Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,*  
*Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ;<sup>7</sup> not a  
 word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*AAR.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the fire for ever being good.—  
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

<sup>6</sup> *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;]* Alluding to the proverb, " A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *No ;]* This necessary syllable, though wanting in the first folio, is found in the second. STEVENS.

350 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*

AAR. Lucius, save the child;<sup>7</sup>  
And bear it from me to the emperess.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

LUC. Say on; and, if it please me which thou  
speak'st,  
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AAR. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,  
Lucius,  
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies  
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:<sup>8</sup>  
And this shall all be buried by my death,  
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall  
live.

AAR. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

<sup>7</sup> *Get me a ladder.*

Aar. *Lucius, save the child;*] All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved?

THEOBALD,

*Get me a ladder, may mean, hang me.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:*] I suppose we should read—*pitilessly*, not *piteously*. M. MASON.

Is there such a word as that recommended? *Piteously* means, in a manner exciting pity. STEEVENS.

*LUC.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;  
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*AAR.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:  
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,  
An idiot holds his bauble<sup>9</sup> for a god,  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;<sup>2</sup>  
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;  
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*LUC.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*AAR.* First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*LUC.* O most insatiate, luxurious woman!<sup>3</sup>

*AAR.* Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,  
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:  
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*LUC.* O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

<sup>9</sup> —his bauble—] See a note on *All's well that ends well*, Vol. VI. p. 342, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;*] Alluding perhaps to a custom mentioned in *Genesis* xxiv. 9: "And the servant put his hand *under the thigh* of Abraham his master, and *swore* to him concerning that matter." STEEVENS. ●

<sup>3</sup> —luxurious woman!] i. e. *lascivious* woman. See Vol. XI. p. 410, n. 2. MALONE.



AAR. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;  
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AAR. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;  
That coddling spirit<sup>3</sup> had they from their mother,  
As sure a card as ever won the set;  
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,  
As true a dog as ever fought at head.<sup>4</sup>—  
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:  
I wrote the letter that thy father found,<sup>5</sup>  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

<sup>3</sup> *That coddling spirit*—] i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of *Ray's Proverbs*. COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Collection of Epigrams* by J. D. [John Davies] and C. M. [Christopher Marlowe,] printed at Middleburgh, no date:

“ — Amongst the dogs and beares he goes;

“ Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head—*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,*—

*I wrote the letter &c.*] Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor say:

“ I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

“ I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;

“ I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.” MALONE.

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She fbounded<sup>6</sup> almost at my pleasing tale,  
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

GOth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

AAR. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.<sup>7</sup>

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AAR. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse,)  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
As kill a man, or else devise his death;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;<sup>8</sup>  
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

<sup>6</sup> *She fbounded*—] When this play was written, the verb to *fbound*, which we now write *fwon*, was in common use.

MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"All in gore blood; I *fbounded* at the fight."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Goth. *What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?*

Aar. *Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.*] To *blush like a black dog* appears from Ray, p. 218, to have been proverbial. REED.

<sup>8</sup> *Make poor men's cattle break their necks;*] Two syllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps—and die. MALONE.

In my opinion, some other syllables should be sought, to fill this chasm; for if the cattle *broke their necks*, it was rather unnecessary for us to be informed that—*they died*. STEEVENS.

354      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,<sup>7</sup>  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*LUC.* Bring down the devil;<sup>8</sup> for he must not die  
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*AAR.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire;  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*LUC.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*GOth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*LUC.* Let him come near.—

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

*ÆMIL.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the  
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:  
And, for he understands you are in arms,

<sup>7</sup> *And nothing grieves me &c.*] Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play, and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore in the *Jew of Malta*, Act II. and compare it with these sentiments of Aaron in the present scene, will perceive much reason for the opinion. REED.

<sup>8</sup> *Bring down the devil,*] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off." STEVENS.

He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *GOTH.* What says our general?

*LUC.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March<sup>9</sup> away. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.*

*TAM.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus;  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*TIT.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*TAM.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *March*—] Perhaps this is a mere stage-direction which has crept into the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Titus, &c.*] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed thus:

*Titus, I am come to talk with thee awhile."* STEEVENS.

*TIT.* No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?<sup>8</sup>  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*TAM.* If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk  
with me.

*TIT.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;<sup>9</sup>  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*TAM.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death:  
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

*TIT.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

*TAM.* I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*TIT.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;  
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,

<sup>8</sup> — *action?*] Thus the folio. The quarto, perhaps unintelligibly, — *that accord.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *stump, these crimson lines;*] The old copies derange the metre by reading, with useless repetition:

— *stump, witness these crimson lines:* — STEEVENS.

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;  
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
 Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,<sup>2</sup>  
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves:<sup>3</sup>  
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
 Trot, like a fervile footman, all day long;  
 Even from Hyperion's<sup>4</sup> rising in the east,  
 Until his very downfal in the sea,  
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.<sup>5</sup>

TAM. 'These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they<sup>6</sup> thy ministers? what are they call'd?

<sup>2</sup> *Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,*] The old copies, poorly and with disregard of metre, read:

*Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,——.*

The second folio indeed omits the useless and redundant—*as*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And find out murderers &c.*] The old copies read—*murder and cares*. The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Hyperion's*—] The folio reads—*Epton's*; the quarto—*Epeon's*; and so Ravenicroft. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

“ For if thou be of fuche covine,

“ To get of love by *ravyne*

“ Thy lust,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Are they*—] Thus the second folio. The first, contemning grammar,—*Are them*. STEEVENS.

358 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TAM. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they  
are!

And you, the empress! But we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil:  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

TAM. What would'st thou have us do, Andro-  
nicus?

*DEM.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*CHI.* Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*TAM.* Show me a thousand, that have done thee  
wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*TIT.* Look round about the wicked streets of  
Rome;  
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—  
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;  
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*TAM.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?

*TIT.* Marcus, my brother!—tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter MARCUS.*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;



360     **TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;  
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
 Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
 Feasts at my house; and he shall feast with them.  
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

**MAR.** This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

**TAM.** Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

**TIT.** Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with  
 me;  
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

**TAM.** What say you, boys? will you abide with  
 him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

[*Aside.*]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

**TIT.** I know them all, though they suppose me  
 mad;  
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices;  
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*]

**DEM.** Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

**TAM.** Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

**TIT.** I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,  
 farewell.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

*Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.*

PUB. What's your will?

TIT. Know you these two?

PUB. Th' empress' sons,  
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.<sup>s</sup>

TIT. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. *lay hold on* CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.

CHI. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word;  
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she*  
*bearing a bason; and he a knife.*

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are  
bound;—

<sup>s</sup> — and *Demetrius.*] *And was inserted by Mr. Theobald.*  
MALONE.

**Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with  
mud;**

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more  
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—  
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;  
 And of the paste a coffin<sup>6</sup> I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.<sup>7</sup>  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,

<sup>6</sup> *And of the paste a coffin—*] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. JOHNSON.

So, in the Seventh Book of Gawin Douglas's Translation of the *Æneid*, v. 50:

“ And with thare handis brek and chaftis gnaw  
 “ The cruftis, and the *coffingis* all on raw.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — her own increase.] i. e. her own produce. See Vol. V. p. 49, n. 6. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 363

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:  
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,  
[He cuts their throats.]
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet; which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

S C E N E III.

*The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.*

LUC. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

I. GOTH. And ours with thine,<sup>8</sup> befall what fortune will.

LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

<sup>8</sup> *And ours with thine,]* And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.

364 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,<sup>9</sup>  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:  
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

AAR. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

LUC. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*  
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,  
Senators, and Others.*

SAT. What, hath the firmament more suns than  
one?

LUC. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

MAR. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the  
parle;<sup>2</sup>

These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:  
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your  
places.

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

<sup>9</sup> —the empress' face,] The quarto has—*emperours*; the folio *emperous*. For the emendation I am answerable. MALONE,

<sup>2</sup> —break the parle;] That is, *begin the parley*. We yet say, he breaks his mind. JOHNSON.

*Enter TITUS, dress'd like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and Others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.*

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;  
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,  
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

SAM. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you  
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;  
Was it well done of rash Virginius,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,<sup>3</sup>  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was,  
Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord!

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

<sup>3</sup> *Was it well done of rash Virginius,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand, &c.*] Mr. Rowe  
might have availed himself of this passage in *The Fair Penitent*, where  
Sciolto asks Calista—

“Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did?

“With his own hand he slew his only daughter” &c.

Titus Andronicus, however, is incorrect in his statement of this  
occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. STEVENS.

366 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

For me, most wretched, to perform the like :—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind ?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was :

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

TIT. Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness feed ?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

TIT. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.* The additions made by Ravenelcroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of showing the reader how he continues the speech before us :

“ Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

“ And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.”

[*Stabs the empress.*]

And then—“ *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall ; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*” STEEVENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 367

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.  
[Killing TAMORA.]

SAR. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.  
[Killing TITUS.]

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people  
in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and  
their partisans ascend the steps before Titus's  
house.]

MAR. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of  
Rome,  
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

SEN. Left Rome herself be bane unto herself;<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> Sen. Left Rome &c.] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord*. In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus*; who, when *Lucius* has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend *Lucius* to the empire. STEEVENS.

I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord*, [i. e. *Senator*,] are prefixed to this speech. That copy, however, reads—*Let Rome &c.* which I have no doubt was an error of the press for *Left*. The editor of the folio finding the sentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in consequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* substituted *Goth*. In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the surface, and to have consequently made several injudicious emendations beside the present.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation.

The error here corrected has likewise happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii: “——let my extent to the players——should more appear like entertainment than yours:”——instead of—“*Left* my extent,” &c.



368 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'fy to,  
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
 Do shameful execution on herself.  
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
 Grave witnesses of true experience,  
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS.*] as erst  
     our ancestor,  
 When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,  
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
 The story of that baleful burning night,  
 When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;  
 Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—  
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
 And break my very utterance; even i'the time  
 When it should move you to attend me most,  
 Lending your kind commiseration:  
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*LUC.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
 That curst Chiron and Demetrius  
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
 And they it were that ravished our sister:  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
 Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd<sup>6</sup>  
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing,  
 the whole (as Mr. Steevens has observed) probably belongs to  
 Marcus. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and basely cozen'd —] i. e. and *be* basely cozened.

MALONE.

And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
 That my report is just, and full of truth.  
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;  
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MAR. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this  
 child,

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;  
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;  
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
 Damn'd as he is,<sup>7</sup> to witness this is true.  
 Now judge, what cause<sup>8</sup> had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

<sup>7</sup> Damn'd as he is,] The old copies read—*And as he is*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The same expression (as he observed,) is used in *Othello*:

"O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?"

"*Damn'd as thou art*, thou hast enchanted her."

In the play before us the same epithet is applied to Aaron:

"See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd Moor*."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *what cause* —] Old copies—*what course*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

370 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,<sup>9</sup>  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of  
Rome,  
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,  
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

ROM. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail;<sup>1</sup> Rome's  
royal emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

MAR. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;  
[*To an Attendant.*]  
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

ROM. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's  
gracious governor!

<sup>9</sup> *The poor remainder of Andronici*  
*Will,——cast us down,*] i. e. *We* the poor remainder &c. will  
cast us down. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Rom. *Lucius, all hail; &c.*] This line here, and the same  
words below, are given in the old copy by mistake to *Marcus*. It  
is manifest, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that they both belong  
to the surrounding concourse of Romans, who with one voice hail  
Lucius as their emperor. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 371

*LUC.* Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—  
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—  
O, take this warm kifs on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* *TITUS.*]  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,<sup>3</sup>  
The last true duties of thy noble son!

*MAR.* Tear for tear, and loving kifs for kifs,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*LUC.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn  
of us  
To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:<sup>4</sup>  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Bor.* O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my  
heart

<sup>3</sup> — *thy blood-stain'd face,*] The old copies have—*thy blood-stain face.* Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Shed yet some small drops—*  
*Because kind nature doth require it so:]* 'Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — fond nature bids us all lament—.” STEEVENS.

.372      TITUS ANDRONICUS.

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—  
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

1. *ROM.* You sad Andronici, have done with  
woes;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*LUC.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish  
him;  
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.<sup>s</sup>

*AAR.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury  
dumb?  
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done;  
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
Would I perform, if I might have my will;  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*LUC.* Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,  
And give him burial in his father's grave:  
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

<sup>s</sup> ——— *to see him fasten'd in the earth.*] That justice and cookery  
may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's  
alteration of it, Aaron is at once rack'd and roasted on the stage.

No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;  
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey :  
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :  
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state ;<sup>6</sup>  
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Then, afterwards, to order &c.] Then will we apply ourselves*  
 to regulate the state. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion; that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*, which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then of twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is uncontested, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of Henry VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. *Tamora* is neither mentioned by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and *Saturninus* is elected to the empire at the Capitol. THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet

we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incom-  
testible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II. revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible. JOHNSON.

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgement!

Indeed a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher\* had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely

\* The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in *The Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually called Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended on; for it is certain, that in the first copies they had entirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Eld, 1594, but the original publisher was Edward White. I have seen in an old catalogue of *sales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*.

FARMER.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

"She has outdone me, ev'n in mine own art,  
"Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child,  
"Give it me, I'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramattick piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trissyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliment for robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus*



will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgement of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in what he has asserted concerning the seven spurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1664 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakspeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.

To the word *palliant* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words *accite*, *candidatus*, and *sacred* in the sense of *accursed*; and the following allusions, and scraps of Latin, which are found in this lamentable tragedy:

“ As hateful as *Cocytus*’ misty mouth—.”

“ More stern and bloody than the *Centauri*’ *seest*.”

“ The self-same gods that arm’d the queen of Troy

“ With opportunity of sharp revenge

“ Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent.”

“ — But safer is this funeral pomp,

“ That hath aspir’d to *Solon*’s happiness.”

“ Why suffer’st thou thy sons unbury’d yet

“ To bower on the dreadful shore of *Styx* ?”

“ The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

“ That slew himself; and wife *Laertes*’ son

“ Did graciously plead for his funeral.”

“ He would have dropp’d his knife, and fallen asleep,

“ As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet’s feet.”

“ To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o’er,

“ How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable.”

" Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,  
 " To slay his daughter with his own right hand?"

" Believe me, queen, your swart *Cimmerian*  
 " Doth make your honour of his body's hue."

" But sure some Tereus hath deflowred thee,  
 " And, lest thou should detect him, cut thy tongue."

" That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,  
 " Dost overshine the gallant dames of Rome."

" No man shed tears for noble Mutius,  
 " He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause."

" I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,  
 " With all his threat'ning band of *Typhon's* brood,  
 " Nor great *Alcides*," &c.

" I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
 " And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels."

" I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous *Tamora*."

" And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
 " Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*."

" *Per Styga, per manes, vobis,—*"

" *Sit fas, aut nefas,—*"

" *Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh."

" *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice."

" *— Magne dominator poli,*

" *Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*"

" *Integer vixit,*" &c.

" *Terras Africæ reliquit.*"

Similar scraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramatick pieces written by our author's predecessors.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living critics on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothick prepossessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Dr. Capell, who delivers

his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye, [i. e. his own,] *Shakspeare stands confest*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark, that the grand and pathetick circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note.

MALONE.

I agree with such of the commentators as think that Shakspeare had no hand in this abominable tragedy; and consider the correctness with which it is printed, as a kind of collateral proof that he had not. The genuine works of Shakspeare have been handed down to us in a more depraved state than those of any other contemporary writer; which was partly owing to the obscurity of his handwriting, which appears from the fac-simile prefixed to this edition, to have been scarcely legible, and partly to his total neglect of them when committed to the press. And it is not to be supposed, that he should have taken more pains about the publication of this horrid performance, than he did in that of his noblest productions.

M. MASON.

The reader may possibly express some surprize on being told that *Titus Andronicus* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21<sup>st</sup> of Dec. 1720. The receipt of the house was only 35l. 16s. 6d.

It was acted again at the same theatre 19<sup>th</sup> of March, 1724, for the benefit of Mr. Quin. Receipt in money 80l. 6s. 6d. tickets 64l. 14s.—145l. os. 6d.

The characters as follow:—Aaron, Mr. Quin; Titus, Mr. Boheme; Saturninus, Mr. Leigh; Bassianus, Mr. Walker; Lucius, Mr. Ryan; Marcus, Mr. Ogden; Demetrius, Mr. Digges; Chiron, Mr. Ward; Tamora, Mrs. Eggleton; Lavinia, Mrs. Sterling.

Again, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April, for the benefit of Mr. Hurst, a dramattick writer. Receipt in money 18l. 2s. tickets 17l. 3s.—35l. 5s. READ.

P E R I C L E S.\*



\* PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.] The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; \* in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing "*The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsia his daughter.*" The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *prince* of Tyre; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "*The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent.*" I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

*Pericles* was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gossou; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no

\* There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488. DOUCE.

play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

" Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd  
 " Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud :  
 " As at a new play, all the rooms  
 " Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;  
 " So that I truly thought all these  
 " Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says:

" ——— if it prove so happy as to please,  
 " We'll say 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

" But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was  
 " Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."

*Verses* by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's  
*Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after

Shakspeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI, Stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us :

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides  
“ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may  
“ Compare great Shakspeare ; Aristophanes  
“ Never like him his fancy could display :  
“ Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles* :  
“ His sweet and his to be admired lay  
“ He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he  
“ Did understand the depth of poësie.”

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies.—See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welfer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*apo Apollonius in Romanorum yllustrium*. *De Fresne*, Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc. When Welfer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14. C. xi.] :

“ Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,  
“ Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.  
“ Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.”

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon* ; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

There are three French translations of this story, viz.—“ *La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyr* ;” 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date ;—and “ *Plaisante et agreable Histoires d'Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d'Antioche* ; traduit par Gilles Corozet,” 8vo. Paris, 1530 ;—and (in the seventh volume of the *Histoires Tragiques* &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-forest, &c.) “ *Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens* : ses



malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble."

In the introduction to this last novel, the translator says—  
"Ayant en main une histoire tirée du Grec, & icelle ancienne, comme aussi je l'ay recueillie d'un vieux livre écrit à la main" &c.

But the present story, as it appears in Belle-forest's collection,<sup>4</sup> (Vol. VII. p. 113, & seq.) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-9) of furnishing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander's Feast*. Langbaine, &c. have accused this great poet of adopting circumstances from the *Histoires Tragiques*, among other French novels; a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Apollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MSS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's translation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phædrus's Virgil, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—"Prince of Tyros." It is singular enough that this fable should have been republished in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

I must still add a few words concerning the piece in question.

Numerous are our unavoidable annotations on it. Yet it has been so inveterately corrupted by transcription, interpolation, &c. that were it published, like the other dramas of Shakspeare, with scrupulous warning of every little change which necessity compels an editor to make in it, his comment would more than treble the quantity of his author's text. If therefore the silent insertion or transposition of a few harmless syllables which do not affect the value of one sentiment throughout the whole, can obviate those defects in construction and harmony which have hitherto molested the reader, why should not his progress be facilitated by such means, rather than by a wearisome appeal to remarks that disturb attention, and contribute to diminish whatever interest might otherwise have been awakened by the scenes before him? If any of the trivial supplements, &c. introduced by the present editor are found to be needless or improper, let him be freely censured by his successors, on the score of rashness or want of judgement. Let the Nimrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bears the stamp of antiquity, couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator. To the severest hazard, on this account, he would more cheerfully expose himself, than leave it to be observed that he had printed many passages in *Pericles* without an effort to exhibit them (as they must have originally appeared) with some obvious meaning, and a tolerable flow of versification. The pebble which aspires to rank with diamonds, should at least have a decent polish bestowed on it. Perhaps the piece here exhibited has merit insufficient

to engage the extreme vigilance of criticism. Let it on the whole, however, be rendered legible, before its value is estimated, and then its minutiz (if they deserve it) may become objects of contention. The old perplexed and vitiated copy of the play is by no means rare; and if the reader, like Pericles, should think himself qualified to evolve the intricacies of a riddle, be it remembered, that the editor is not an Antiochus, who would willingly subject him to such a labour.

That I might escape the charge of having attempted to conceal the liberties taken with this corrupted play, have I been thus ample in my confession. I am not conscious that in any other drama I have changed a word, or the position of a syllable, without constant and formal notice of such deviations from our author's text.

To these tedious prolegomena may I subjoin that, in consequence of researches successfully urged by poetical antiquaries, I should express no surprize if the very title of the piece before us were hereafter, on good authority, to be discarded? Some lucky rummages among papers long hoarded up, have discovered as unexpected things as an author's own manuscript of an ancient play. That indeed of *Tancred and Gismund*, a much older piece, (and differing in many parts from the copy printed in 1592) is now before me.

It is almost needless to observe that our dramatick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his historical namesake; though the adventures of the former are sometimes coincident with those of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*; for the amorous, fugitive, shipwrecked, musical, tilting, despairing Prince of Tyre is an accomplished knight of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman,

“ Whose resistless eloquence  
 “ Wielded at will a fierce democratic,  
 “ Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece.”

As to Sidney's *Pyrocles*,—*Tros, Tyriusque*,—

“ The world was all before him, where to choose  
 “ His place of rest;”

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick license will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called *Æneas*, nor a Duke of Florence *Mithridates*; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The playwright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to expose our author's gross departure from established manners and historic truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce

two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, so high was the credit of this romance, that many a fashionable word and glowing phrase selected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary sonnets, and gave a transient life even to those dwarfish and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muse.

I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argument cannot be drawn from the false quantity in the second syllable of *Pericles*; and yet if the Athenian was in our author's mind, he might have been taught by repeated translations from fragments of satiric poets in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, to call his hero *Pericles*; as for instance, in the following couplet:

"O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou indeede the man

"Which did instruct *Pericles* thus? make aunswer if thou can." &c. &c.

Such therefore was the pronunciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakspeare. The address of *Perfius* to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Pericli*, is familiar to the ear of every classical reader.

By some of the observations scattered over the following pages, it will be proved that the illegitimate *Pericles* occasionally adopts not merely the ideas of Sir Philip's heroes, but their very words and phraseology. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that our author designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*,\* however ignorance or accident might

\* Such a theatrical mistake will not appear improbable to the reader who recollects that in the fourth scene of the first act of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* instead of "tigers of *Hircania*,"—the players have given us—"tigers of *Arcadia*." Instead of "an *Até*," in *King John*,—"an *acc*."

have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it must have been printed by means of a copy "far as Deucalion off" from the manuscript which had received Shakspeare's revifal and improvement. STEEVENS.

Instead of "*Pantino*," in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,—"Pantion." Instead of "*Polydore*," in *Cymbeline*,—"Paladour" was continued through all the editions till that of 1773.

## PERSONS represented.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*  
Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*  
Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*  
Escanes, }  
Simonides, *king of Pentapolis.\**  
Cleon, *governor of Tharsus.*  
Lyfimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*  
Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*  
Thaliard, *a lord of Antioch.*  
Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*  
Leonine, *servant to Dionyza. Marshall.*  
*A Pandar, and his wife. Boulton, their servant.*  
Gower, *as chorus.*  
*The daughter of Antiochus. Dionyza, wife to Cleon.*  
*Thaïsa, daughter to Simonides.*  
*Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaïsa.*  
*Lychorida, nurse to Marina. Diana.*  
*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,*  
*Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.*

SCENE, *dispersedly in various countries.*

\* *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapoliitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the founding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it.

It should not, however, be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberius, B. V.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

STEEVENS.

“PENTAPOLIS of the naked arm” is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to. 1612. MALONE.

# P E R I C L E S,

## PRINCE OF TYRE.

### A C T I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.*

To sing a song of old was sung,<sup>2</sup>  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;<sup>3</sup>  
And lords and ladies of their lives<sup>4</sup>  
Have read it for restoratives:

<sup>2</sup> ——— of old *was sung*.] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read:

*To sing a song of old was sung*,——

i. e. *that* of old &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, which was evidently wanted. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It hath been sung at festivals,*

*On ember-eves, and holy-ales*;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—*holy days*. Gower's speeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— of *their lives*——] The old copies read—*in* their lives. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

'Purpose to make men glorious;  
*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*

<sup>5</sup> 'Purpose to make men glorious; &c.] Old copy—

*The purchase is to make men glorious; &c.* STEEVENS.

There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in *Macbeth*:

"I am for the air; this night I'll spend

"Upon a dismal and a fatal end."

The old copies read—*The purchase &c.* Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation. MALONE.

Being now convinced that all the irregular lines detected in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Pericles*, have been prolonged by interpolations which afford no additional beauties, I am become more confident in my attempt to amend the passage before us. Throughout this play it should seem to be a very frequent practice of the reciter, or transcriber, to supply words which, for some foolish reason or other, were supposed to be wanting. Unskill'd in the language of poetry, and more especially in that which was clouded by an affectation of antiquity, these ignorant people regarded many contractions and ellipses, as indications of somewhat accidentally omitted; and while they inserted only monosyllables or unimportant words in imaginary vacancies, they conceived themselves to be doing little mischief. Liberties of this kind must have been taken with the piece under consideration. The measure of it is too regular and harmonious in many places, for us to think it was utterly neglected in the rest. As this play will never be received as the entire composition of Shakspeare, and as violent disorders require medicines of proportionable violence, I have been by no means scrupulous in striving to reduce the metre to that exactness which I suppose it originally to have possessed. Of the same license I should not have availed myself had I been employed on any of the undisputed dramas of our author. Those experiments which we are forbidden to perform on living subjects, may properly be attempted on dead ones, among which our *Pericles* may be reckoned; being dead, in its present form to all purposes of the stage, and of no very promising life in the closet.

*The purpose is to make men glorious,*

*Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius.*] As I suppose these lines with their context, to have originally stood as follows, I have so given them:

*And lords and ladies, of their lives*

*Have read it as restoratives:*

'Purpose to make men glorious;

*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*

If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—  
 This city then, Antioch the great  
 Built up for his chiefeft feat;<sup>6</sup>  
 The faireft in all Syria;  
 (I tell you what mine authors fay :<sup>7</sup>)

This innovation may seem to introduce obscurity ; but in huddling words on each other, without their necessary articles and prepositions, the chief skill of our present imitator of antiquated rhyme appears to have consisted.

Again, old copy :

“ This Antioch then, Antiochus the great

“ Built up ; this city, for his chiefeft feat.”

I suppose the original lines were these, and as such have printed them :

“ This city then, Antioch the great

“ Built up for his chiefeft feat.”

Another redundant line offers itself in the same chorus :

“ Bad *child*, *worse* father ! to entice his own—”

which I also give as I conceive it to have originally stood, thus :

“ Bad father ! to entice his own——.”

The words omitted are of little consequence, and the artificial comparison between the guilt of the parent and the child, has no resemblance to the simplicity of Gower's narratives. The lady's frailty is sufficiently stigmatized in the ensuing lines. See my further sentiments concerning the irregularities of Shakspeare's metre, in a note on *The Tempest*, Vol. III. p. 68, n. 6 ; and again in Vol. VII. p. 491, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— for his chiefeft feat ;] So, in Twine's Translation—“ The most famous and mighty King Antiochus, which builded the goodlie citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his owne name, as the *chiefeft feat* of all his dominions. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> (I tell you what mine authors say :) ] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales.—These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.



This king unto him took a pheere,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,<sup>2</sup>  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke:  
 Bad father! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin,<sup>3</sup>  
 Was, with long use, account no sin.<sup>4</sup>  
 The beauty of this sinful dame,  
 Made many princes thither frame,<sup>3</sup>  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,<sup>4</sup>)

<sup>1</sup> — *unto him took a pheere,*] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer*. For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

See Vol. XIII. p. 324, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *full of face,*] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. See also Vol. XI. p. 373, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> By *custom*, *what they did begin*,] All the copies read, unintelligibly,—*But custom &c.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *account no sin.*] *Account* for *accounted*. So, in *King John*, *waft* for *wasted*:

“Than now the English bottoms have *waft* o'er.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Gascoigne's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

“And by the lawde of his pretence

“His lewdness was *acquit*.”

The old copies read—*account'd*. For the correction I am answerable. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *thither frame*,] i. e. shape or direct their

<sup>4</sup> (*To keep her still, and men in awe*,)]

That whoſo aſk'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, loſt his life:  
So for her many a wight<sup>5</sup> did die,  
As yon grim looks do teſtify.<sup>6</sup>

is, not to keep her and men in awe, but, to keep her ſtill to himſelf, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has properly interpreted this paſſage. So, in Twine's tranſlation: "—— which falſe reſemblance of hateful marriage, to the intent *that he might alwaies enjoy*, he invented &c. *to drive away all ſuitors that ſhould reſort unto her*, by propounding" &c. See alſo p. 400, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *many a wight*——] The quarto, 1609, reads—*many of wight*. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

Perhaps the correction is erroneous, and we ſhould read, nearer to the traces of the old copy:

*So for her many of might did die,——.*

i. e. *many men of might*. Thus, afterwards:

"Yon ſometime famous princes," &c.

The *w* in the quarto 1609, might be only an *m* reverſed. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As yon grim looks do teſtify.*] Gower muſt be ſuppoſed here to point to the heads of thoſe unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

"The fader, whan he underſtood  
"That thei his doughter thus beſought,  
"With all his wit he caſt and fought  
"Howe that he mighte fynde a lette;  
"And ſuch a ſtatute then he ſette,  
"And in this wiſe his lawe taxeth,  
"That what man his doughter axeth,  
"But if he couth his queſtion  
"Aſſoyle upon ſuggeſtion,  
"Of certeyn thinges that beſell,  
"The which he wolde unto him tell,  
"He ſhulde in certeyn leſe his hede:  
"And thus there were many dede,  
"Her beades ſtondinge on the gate;  
"Till at laſt, long and late,  
"For lack of anſwere in this wiſe  
"The remenant, that wexen wyſe,  
"Eſchewden to make aſſaie." MALONE.

*As yon grim looks do teſtify.*] This is an indication to me of the uſe of ſcenery in our ancient theatres. I ſuppoſe the audience were here entertained with the view of a kind of Temple-bar at Antioch.

STEEVENS.

What now ensues,<sup>6</sup> to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify.<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre,<sup>8</sup> you have at large  
receiv'd  
The danger of the task you undertake.

<sup>6</sup> *What now ensues,*] The folio—*What ensues.* The original copy has—*What now ensues.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *my cause who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) best can *justify*, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. So, afterwards:

“When thou shalt kneel, and *justify* in knowledge,—”

But as no other of the four next choruses concludes with a heroick couplet, unless through interpolation, I suspect that the two lines before us originally stood thus:

“What now ensues,

“I give to the judgment of your eye,

“My cause who best can justify.”

In another of Gower's monologues there is an avowed hemistich:

“And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

“The epitaph is for Marina writ

“By wicked *Dionysa.*”

See Act IV. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Young prince of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. See Act II. sc. iv. and the epitaph in Act III. sc. iii. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, seems to have followed Gower.

MALONE.

In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called “*Prince of Tyrus.*”  
STEEVENS.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize.

[*Musick.*

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,<sup>9</sup>  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,]* All the copies read :

*Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride,——.*  
The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *For the embracements even of Jove himself;*

*At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)*

*Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence, &c.]* It appears to me, that by her *conception*, Shakspeare means her *birth*; and that *till* is here used in the sense of *while*. So, in *The Scornful Lady*, Loveless says to Morecraft :

“ Will you persevere ?”

To which he replies :

“ Till I have a penny.”

That is, *whilst* I have one.

And on the other hand, *while* sometimes signifies *till*; as in *Wit at several Weapons*, Pompey says :

“ I'll lie under the bed *while* midnight,” &c.

And in Massinger's *Old Law*, Simonides says to Cleanthes :

“ I'll trust you *while* your father's dead ;”

Meaning, *until he be dead*; the words being used indiscriminately for each other in the old dramatick writers : and it is to be observed that they are both expressed in Latin by the same word, *donec*.

The meaning of the passage, according to my apprehension, is this :—“ At whose birth, during the time of her mother's labour, over which Lucina was supposed to preside, the planets all sat in council in order to endow her with the rarest perfections.” And this agrees with the principles of judicial astrology, a folly prevalent in Shakspeare's time; according to which the beauty, the disposition, as well as the fortune of all human beings, was supposed to depend upon the aspect of the stars at the time they were born, not at the time in which they were conceived. M. MALONE.

Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures,<sup>5</sup> as from thence  
 Sorrow were ever ras'd,<sup>6</sup> and testy wrath

subjects; and the *king* (i. e. the *chief*) of every virtue that ennobles humanity, impregnates her mind :

*Graces her subjects, in her thoughts the king  
 Of every virtue &c.*

In short, she has no superior in beauty, yet still she is herself under the dominion of virtue.

But having already stated my belief that this passage is incurably depraved, I must now add, that my present attempts to restore it are, even in my own judgement, as decidedly abortive.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures,*] In what sense a lady's face can be styled a *book of praises* (unless by a very forced construction it be understood to mean an aggregate of what is praise worthy) I profess my inability to understand.

A seemingly kindred thought occurs in a MS. play entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* :

"Tyrant. Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise.  
 "I shall read thy deservings in her eyes."  
 "Helvetius. O may they be eternal books of pleasure  
 "To show you all delight." STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Read o'er the volume of young Paris face,  
 "And find delight writ there with beauty's pen."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
 "May read strange matters."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 "Where all those pleasures live, that art could comprehend."

The same image is also found in his *Rape of Lucrece* and in *Coriolanus*. *Praises* is here used for *beauties*, the cause of admiration and praise. MALONE.

So, in *The Elder Brother*, Charles says of Angelina,

"— She has a face looks like a story;  
 "The story of the heavens looks very like her."

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*] Our author has again this expression in *Macbeth* :

"Rase out the written troubles of the brain."

Could never be her mild companion.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,<sup>2</sup>  
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
 As I am son and servant to your will,  
 To compass such a boundless happiness!<sup>3</sup>

ANT. Prince Pericles,——

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,<sup>4</sup>

The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies, read—*rackt*. The first quarto—*racke*, which is only the old spelling of *ras'd*; the verb being formerly written *race*. Thus, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

“ But I will take another order now,

“ And *race* the eternal register of time.”

The metaphor in the preceding line—

“ Her face, the *book* of praises,”

shews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE,

<sup>1</sup> ——— and testy wrath

*Could never be her mild companion.*] This is a bold expression:—*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means, the *companion of her mildness*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *That have inflam'd desire in my breast.*] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable. See Vol. XIII. p. 49, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To compass such a boundless happiness!*] All the old copies have *bondless*. The reading of the text was furnished by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides.*] In the enumeration of the persons prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise.—Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the *garden* in which the golden apples were kept;

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;  
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :  
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
 A countless glory,<sup>3</sup> which desert must gain :  
 And which, without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.<sup>4</sup>  
 Yon sometime famous princes,<sup>5</sup> like thyself,  
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,

in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us :

“ For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
 “ Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ? ”

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed ; for in *As you like it* mention is made of “ *Hesperia*, the princess' gentlewoman.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A countless glory*,] The *countless* glory of a face, seems a harsh expression ; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in p. 404.

MALONE.

Old copy—*Her countless* &c. I read—“ *A countless glory*,—:” i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted. In the first book of the *Corinthians*, ch. xv : “ —there is another *glory* of the stars.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *all thy whole heap must die*.] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. X. p. 510, n. 4. MALONE.

The old copies read—*all the whole heap*, I am answerable for this correction, MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Yon sometime famous princes*, &c.] See before p. 393, n. 6.

MALONE.

So, in Twine's translation : “ —and his head was set up at the gate, to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might aduise them from assaying any such danger. These outrages practised Antiochus, to the end he might continue in filthy incest with his daughter,” STEEVENS,

Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance  
pale,  
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,<sup>6</sup>  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,<sup>7</sup>  
For going on death's net,<sup>8</sup> whom none resist.

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:<sup>9</sup>  
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *without covering, save yon field of stars,*] Thus, *Lucan*,  
Lib. VII:

“ ——— *cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam.*” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,*] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— think upon these gone;

“ Let them affright thee.” STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *For going on death's net,*] Thus the old copies, and rightly.  
Mr. Malone would read—*From going &c.* but *for going* means the  
same as *for fear of going*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,  
Lucetta says of the fragments of a letter:

“ Yet here they shall not lie *for catching cold.*”

i. e. *for fear of it*. See Vol. III. p. 185, n. 6.

It were easy to subjoin a crowd of instances in support of this  
original reading. STEVENS.

I would read—in death's net. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *like to them, to what I must:*] That is,—to prepare this  
body for that state to which I must come. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe, &c.*] The  
meaning may be—I will act as sick men do; who having had ex-  
perience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant  
prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at  
length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal plea-  
sures, but prepare calmly for futurity. MALONE.

Malone has justly explained the meaning of this passage, but he



Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,  
 Scorning advice.

ANT. Read the conclusion then ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. In all, save that, may'st thou prove  
 prosperous !  
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !<sup>4</sup>

has not shewn how the words, as they stand, will bear that meaning :  
 Some amendment appears to me to be absolutely necessary, and  
 that which I should propose is to read,

*Who now in the world see heaven, &c.*

That is, who at one time of their lives find heaven in the pleasures  
 of the world, but after having tasted of misfortune, begin to be  
 weaned from the joys of it. Were we to make a further altera-  
 tion, and read—*seek heaven*, instead of—*see heaven*, the expression  
 would be stronger ; but that is not necessary. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Read the conclusion then ;*] This and the two following lines are  
 given in the first quarto to Pericles ; and the word *Antiochus*, which  
 is now placed in the margin, makes part of his speech. There can  
 be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*. MALONE.

These lines in the old copies stand as follows :

“ Thus ready for the way of life or death  
 “ I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
 “ Scorning advice ; read the conclusion then :  
 “ Which read” &c.

Unbroken measure, as well as the spirit of this passage, perhaps  
 decide in favour of its present arrangement. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *In all, save that, &c.*] Old copy :  
 Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous !  
 Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness !

PRINCE OF TYRE. 403

PER. Like a bold champion, I assume the lifts,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulnefs, and courage.<sup>5</sup>

[He reads the Riddle.<sup>6</sup>]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed :*

<sup>5</sup>*Said* is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted. PERCY.

She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that. The passage is evidently corrupt, and should probably be corrected by reading the lines thus:

*In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!*

*In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!*"

Her father had just said to Pericles, that his life depended on his expounding the riddle; and the daughter, who feels a regard for the Prince, expresses it by deprecating his fate, and wishing him success in every thing except that. She wishes that he may not expound the riddle, but that his failing to do so may be attended with prosperous consequences. When we consider how licentious Shakspeare frequently is in the use of his particles, it may not perhaps be thought necessary to change the word *of*, in the beginning of these lines, for the word *in*. There is no great difference in the traces of the letters between *said* and *save*; and the words *that* and *yet* have one common abbreviation, viz. *y<sup>t</sup>*.

M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's conjecture in the text, as it gives a more reasonable turn to the speech than has hitherto been supplied; and because it is natural to wish that the only words assigned to this lady, might have some apt and determinate meaning.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Nor ask advice of any other thought*

*But faithfulnefs, and courage.*] This is from the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse," &c. edit. 1633, p. 253. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He reads the Riddle.*] The riddle is thus described in Gower:

D d 2

*I fought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.<sup>6</sup>  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.<sup>7</sup>*

Sharp physick is the last :<sup>8</sup> but O you powers !  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,<sup>9</sup>

*" Questio regis Antiochi.—Scelere vobor, maternâ carne vescor, quero  
patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

" With felonie I am upbore,  
" I ete, and have it not forlore,  
" My moders fleshe whose husbonde  
" My fader for to seche I fonde,  
" Which is the sonne eke of my wife,  
" Hereof I am inquisitive.  
" And who that can my tale save,  
" All quite he shall my doughter have.  
" Of his answere and if he faile,  
" He shall be dead withouten faile." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I fought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.]* The defective rhyme which  
labour affords to father, and the obscurity indeed of the whole  
couplet, induce me to suppose it might originally have stood thus :

*I fought a husband; in which rather  
I found the kindness of a father.*

In *which* (i. e. in *whom*, for this pronoun anciently related to  
persons as well as things) I rather found parental than marital love.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *As you will live, resolve it you.]* This duplication is common  
enough in ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I :

" I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure I."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Sharp physick is the last :]* i. e. the intimation in the last line  
of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he pro-  
perly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> *That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,]* So, in *A  
Midsummer*

more engilds the night,  
many oes and eyes of light." MALONE.

Why cloud they not <sup>a</sup> their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the princess.*

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,<sup>3</sup>  
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,<sup>4</sup>  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to  
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,<sup>5</sup>  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

<sup>a</sup> ——— countess eyes ———

*Why cloud they not —*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— stars, *hide* your fires,

“ Let not light see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than—*he's no honest man*, that knowing, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to make man*—] i. e. to produce for man, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony;

“ ——— to let him be familiar with

“ My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,

“ And plighter of high hearts.” STEEVENS.

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed. M. MASON.

PER. Great king,  
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;  
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;<sup>5</sup>  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see clear  
 To stop the air would hurt them.<sup>6</sup> The blind mole  
 casts

*'For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; &c.'] That is, which  
 blows dust, &c.*

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so in the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and see clear: what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his revelation. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage.

MALONE.

\* *The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see clear  
 To stop the air would hurt them.*] Malone has mistaken the meaning of this part of the speech of Pericles:—There should be no stop after the word *clear*, that line being necessarily connected with the following words; and the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the dust the air that would annoy them."

Malone supposes the sentence to end with the first of these lines, and makes the other a general political aphorism, not perceiving that "to stop the air would hurt them;" means only to "stop the dust that would hurt them;" the pronoun being omitted; an omission frequent not only in poetry, but in prose.

Pericles means only, by this similitude, to shew the danger of

Copp'd hills<sup>7</sup> towards heaven, to tell, the earth is  
 wrong'd  
 By man's oppression;<sup>8</sup> and the poor worm doth die  
 for't.<sup>9</sup>  
 Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their  
 will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?  
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother  
 it.  
 All love the womb that their first being bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shame, they will, of course, prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it: He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole, and concludes with requesting that the king would

"Give his tongue like leave to love his head."

That is, that he would not force his tongue to speak what, if spoken, would prove his destruction.

In the second scene Pericles says, speaking of the King:

"And what may make him blush in being known,

"He'll stop the course by which it might be known."

Which confirms my explanation. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> Copp'd hills—] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain hats*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — the earth is wrong'd

By man's oppression;] Old copies—*throng'd*. For this change I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — and the poor worm doth die for't.] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says,

"Poor worm! thou art infected."

The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

ANT. Heaven, that I had thy head!<sup>2</sup> he has  
found the meaning;—  
But I will gloze with him.<sup>3</sup> [*Aside.*] Young prince  
of Tyre,  
Though, by the tenour of our strict edict,<sup>4</sup>  
Your exposition misinterpreting,<sup>5</sup>  
We might proceed to cancel of your days;<sup>6</sup>  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

<sup>2</sup> *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either mean to say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe, is the meaning.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *But I will gloze with him.*] So, Gower:

“The kinge was wondre forie tho,

“And thought, if that he said it oute,

“Then were he shamed all aboute:

“*With sie wordes and with felle*

“He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,

“Though that thou be of littel witte,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — our *strict edict*,] The old copy has—*your strict edict*, Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Your exposition misinterpreting.*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to cancel of your days;] The quarto, 1609, reads—to *counsel* of your days; which may mean, *to deliberate how long you shall be permitted to live.* But I believe that *counsel* was merely an error of the press, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The substitution of *off* for *of* is unnecessary; for *cancel* may have been used as a substantive. *We might proceed to the cancellation or destruction of your life.* Shakspeare uses the participle *cancell'd* in the sense required here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun.”

The following lines in *King Richard III.* likewise confirm the reading that has been chosen:

“Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

“That I may live to say, the dog is dead.” MALONE.

To omit the article was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus*: “Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon,” i. e. *the Pantheon.* STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Lear*:

“Hot questrifts after him, met him *at gate.*” MALONE.

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
 Forty days longer we do respite you;<sup>7</sup>  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:  
 And until then, your entertain shall be,  
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his daughter, and Attend,*

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!  
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
 Where now you're both a father and a son,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Forty days longer we do respite you;*] In *The Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and *The History of King Appolyn*, thirty days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered. MALONE.

It is *thirty* days in Twine's translation. *Forty*, as I have observed in a note on some other play (I forget which) was the familiar term when the number to be mentioned was not of arithmetical importance. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *your entertain shall be,*

*As doth besit our honour, and your worth.*] I have no doubt but that these two lines were intended to rhyme together in our author's copy, where originally they might have stood thus:

————— *your entertain shall be,*

*As doth besit our honour, your degree.*

Or,

*As doth our honour fit and your degree.*

So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. vii:

"Best fitteth my degree, and your condition."

STEEVENS,

<sup>9</sup> Where *now* you're both a father and a son.] *Where*, in this place, has the power of *whereas*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age

"Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,

"I am now full resolv'd to take a wife."



By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;) <sup>1</sup>  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.<sup>2</sup>  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,<sup>3</sup>  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Where* (and with the same meaning) occurs again in Act II. sc. iii. of this play:

"Where now his son's a glow-worm" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — for wisdom sees, those men

*Blush not in actions blacker than the night,*

*Will shun no course to keep them from the light.*] All the old copies read—will *shew*—, but *shew* is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to insert in the text, in its place, was suggested by these lines in a subsequent scene, which appear to me strongly to support this emendation:

"And what may make him *blush* in being known,

"He'll stop the course by which it might be known."

We might read '*shew* for *eschew*, if there were any instance of such an abbreviation being used.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: for wisdom sees, that those who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from being made publick. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — to keep you clear,] To prevent any suspicion from falling on you. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—always thought, that I

"Require a clearness." MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 411

*Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.*

ANT. He hath found the meaning,<sup>4</sup> for the which  
                   we mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner:  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends on us there?

*Enter THALIARD.*<sup>5</sup>

THAL. Doth your highness call?

ANT. Thaliard, you're of our chamber,<sup>6</sup> and our  
                   mind  
 Partakes her private actions<sup>7</sup> to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill  
                   him;

<sup>4</sup> *He hath found the meaning,*] So, in Twine's book: "Apollonius prince of Tyre hath found out the solution of my question; wherefore take shipping" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Thaliard.*] This name is somewhat corrupted from *Thaliarch*, i. e. *Thaliarchus*, as it stands in Twine's translation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thaliard, you're of our chamber, &c.*] So, in Twine's translation: "Thaliarchus, the only faithfull and trustie minister of my secrets" &c. The rest of the scene is formed on the same original.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Partakes her private actions—*] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate*:

"——— your exultation  
 "Partake to every one." MALONE.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?<sup>5</sup>

THAL.  
'Tis done.

My lord,

*Enter a Messenger.*

ANT. Enough;  
Left your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.<sup>6</sup>

MESS. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

ANT. As thou  
Wilt live, fly after: and, as<sup>7</sup> an arrow, shot  
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,  
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

THAL. My lord, if I  
Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.  
[*Exit.*

<sup>5</sup> *Say, is it done?*] We might point differently:

*It fits thee not to ask the reason why:*

*Because we bid it, say is it done?* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Left your breath &c.*] Old copy—

*Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.*

This passage is little better than nonsense, as it stands, and evidently requires amendment.—The words are addressed, not to the Messenger, but to Thaliard, who has told the King that he may consider Pericles as already dead; to which the King replies,

*Enough;*

*Left your breath cool yourself, telling you haste.*

That is, "Say no more of it, left your breath, in describing your alacrity, should cool your ardour." The words *let* and *left* might easily have been confounded. M. MASON.

See (for instances of the same typographical error,) p. 367, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —and, as—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—and like an arrow. MALONE,

PRINCE OF TYRE. 413.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

PER. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So, the King in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— till I know 'tis done,  
“ How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *Why this charge of thoughts?*] [Old copy—*why should &c.*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*chāge*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The folio 1664, for *chāge* substituted *change*. *Change* is printed for *charge* in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. sc. iii. and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii.

*Thoughts* was formerly used in the sense of melancholy. See Vol. XII. p. 570, n. 7. MALONE.

In what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed*? I would read “ — *charge* of thoughts,” i. e. weight of them, burthen, pressure of thought. So afterwards in this play:

“ Patience, good fir, even for this *charge*.”

The first copy reads *chāge*.

Although—*thought*, in the singular number, often means *melancholy*, in the plural, I believe, it is never employed with that signification. STEEVENS.

*Change of thoughts*, it seems was the old reading, which I think preferable to the amendment. By *change of thoughts* Pericles means, that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine, and his soul to languish. There appears, however, to be an error in the passage; we should leave out the word *should*, which injures both the sense and the metre, and read

*Let none disturb us: why this change of thoughts?*

M. MASON.

1. *LORD.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2. *LORD.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable!

*HEL.* Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him;  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;<sup>9</sup>

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth<sup>a</sup> here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*PER.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook

desire, but to protect its subjects. The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him in this as in various other instances. It should be remembered that *self* was formerly used as a substantive, and is so used at this day by persons of an inferior rank, who frequently say—*his self*. Hence, I suppose, the author wrote *wants* rather than *want*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *To which that breath &c.*] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *spark*; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

This passage seems to be corrupt, as it stands, and the sense requires that we should read,

*To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing.*

Steevens agrees with me in the necessity of some amendment, but proposes to read *wind*, which I think not so proper a word as *blast*.

M. MASON.

<sup>a</sup> *When signior Sooth —*] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*: “ — and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *fir Smile*, his neighbour.” MALONE.

Act. Third. Act. Second.  
My heart is not a common heart.

our haven,  
Helicanus,

our looks?

princes' frowns,  
to our face?

look up to heaven,

ow'st I have power

and the axe myself;

Rise, pr'ythee rise;  
no flatterer:

h heaven forbid,  
ar ears hear their faults

to heaven, from whence

ant ?] Thus the quarto 1609. Mr.

ts look up unto heaven

have their nourishment?

ilosopher to ascertain the quality of planetary  
ver how planets, which are already in heaven,  
to it. STEEVENS.

ld let their ears hear their faults hid!] Heaven  
ould stop their ears, and so prevent them from  
et faults!—To let formerly signified to hinder.

even I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

ed and Gismund, 1592:

base suspect of aught to let his suit." MALONE.

clear but that let is here used in its ordinary sense.  
heaven (says Pericles) that kings should suffer their  
their failings palliated!" HOLT WHITE.

III.

E c

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
 Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
 What would'st thou have me do?

HEL. With patience bear  
 Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;  
 Who minister'st a potion unto me,  
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
 Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
 Where, as thou know'st,<sup>5</sup> against the face of death,  
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
 From whence an issue<sup>6</sup> I might propagate,  
 Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Where, as *thou know'st*, &c.] Malone observes that *whereas* is frequently used by the old dramattick writers, instead of *where*, and he is certainly right; but the observation is not to the purpose on the present occasion; for the word *whereas* does not really occur in this passage, which should be printed and pointed thus:

— I went to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

Where is more frequently used for *whereas*, but not in this place.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> From whence an issue—] From whence I might propagate an issue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> From whence an issue I might propagate,

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.] Old copy:

Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

I once imagined that a line was wanting to complete the sense of this passage, and that the deficiency might be supplied as follows:

— a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate;

For royal progeny are general blessings,

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joy.

Her face &c.

Influenced, however, by the subsequent remark of Mr. M. Mason, I have recovered the sense for which he contends, by omitting one word in the corrupted line, and transposing others. STEEVENS.

The meaning of this passage is clearly this: "From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to princes,

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:<sup>8</sup> but thou know'st  
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kifs.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:<sup>9</sup>  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,<sup>2</sup>)

and joy to their subjects." The expression is certainly faulty; but it seems to be the fault of the author, not the printer. I believe it was written as it stands. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:*] To *smooth* formerly signified to *flatter*. See note on "——*smooth* every passion," in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. ii. MALONE.

To *smooth* in this place means to *stroke*. In the same sense we should understand the word in Milton's *Comus*, v. 251:

"——*smoothing* the raven down

"Of darkness, till it smil'd."

They say in some counties *smooth*—instead of *stroke*, the cat.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *than their years:*] Old copy—*the* years. Their suspicions outgrow their years; a circumstance sufficiently natural to veteran tyrants. The correction is mine. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)*] The quarto 1609, reads,

*And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth—*

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almost certain. MALONE.

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read—*doubt on't—or,—doubt it.* To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to "lop that doubt," i. e. to get



That I should open to the listening air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:<sup>3</sup>  
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

HEL.

Alas, fir!

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
 my cheeks,

Mufings into my mind, a thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.<sup>4</sup>

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me  
 leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.  
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear  
 the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed  
 injury to himself. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *who spares not innocence:*] Thus the eldest quarto. All  
 the other copies read corruptly:

——— *who fears not innocence.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I thought it princely charity to grieve them.*] That is to lament  
 their fate. The eldest quarto reads—*to grieve for them.*—But a  
 rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading of the text was  
 furnished by the third quarto 1630, which, however, is of no  
 authority. MALONE.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

PER. I do not doubt thy faith ;  
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

HEL. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to  
Tharfus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear  
it.<sup>5</sup>

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :<sup>6</sup>  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,<sup>7</sup>  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,<sup>8</sup>  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.<sup>9</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> — *whose wisdom's strength can bear it.*] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *will sure crack both :*] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,*] The first quarto reads—*will live*. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has—*we live*. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. MALONE.

*But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,*]

" — *in seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*" Horace.

In our *orbs* means, in our different *spheres*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this truth shall ne'er convince,*] Overcome. See Vol. VII. p. 396, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive. So, in *Chloris*,

## SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.<sup>a</sup> Now do I see he had some reason for

or *The Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by W. Smith, 1596:

“Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light  
“The substance of his chrystal *shine* doth borrow.”

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: “I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.” MALONE.

That the word *shine* may be used as a substantive, cannot be doubted whilst we have *sunshine* and *moonshine*. If the present reading of this passage be adopted, the word *shine* must necessarily be taken in that sense; but what the shine of a subject is, it would be difficult to define. The difficulty is avoided by leaving out a single letter, and reading

*Thou borrow'st a subject shine, I a true prince.*

In this case the word *shine* becomes a verb, and the meaning will be:—“No time shall be able to disprove this truth, that you have shewn a subject in a glorious light, and I a true prince. M. MASON.

The same idea is more clearly expressed in *King Henry VIII.* Act III. sc. ii:

“A loyal and obedient *subject* is  
“Therein *illustrated*.”

I can neither controvert nor support Mr. M. Mason's position, because I cannot ascertain, if *shine* be considered as a verb, how the meaning he contends for is deduced from the words before us.

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *I perceive he was a wise fellow, &c.*] Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabé Riche's

it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—  
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Further to question of your king's departure.  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

THAL. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*

HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

THAL. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*

HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:  
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;<sup>3</sup>

*Souldier's Wife to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27: "I will therefore commend the poet Philopides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour hee might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the King; that your maiestie would never impart unto me any of your secrets."*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *although I would;*] So, *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
"If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.<sup>4</sup>—  
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, as I have understood  
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,<sup>5</sup> since  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.<sup>6</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

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He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.*] Old copy—  
*But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:  
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— *the king's seas must please:*] i. e. must do their pleasure;  
must treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended. We  
might read in the next line,

“ He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.”

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ I will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.” MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

“ But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,

“ He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.” PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> *We have no reason to desire it.*] Thus all the old copies. Per-  
haps a word is wanting. We might read:

*We have no reason to desire it told—.*

Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us, there  
is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If, however,  
*desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not  
the sense, will be supplied. MALONE.

I have supplied the adverb—*since*, both for the sake of sense  
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“ Yourself shall feast with us, before you go.

“ And find the welcome of a noble foe.”

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“ Yourself shall feast with us, before you go,

“ And find the welcome of a noble foe.” MALONE.

## SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governour's House.*

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

DIO. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench  
it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

<sup>1</sup> *Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes.*] Old copy—  
*Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's eyes.*

Mr. Malone reads—*unseen*. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1609, reads—*and seen*. The words *and seen*, and that which I have inserted in my text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes*, I understand, "the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us." The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a subsequent scene in this play:

"Now the good gods throw their *best eyes* upon it!"

MALONE.

I suspect this line, like many others before us, to be corrupt, and therefore read—*mistful* instead of *mischief's*. So, in *King Henry V.* Act IV. sc. vi:

"For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

"With *mistful eyes*, or they [tears] will issue too."

The sense of the passage will then be,—Withdrawn, as we now are, from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and



CLE. O Dionyza,  
 Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,  
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do<sup>8</sup> found deep our woes  
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs<sup>9</sup>  
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,  
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.<sup>3</sup>  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

DIO. I'll do my best, fir.

CLE. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-  
 ment,  
 (A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)

appear indistinct, as through a *mist*. When we attempt to reduce our griefs by artful comparison, that effort is made to our disadvantage, and our calamities encrease, like trees, that shoot the higher, because they have felt the discipline of the pruning knife. Shakspeare has an expression similar to the foregoing:

" I see before me, neither here nor there,  
 " Nor what ensues, but have a *fog in them*  
 " Which I cannot pierce through."

*Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. i.

I may, however, have only exchanged one sort of nonsense for another. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Our tongues and sorrows do—*] Mr. Malone reads—*too*.

STEEVENS.

The original copy has—*so*, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To* was often written by our old writers for *too*; and in like manner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads—*do* in the first line. I think Cleon means to say—*Let our tongues and sorrows too sound deep*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —*till lungs—*] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *They may awake their helps to comfort them.*] Old copy—*helpers*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we should read—*helps*. So before:

" ————— be my *helps*,  
 " To compass such a boundless happiness!" MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Malone's very natural conjecture. STEEVENS.

For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;<sup>3</sup>  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
 clouds,<sup>4</sup>  
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,<sup>5</sup>  
 Like one another's glaſs to trim them by:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> For *riches*, *strew'd herself even in the streets*;] For, in the present instance, I believe, means—with respect to, with regard to *riches*. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Rather our state's defective for requital,

“ Than we to stretch it out.”

“ Strew'd herself,” referring to *city*, is undoubtedly the true reading. Thus, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Thou'lt give away thyself in paper shortly.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. Thus, in *Othello*:

“ The *riches* of the ship is come ashore.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ But *riches* fineless is as poor as winter—.”

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

“ And for *that riches* where is my deserving?”

MALONE.

I should propose to read *richness*, instead of *riches*, which renders the passage not only correct, but much more poetical.

Malone must also prove that he uses *riches* to express a *person*, or it will not agree with the word *herself*, or answer in this place. This last line should be in a parenthesis. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — like the herald Mercury,

“ New-lighted on a *beaven-kissing* hill.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ Threat'ning *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy.”

Again, more appositely in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Yon towers whose wanton tops do *kiss* the clouds.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — so jetted and adorn'd,] To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “ Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanced plumes!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Like one another's glaſs to trim them by:] The same idea is found in *Hamlet*: Ophelia, speaking of the prince, says he was

“ The glaſs of fashion, and the mould of form,

“ The observ'd of all observers.”

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the fight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. O, 'tis too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change,  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and  
air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,<sup>1</sup>

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"A sample to the youngest; to the more mature

"*A glass that seated them.*"

Again in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

"——— He was indeed the *glass*,

"Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Those palates, &c.*] The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not yet *two savers* younger. The words [not *us'd to bunger's savour*] which I have inserted in my text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *bunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

"All *viands* that I eat, do seem *unsavoury*."

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

The old reading is evidently erroneous, but the change of a single word, the reading of *summers*, instead of *savers*, gives us what certainly the author wrote:

*Those palates who not yet two summers younger, &c.*

That is, "Those palates, who less than two years ago, required some new inventions of cookery to delight their taste, would now be glad of plain bread." M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's emendation in the text. In

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup<sup>9</sup>  
 And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of summers:

"Let two more summers wither in their pride," &c.

STEEVENS.

\* ——— to nuzzle up their babes,] I would read—*nurgle*. A fondling is still called a *nurpling*. To *nuzzle*, or, as it is now written, *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So, Pope:

"The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

"Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* close behind." STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine*, 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text:

"The first fair sportive night that you shall have,

"Lying safely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's side."—

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

"Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights —."

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup —] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:

"—— Take physick pomp!

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

"That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

"And show the heavens more just."

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the fight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. O, 'tis too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our  
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These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and  
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Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
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That is, "Those palates, who by the use of  
some new inventions of cookery

be glad of plain bread." M

I have inserted Mr. M

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup<sup>2</sup>  
 And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of summers:

"Let two more summers wither in their pride," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — to nuzzle up their babes,] I would read—*nurgle*. A fondling is still called a *nurrling*. To *nuzzle*, or, as it is now written, *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So, Pope:

"The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

"Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* close behind." STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Britaine, 1601*, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text:

"The first fair sportive night that you shall have,

"Lying safely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's side."—

gain, more appositely, *ibidem*:

"Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights —."

Malone has retained the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

[that of Plenty's cup —] A kindred thought is

like physick pomp!

thyself to feel what wretches feel,

may't shake the superflux to them,

heavens more just."



Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. O, 'tis too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change,  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and  
air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,<sup>1</sup>

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"A sample to the youngest; to the more mature

"*A glass that feated them.*"

Again in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

"——— He was indeed the *glass*,

"Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Those palates, &c.*] The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not yet *two savers younger*. The words [not *us'd to hunger's savour*] which I have inserted in my text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *bunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

"All *viands* that I eat, do seem *unsavoury*."

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

The old reading is evidently erroneous, but the change of a single word, the reading of *summers*, instead of *savers*, gives us what certainly the author wrote:

*Those palates who not yet two summers younger, &c.*

That is, "Those palates, who less than two years ago, required some new inventions of cookery to delight their taste, would now be glad of plain bread." M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's emendation in the text. In

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
 Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup<sup>9</sup>  
 And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of summers:

"Let two more summers wither in their pride," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — to nuzzle up their babes,] I would read—*nurgle*. A fondling is still called a *nursling*. To *nuzzle*, or, as it is now written, *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So, Pope:

"The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

"Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* close behind." STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Britaine*, 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text:

"The first fair sportive night that you shall have,

"Lying safely *nuzzled* by faire Igrene's side."—

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

"Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights —."

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup —] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:

"— Take physick pomp!

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

"That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

"And show the heavens more just."

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. Where's the lord governor?

CLB. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows<sup>1</sup> which thou bring'st, in  
haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLB. I thought as much.  
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;<sup>2</sup>  
And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,<sup>4</sup>  
To beat us down, the which are down already;

Again, *ibidem*:

"Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — thy *sorrows* —] Perhaps—the sorrows. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" — sorrows never come as single spies,

" But in battalions." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

"One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

" So fast they follow." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,*] [Old copy—*she*—] The quarto 1609, reads—*That* stuff'd &c. The context clearly shews that we ought to read *Hath* instead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:

" — from France there comes a *power*

" Into this scatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I read:

*Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels*" &c.

*Hollow*, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad* I.  
v. 26. STEEVENS.

And make a conquest of unhappy me,<sup>5</sup>  
Whereas no glory's<sup>6</sup> got to overcome.

LORD. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance<sup>7</sup>  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,<sup>8</sup>  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?<sup>9</sup>  
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.

<sup>5</sup> *And make a conquest of unhappy me,*] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read,

— of unhappy men, &c. MALONE.

Perhaps the *m* is only a *w* reversed, and the author designed us to read, however improperly and ungrammatically—*of unhappy we*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — and to poor *we*

“ Thine enmity's most capital.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whereas no glory's—*] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That's the least fear; for, by the semblance—*] It should be remembered that *semblance* was pronounced as a trisyllable—*semble-ance*. So, our author in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*.”

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *resembleth* is a quadrisyllable:

“ O, how this spring of love *resembleth*—.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,*] The quarto 1609, reads—*like himnes untutor'd to repeat*. I suppose the author wrote—*him is*—an expression which, however elliptical, is not more so than many others in this play. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

*Thou speak'st*

*Like him who is untutor'd to repeat, &c.*

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage, “ that the fairest outides are most to be suspected.”* STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *what need we fear? &c.*] The earliest copy reads and points thus:

*What need we leave our grounds the lowest?*

The reading which is inserted in the text, is that of the second quarto, printed in 1619. MALONE.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord. [Exit.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist<sup>2</sup>;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,<sup>3</sup>

*But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear?*

*The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.]* The redundancy of the metre leads me to suspect this passage of interpolation. I therefore read:

*But bring they what they will, what need we fear?*

*The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.*

Are the words omitted—and what they can—of any value?

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — if he on peace consist;] If he stands on peace. A Latin sense. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And these our ships you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,]* i. e. which you happily, &c. The old copy reads:

*And these our ships you happily may think,  
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, &c.*

Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,<sup>5</sup>  
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half  
dead.

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

PER. Rife, I pray you, rife;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,<sup>6</sup>  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

For the emendation of this corrupted passage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has observed, in a former scene:  
"Hath *stuff'd* the hollow vessels with their power."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —to make your needy bread,] i. e. to make bread for your needy subjects. PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,] I suspect the author wrote:

Or pay you with unthankfulness in aught,  
Be it our wives, &c.

If we are unthankful to you in any one instance, or refuse, should there be occasion, to sacrifice any thing for your service, whether our wives, our children or ourselves, may the curse of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Aught* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change. MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *Ingratitude in thought* is *mental ingratitude*. The governor imprecates vengeance on himself and his people, should any of them harbour even an *ungrateful thought* in their bosoms respecting Pericles. STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting; the meaning is this:—"May these persons be cursed who shall pay you with unthankfulness, even in thought, though they should be our dearest friends, or even ourselves." M. MASON.

PER. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,  
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter GOWER.*

GOW. Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,  
Prove awful both in deed and word.<sup>6</sup>  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.<sup>7</sup>  
The good in conversation<sup>8</sup>  
(To whom I give my benizon,)

<sup>6</sup> *A better prince, and benign lord, Prove awful &c.] i. e. you have seen a better prince, &c. prove awful &c.* The verb in the first line is carried on to the third. Old copy:

*That will prove awful both in deed and word.*  
I have omitted the two first words, as the sense proceeds without them, and they render the metre irregular. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I'll show you those &c.]* I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the story of Apollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: “De tribulatione temporali quæ in gaudium sempiternum postremo computabitur.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The good in conversation—]* *Conversation* is conduct, behaviour. So, in the Second Epistle of *St. Peter*, iii. 11: “—to be in all holy conversation and godliness,” STEVENS.

Is still at Tharsus, where<sup>9</sup> each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :<sup>2</sup>  
And, to remember what he does,  
Gild his statue glorious :<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *The good in conversation*  
(*To whom I give my dominion*)  
*Is still at Tharsus, where &c.*] This passage is confusedly  
expressed. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I  
bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every  
man &c. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thinks all is writ he spoken can :*] Pays as much respect to  
whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "As true as the  
gospel," is still common language. MALONE.

*Writ* may certainly mean *scripture*; the holy writings, by way  
of eminence, being so denominated. We might however read—  
*writ*, i. e. wisdom. So, Gower, in this story of *Prince Appolyn* :

"Though that thou be of littel *witte*." STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Gild his statue glorious :*] This circumstance, as well as the  
foregoing, is found in the *Confessio Amantis* :

"*Appolynus*, when that he herde  
"The mischance, howe the citee ferde,  
"All freliche of his owne gifte  
"His wheate among hem for to shifte,  
"The whiche by ship he had brought,  
"He yave, and toke of hem right nought.  
"But sithen fyrst this worlde began,  
"Was never yet to suche a man  
"More joye made than thei hym made;  
"For thei were all of hym so glade,  
"That thei for ever in remembrance  
"Made a figure in resemblance  
"Of hym, and in a common place  
"Thei set it up; so that his face  
"Might every maner man beholde,  
"So as the citee was beholde:  
"It was of laton *over-gylte*;  
"Thus hath he nought this yeste spilde."

All the copies read—*Build his statue, &c.* MALONE.

They also unnecessarily read :

*Build his statue* to make it *glorious*.

Read—*gild*. So, in Gower :

"It was of laton *over-gylte*."



But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,  
Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
From others' labours; forth he strive<sup>4</sup>  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:<sup>5</sup>  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
And hid intent, to murder him;<sup>6</sup>

Again, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "——in remembrance they made an ymage or statue of *clene gold*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——forth &c.] Old copy—*for though* he strive—. I read *forth*; i. e. thoroughly, from beginning to end. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—— you, coufin,

" Whom it concerns to hear this matter *forth*,

" Do with your injuries as seems you best." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Good Helicane hath staid at home,——

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,

Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:] The old copy reads:

Good Helicane that stay'd at home,——

Sav'd one of all &c.

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And hid intent, to murder him;] The first quarto reads,

And hid in Tent to murder him.

This is only mentioned, to shew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in

And that in Tharfus was not best<sup>7</sup>  
 Longer for him to make his rest:  
 He knowing so,<sup>8</sup> put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
 For now the wind begins to blow;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;<sup>9</sup>  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself;<sup>2</sup>

correcting the preceding passage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1619. MALONE.

*How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And hid intent to murder him.*] *Sin* and *him* cannot be received as rhymes. Perhaps the author wrote,

— full bent with scheme,  
 And hid intent &c.

The old reading, in the second line, is certainly the true one. *Hid intent* is concealed design, such as was that of Thaliard. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — was not best—] The construction is, And that for him to make his rest longer in Tharfus, was not best; i. e. his best course.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *He knowing so,*] i. e. says Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, "he being thus informed." The old copy has—*He doing so*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — that the ship

*Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;*] *Ship* and *split* are such defective rhymes, that I suppose our author wrote *fleet*. Pericles, in the storm, lost his *fleet* as well as the vessel in which he was himself embarked. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Ne aught escapen but himself;*] [Old copy—*escapen'd*—] It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped*.

Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language; e. g. in the present tense,

I escape                      We escapen

Thou escapest              Ye escapen

He escapeth                They escapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus: They *did*den [for *did*] escape. PIERCY.

Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad;<sup>3</sup>  
 And here he comes: what shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit.*]

# SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place, by the sea side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

PER. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author seems in this instance to have followed Gower:

" — and with himselfe were in debate,

" *Thynkende* what he had lore," &c.

I think I have observed many other instances of the same kind in the *Confessio Amantis*. MALONE.

*Thynkende* is a participle, and therefore inapplicable to the present question. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to give him glad:] Dr. Percy asks if we should not read — to make him glad. Perhaps we should: but the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of our Pseudo-Rowley, is so often irreconcilable to the practice of any age, that criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown away. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — what shall be next,

Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.] The meaning of this may be—Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable a length already.

STEEVENS.

Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath<sup>5</sup>  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
 And having thrown him from your watry grave,  
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*<sup>6</sup>

1. *FISH.* What, ho, Pilch!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— and left me breath

*Nothing to think on, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left my breath. I read—and left me breath, that is, left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's correction is certainly proper; and the passage before us can have no other meaning, than:—left me alive only that ensuing death might become the object of my contemplation. So, in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where the shipwreck of Pyrocles is described: “—— left nothing but despair of safety, and expectation of a loathsome end.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Enter three Fishermen.*] This scene seems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confessio Amantis*:

“ Thus was the yonge lorde all alone,

“ All naked in a poure plite.—

“ There came a fisher in the weye,

“ And sigh a man there naked stonde,

“ And whan that he hath understonde

“ The cause, he hath of hym great routh;

“ And onely of his poure trouth

“ Of such clothes as he hadde

“ With great pitee this lorde he cladde:

“ And he hym thonketh as he sholde,

“ And sayth hym that it shall be yolde

“ If ever he gete his state ageyne;

“ And praith that he wolde hym seyne,

“ If nigh were any towne for hym.

“ He sayd, ye, Pentapolim,

“ Where both kynge and quene dwellen.

“ Whan he this tale herde tellen,

“ He gladdeth hym, and gan beseche,

“ That he the weye hym wolde teche.”——

2. *FISH.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets!

1. *FISH.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3. *FISH.* What say you, master?

1. *FISH.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.<sup>8</sup>

3. *FISH.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1. *FISH.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,<sup>9</sup> when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3. *FISH.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when

Shakspeare, delighting to describe the manners of such people, has introduced three fishermen instead of one, and extended the dialogue to a considerable length. MALONE.

*What, ho, Pilch!*] All the old copies read—*What to pelche*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the other I am responsible. *Pilche*, as he has observed, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The first fisherman appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and some degree of contempt, to the third fisherman, who is a servant.—His next speech, *What, Patch-breech, I say!* is in the same style. The second Fisherman seems to be a servant likewise; and, after the master has called—*What, ho, Pilche!*—(for so I read,)—explains what it is he wants:—*Ha, come, and bring away the nets.*

MALONE.

In Twine's translation we have the following passage:—"He was a rough fisherman, with an hoode upon his head, and a filthie leatherne pelt upon his backe." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *with a wannion.*] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart &c.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "O the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;—now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help," &c. MALONE.

I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?<sup>2</sup> they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *FISH.* Why, as men do a-land;<sup>3</sup> the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,<sup>4</sup> and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*PER.* A pretty moral.

3. *FISH.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.<sup>5</sup>

2. *FISH.* Why, man?

3. *FISH.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he

<sup>2</sup> ——— *when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?*] The rising of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors, as the fore-runner of a storm. So, in *The Duchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623: "He lifts up his nose like a foul porpus before a storm." MALONE.

Malone considers this prognostick as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors: but Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the south seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a-land;*] This word occurs several times in Twine's translation. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— like scaled sculls

" Before the belching whale." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I would have been that day in the belfry.*] That is, I should wish to have been that day in the belfry. M. MASON.

should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

*PER.* Simonides?

3. *FISH.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*PER.* How from the finny subject of the sea?  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watry empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. *FISH.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the finny subject of the sea.*] Old copies—*finny*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This thought is not much unlike another in *As you like it*:

“ ——— this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

“ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.*] The old copy reads—if it be a day fits you, *scratch* out of the calendar, and *nobody* look after it.

Part of the emendation suggested by Mr. Steevens, is confirmed by a passage in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. M. Mason:

“ I fear shrewdly, I should do something

“ That would quite *scratch* me out of the calendar.”

MALONE.

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

“ *Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;”

“ *The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.*”

“ 2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day

## PRINCE OF TYRE. 443

**PER.** Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2. **FISH.** What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!<sup>1</sup>

**PER.** A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball : For them to play upon,<sup>2</sup> entreats you pity him ; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. **FISH.** No, friend, cannot you beg? here's their

*sits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it."*

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and incoherent :

" May see the sea hath cast upon your coast."

The folio reads :

" I' may see the sea hath cast ~~us~~ upon your coast."

I would rather suppose the poet wrote :

" Nay, see the sea hath cast upon your coast——"

Here the fisherman interposes. The prince then goes on :

" A man" &c. STEVENS.

May not here be an allusion to the *dies bonifissimus* of Cæsar?—" If you like the day, find it out in the almanack, and nobody will take it from you." FARMER.

The allusion is to the lucky and unlucky days which are put down in some of the old calendars. DOUCE.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost ; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wish'd the men a good day. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —— to cast thee in our way! ] He is playing on the word *cast*; which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. So, in *Macbeth* :

" —— yet I made a shift to cast him,"

It is used in the latter sense above : " —— till he cast bells, &c. up again." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— hath made the ball

*For them to play upon,*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book V : " In such a shadow &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to fear; and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers." STEVENS.



in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *FISH*. Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

*PER*. I never practis'd it.

2. *FISH*. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

*PER*. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold:<sup>9</sup> my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man,<sup>2</sup> pray see me buried.

1. *FISH*. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on;<sup>3</sup> keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!<sup>4</sup> Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,

<sup>9</sup> *A man shrunk up with cold:*] Old copy:

*A man throng'd up with cold;—*

I suspect that *throng'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read:

*A man shrunk up with cold;*

(It might have been anciently written *shronk*.) So, in *Cymbeline*:

"The *shrink*ing slaves of winter——" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *For I am a man,*] Old copy—for *that* I am. I omit *that*, which is equally unnecessary to sense and metre. So, in *Othello*:

"Haply for I am black."

*For is because:* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *I have a gown here; &c.*] In the prose history of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, already quoted, the fisherman also gives him "one halfe of his blacke mantelle for to cover his body with."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *afore me, a handsome fellow!*] So, in Twine's translation: "When the fisherman beheld the *comlineffe and beantie* of the young gentleman, he was mooved with compassion towards him, and led him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more ampie to expresse his great affection, he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloake" &c. STEEVENS.

fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;' and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2. FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2. FISH. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

PER. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1. FISH. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

PER. Not well.

1. FISH. Why I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

<sup>s</sup> — *flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;*] In the old copy this passage is strangely corrupted. It reads—*flesh for all days, fish for fasting days, and more, or puddings and flap-jacks.* Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. M. Mason would read—*flesh for ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. MALONE.

— *flap-jacks;*] In some counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. But, whatever it was, mention is made of it in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "For when a man is ill, or at the point of death, I would know whether a dish of buttered rice with a little cynamon, ginger, and sugar, a little minced meat, or rost beefe, a few stewed prunes, a race of greene ginger, a *flap-jack*, &c. bee not better than a little poore John," &c. STEVENS.

1. *FISH.* Ay, fir; and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

*PER.* He is a happy king,<sup>5</sup> since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *FISH.* Marry, fir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

*PER.* Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.<sup>6</sup>

1. *FISH.* O fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *He is a happy king, &c.* This speech, in the old copies, is written as follows:—*He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good.*

<sup>6</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

<sup>7</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

<sup>9</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

<sup>10</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

the old copies of *Pericles*, throughout this scene, were designed to be as more, they cannot be restored to it without such petty alterations as I have made in the present instance. STEEVENS.

<sup>11</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from* This passage, in its present form, is very unimprovable. We might read:—“O, fir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.”

It seems very probable that the original text was:—“and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.”

It is very probable that the original text was:—“and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.”

<sup>12</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

<sup>13</sup> *He is a happy king, since he gains from*

“He is a happy king, since he gains from” MALONE.

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

2. *FISH.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hang  
in the net, like a poor man's right in the law;  
'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,<sup>8</sup> 'tis come  
at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

*PER.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see  
it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,<sup>9</sup>

*what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.—*  
Thus far the passage is clear. The fisherman may then be supposed  
to begin a new sentence—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted  
by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The*  
*good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of at-*  
*tainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his*  
*pains may fail to secure it.*—I wish his brother fishermen had called  
off his attention before he had had time to utter his last three words.

STEVENS.

The fisherman means, I think, to say,—“What a man cannot  
get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from  
purgatory.” *FARMER.*

It is difficult to extract any kind of sense from this passage, as it  
stands, and I don't see how it can be amended. Perhaps the mean-  
ing may be this:—“And what a man cannot accomplish, he may  
lawfully endeavour to obtain;” as for instance, his wife's affection.

With respect to Farmer's explanation, I cannot conceive how a  
man can give what he cannot get: besides, if the words were  
capable of the meaning he supposes, they would not apply to any  
thing that had passed, or been said before; and this fisherman is a  
shrewd fellow, who is not supposed to speak nonsense.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — bots on't,] The *bots* are the worms that breed in houses.  
This comick execration was formerly used in the room of *one less*  
decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays.

MALONE.

See the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, in the old song of *The Miller*  
of Mansfield, Part II. line 65:

“Quoth Dick, a bots on you.” *PERCY.*

<sup>9</sup> — after all my crosses,] For the insertion of the word *my*,  
I am answerable. *MALONE.*

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;  
 And, though it was mine own,<sup>a</sup> part of mine heritage,  
 Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
 With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)  
*Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield*  
*'Twixt me and death;* (and pointed to this brace:)<sup>b</sup>  
*For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,*  
*Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.*<sup>c</sup>  
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;  
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again:<sup>d</sup>  
 I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,  
 Since I have here my father's gift by will.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *And, though it was mine own,*] i. e. *And I thank you, though it was my own.* MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *this brace:*] The brace is the armour for the arm. So, in *Trilussa and Cressida*:

“ I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

“ And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn.”

Avant bras. Fr. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 265, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *Which gods protect thee from! &c.*] The old copies read, unintelligibly:

“ The which the gods protect thee, *same* may defend thee.”

I am answerable for the correction.—The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a subsequent line of this speech, was formerly not uncommon. See note on the following passage in *Othello*, Act III. sc. iii:

“ Give me a living reason she's disloyal.” MALONE.

Being certain that the metre throughout this play was once regular, I correct the line in question thus:

“ ——— in like necessity,

“ Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — *though calm'd, they give't again:*] Old copies:

—— *though calm'd, have given it again.* STEEVENS.

<sup>e</sup> — *by will.*] Old copy—*in his will*. For the sake of metre I read—*by will*. So, in *As you like it*: “ *By will* but a poor thousand crowns.” STEEVENS.

1. *FISH*. What mean you, sir?

*PER*. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,  
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortunes better,<sup>4</sup>  
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1. *FISH*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*PER*. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms;

1. *FISH*. Why, do ye take it,<sup>5</sup> and the gods give thee good on't!

2. *FISH*. Ay, but hark you, my friend;<sup>6</sup> 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.<sup>7</sup>

*PER*. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And if that ever my low fortunes better,*] Old copy:

*And if that ever my low fortune's better,*—

We should read—"My low fortunes better." *Better* is in this place a verb, and *fortunes* the plural number. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Why, do ye take it,*] That is, in plainer terms,—*Why, take it.*  
STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Ay, but hark you, my friend; &c.*] Thus, in Twine's translation: "And in the meane time of this one thing onely doe I putte thee in minde, that when thou shalt be restored to thy former dignity, thou do not despise to thinke on the basenesse of the poore piece of garment." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *from whence you had it.*] For this correction I am answerable. The old copies read—*had them*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Now, *by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;*] Old copy, only:

*By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;*—

And spite of all the rupture of the sea,<sup>8</sup>  
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;<sup>9</sup>  
 Unto thy value will I mount myself  
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
 Of a pair of bafes.<sup>4</sup>

Either read :

*By your forbearance I am cloath'd in steel;*  
 i. e. by your *forbearance* to claim the armour, which being just  
 drawn up in your net, might have been detained as your own property;  
 —or, for the sake of metre also :

Now, *by your furtherance*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And spite of all the rupture of the sea,]* We might read (with  
 Dr. Sewel)

— *spite of all the rupture of the sea,*

That is, —notwithstanding that the sea hath *ravish'd* so much from  
 me. So, afterwards :

“ Who looking for adventures in the world,

“ Was by the rough seas *rest* of ships and men.”

Again, in *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602 :

“ Till envious fortune, and the ravenous sea,

“ Did *rob*, *disrobe*, and *spoil* us of our own.”

But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We still  
 talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What is the  
*rupture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rapture*  
 means any solution of continuity. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;]* The old copy reads—  
 his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word. MALONE.

This conjecture appears to be just. A similar expression occurs  
 in *Othello* :

“ ——— look, I have a weapon,

“ A better never *did itself sustain*

“ Upon a foldier's thigh.”

i. e. *hold its bidding*, or place, there.

Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. So,  
 in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607 :—“ She gave him a *very fine jewel*,  
 wherein was set a most rich diamond.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *a pair of bafes.* *Bafes* appear to have been a kind of  
 loose *breeches*. Thus, in the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia* :  
 “ About his *middle* he had, instead of *bafes*, a long cloake of

2. *FISH*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*PER*. Then honour be but a goal to my will;  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

filke," &c.—Again, in the third Book: "His *bases* (which he ware so long, as they came almost to his ankle,) were embroidered onely with blacke worms, which seemed to crawl up and downe, as readie alreadie to devour him."—It is clear from these passages, that *bases* (as if derived from *Bas*, Fr. a stocking, as I formerly supposed,) cannot mean any kind of *defensive* covering for the legs.

In this concluding observation the late Captain Grose agreed with me; though at the same time he confessed his inability to determine, with any degree of precision, what *bases* were. STEVENS.

Johnson tells us, in his Dictionary, that *bases* are part of any ornament that hangs down as housings, and quotes a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Phalantus was all in white, having his *bases* and caparisons embroidered:"—and to confirm this explanation it may be observed, that the [lower] valances of a bed are still called the *bases*.

In Massinger's *Picture*, Sophia, speaking of Hilario's disguise, says to Corisca:

"——— You, minion,  
" Had a hand in it too, as it appears,  
" Your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

M. MASON.

*Bases*, signified the *housings* of a horse, and may have been used in that sense here. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*:

" And with his streaming blood his *bases* dide."

MALONE.



## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lifts. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?<sup>3</sup>

1. LORD. They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready;<sup>4</sup> and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*] In Gower's poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of Appollinus was celebrated, says:

"The knyghtes that be yonge and proude,

"Thei iuste first, and after daunce." MALONE.

A triumph, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any publick show, such as a *Mask* or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

"——— hold those iusts and triumphs?"

Again, in *King Henry VI*:

"With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows."

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Return them, we are ready;*] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

THAI. It pleaseth you, my father, to express<sup>5</sup>  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIM. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.<sup>6</sup>

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his  
squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mibi*.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *It pleaseth you, &c.*] Old copy :

*It pleaseth you, my royal father to express——.*  
As this verse was too long by a foot, I have omitted the epithet  
*royal*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain*

*The labour of each knight, in his device.*] The old copy reads  
—to entertain, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens suggested the  
emendation. MALONE.

The sense would be clearer were we to substitute, both in this  
and the following instance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean  
her situation as *queen of the feast*, as she is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the *Iliad*,  
Book III. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-  
in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.*] Perhaps we should  
read—to prefer, i. e. advance. PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> *The word, Lux tua vita mibi.*] What we now call the motto,

SIM. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*<sup>9</sup>

[*The third knight passes.*]

SIM. And what's the third?

THAI. The third, of Antioch;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:  
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*<sup>2</sup>

[*The fourth knight passes.*]

was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. So, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

" ——— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,

" Which might have *semper idem* for a *mot*."

These Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to shew that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is, *more by sweetness than by force*. The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Più* in Italian signifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Me pompæ provexit apex.*] All the old copies have—*Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we should amend these words as follows—*me pompæ provexit apex*,—or correct them thus—*me Pompei provexit apex*, I confess my ignorance. A *wreath of chivalry*, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honour on the present one is not very clearly ascertained.—If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of *Pompey's* helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates:

" *Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis.*" STEEVENS.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 455

SIM. What is the fourth?<sup>3</sup>

THAI. A burning torch,<sup>4</sup> that's turned upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight passes.*

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;  
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:  
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth knight passes.*

SIM. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

THAI. He seems a stranger; but his present is  
A wither'd branch,<sup>5</sup> that's only green at top;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Steevens is clearly right in reading *pompe*, instead of *Pompey*, and the meaning of the knight in the choice of his device and motto seems to have been, to declare that he was not incited by love to enter the lists, but by the desire of glory, and the ambition of obtaining the wreath of victory which Thaisa was to bestow upon the conqueror. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *A burning torch, &c.*] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b. MALONE.

The same idea occurs again *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

"Chok'd" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *He seems &c.*] Old copy:

*He seems to be a stranger; but his present*

*Is a wither'd branch,——*

For reasons frequently given, I have here deserted the ancient text.

STEEVENS.

SIM. A pretty moral;  
From the dejected state wherein he is;  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show  
Can any way speak in his just commend:  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock,<sup>6</sup> than the lance.

2. LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3. LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.<sup>7</sup>

SIM. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — the whipstock,] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 53, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.] The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "His armour of as old a fashion, besides the rustie poornesse &c.—so that all that looked on, measured his length on the earth already," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inversion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" — that many may be meant

" By the fool multitude."

See the note on that passage in Vol. V. p. 456, n. 2. MALONE.

Why should we not read—

" The inward habit by the outward man."

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: " — the habyte maketh not the religious man." STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 457

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. *[Exeunt;*

*[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.]*

SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

SIM. Knights,  
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,<sup>2</sup>  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are my guests.<sup>3</sup>

I don't think any amendment necessary; but the passage should be pointed thus:

“Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

“The outward habit by, the inward man.”

That is, that makes us scan the inward man, by the outward habit.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*] Again, in the first Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: “The victory being by the judges given, the trumpets witnessed to the *ill-apparelled knight*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To *place* &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—I place, and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *You are my guests.*] Old copy:

*You are princes, and my guests.*

But as all the personages addressed were not *princes*, and as the

*THAT,* But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*PER.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.<sup>4</sup>

*SIM.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing artists,<sup>5</sup> art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the  
feast,<sup>6</sup>

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*KNIGHTS.* We are honour'd much by good Si-  
monides.

*SIM.* Your presence glads our days; honour we  
love,  
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*MARSH.* Sir, yond's your place.

*PER.* Some other is more fit.

*I. KNIGHT.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentle-  
men,

measure is overburthened by the admission of these words, I have left them out.

The change I have made, likewise affords a natural introduction to the succeeding speech of the princess. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *than* my merit.] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The second quarto has—*by* merit. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *In framing artists,*] Old copy:

*In framing an artist.*

This judicious emendation is Mr. Malone's. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Come, queen o'the feast,*  
(*For, daughter, so you are,*)] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
“ — present yourself

“ *That which you are, mistress o'the feast.*” STEEVENS.

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.<sup>7</sup>

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sit, fir; fit.

PER. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> That *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.*] This is the reading of  
the quarto, 1619. The first quarto reads:

Have *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> By *Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.*] All the copies  
read—"be not thought upon"—and these lines are given to Si-  
monides. In the old plays it is observable that declarations of  
affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both  
the parties; if the lady utters a tender sentiment, a corresponding  
sentiment is usually given to her lover.—Hence I conclude that  
the author wrote,

—she *not thought upon*;  
and that these lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would  
read:

—*he now thought upon.*

The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with  
that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where  
this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of *Appollinus*,  
the Pericles of the present play, that

"He sette and cast about his eie  
And sawe the lordes in estate,  
And with hym selfe were in debate  
Thynkende what he had lore;  
And such a sorowe he toke therefore,  
That he sat ever stille and *thought*,  
As *be which of no meat rough*."

So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "—at the last he fate  
him down at the table, and *without etynge*, he behelde the noble  
company of lordes and grete estates.—Thus as he looked all about,  
a grete lorde that served at the kynge's table sayde unto the kynge,  
Certes, fyr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not*  
*ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in  
poynt to weep."

The words *resist me*, however, do not well correspond with this  
idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.



THAI. By Juno, that is queen

*These cates resist me,*] i. e. go against my stomach. I would read, however—be *not thought upon*.

It appears from Gower and the prose novel, as well as many of the following circumstances, that the thoughts of *Pericles* were not yet employed about the *Princess*. He is only ruminating on his past misfortunes, on his former losses. The lady had found out what ailed her, long before Pericles made a similar discovery.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *she* is the right reading, that the first of these speeches belongs to Pericles; and that the words *these cates resist me*, are justly explained by Steevens. The intention of the poet is to shew that their mutual passion had the same effect on Thaisa and Pericles: But as we are not to suppose that his mistress was ever out of his thoughts, the sense requires that we should read,

*These cates resist me, she but thought upon.*

Meaning to say, that the slightest thoughts of her took away his appetite for every thing else, which corresponds with what she says in the subsequent speech. There are no two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the old plays, than *not* and *but*. A mistress, when not thought upon, can have no effect with her lover. M. MASON.

If this speech belongs to Pericles, he must mean to say, that when he ceases to think of his mistress, his stomach fails him. Is there any thing unnatural in this? As displeasing sensations are known to diminish appetite, so pleasant ideas may be supposed to encrease it.

Pyrocles, however, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I. finds himself in the contrary situation, while seated at table with his mistress, Philoclea: "—— my eyes drank much more eagerly of her beautie, than my mouth did of any other liquor. And so was my common sense deceived (being chiefly bent to her) that as I drank the wine, and withall stole a looke on her, mee seemed I tasted her delicioufnesse."

I have not disturbed the speech in question, and yet where would be the impropriety of leaving it in the mouth of Simonides? He is as desirous of Pericles for a son-in-law, as Thaisa to possess him as a husband; and if the old gentleman cannot eat for thinking of him, such weakness is but of a piece with what follows, where his Pentapolitan majesty, in a colloquy with the lovers, renders himself as ridiculous as King Arthur in Tom Thumb, Simonides and Thaisa express a sort of family impatience for the attainment of their different purposes. He wonders why his

Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
Do seem unfavoury, wishing him my meat?<sup>9</sup>  
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He's but

A country gentleman;  
He has done no more than other knights have done;  
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. Yon king's to me, like to my father's  
picture,  
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;<sup>2</sup>

appetite fails him, unless he is thinking on Pericles; she wishes for an exchange of provision; and (as nurses say in fondness to their infants) loves her prince so well that she could eat him. The grossness of the daughter can only be exceeded by the anility of the father. I cannot persuade myself that Shakspeare had any hand in producing the Hurllothrumbic character of Simonides.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *wishing him my meat?*] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances this supposition. MALONE.

Surely the plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phrase from Romeo) as *the dearest morsel of the earth*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“ If thou couch  
“ But one night with her —  
“ Thou shalt remember nothing more than what  
“ That banquet bids thee to.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;*] This idea perhaps was caught from the *Revelations*, iv. 10: “ And the four and twenty

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,<sup>1</sup>  
 The which hath fire in darknefs, none in light;  
 Whereby I fee that time's the king of men,  
 For he's their parent, and he is their grave,<sup>2</sup>  
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

I. KNIGHT. Who can be other, in this royal pre-  
 fence?

SIM. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the  
 brim,<sup>4</sup>

elders fell down before him that sat on the throne, and cast their  
 crowns before the throne." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,*] The old  
 copies read—*Where now his son* &c. But this is scarcely intel-  
 ligible. The slight change that has been made, affords an easy  
 sense. *Where* is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for  
*quibereas*.

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has  
 here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a  
 single word:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

"And 'gins to pale his *uneffctual* fire." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *For he's their parent, and he is their grave,*] So, in *Romeo and  
 Juliet*:

"The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;

"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Milton has the same thought:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

In the text the second quarto has been followed. The first reads:

*He's both their parent and he is their grave.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *that's stor'd unto the brim,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—  
*that's stir'd* unto the brim. MALONE.

If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean, as Milton expresses  
 it, that the liquor

"—*dances* in its chrystal bounds."

But I rather think we should read—*stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So be-  
 fore in this play:

"Their tables were *stor'd* full."

Again:

"Were not this glorious casket *stor'd* with ill."

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,<sup>5</sup>)  
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause a while;  
Yon knight, methinks, doth fit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaīsa?

THAI. What is it  
To me, my father?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter;  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at.<sup>6</sup>

Again:

" ——— these our ships  
" Are stor'd with corn ———." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> (*As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,*) i. e. let the quantity of wine you swallow, be proportioned to the love you bear your mistress: in plainer English—*If you love kissing, drink a bumper.* The construction is—As you love your mistresses' lips, so fill to them. STEEVENS.

Read—*fill to your mistresses.* FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and princes, not doing so,  
*Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd*  
*Are wonder'd at.*] i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. PERCY.

The sense appears to be this.—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superiour to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it:—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,<sup>6</sup>  
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.<sup>7</sup>

THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIM. How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

THAI. Now, by the gods, he could not please me  
better.<sup>8</sup> [Aside.

SIM. And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.<sup>9</sup>

I cannot, however, help thinking that this passage is both corrupted and disarranged, having been originally designed for one of those rhyming couplets with which the play abounds:

"And princes, not doing so, are like the gnat,  
Which makes a sound, but kill'd is wonder'd at."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,]* Old copy:  
*Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,*  
*Here say, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Entrance* was some times used by our old poets as a word of three syllables. MALONE.

By his *entrance*, I believe, is meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is supposed to be sitting. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *this standing-bowl of wine to him.]* A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on a foot. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.]* Thus, in Twine's translation: "Then Lucina having already in her heart professed to do him good, and now perceiving very luckily her father's mind to be inclined to the desired purpose," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.]* So, in the *Confessio Amantis*:

"His daughter——  
"He bad to go on his message,  
"And fonde for to make him glade,  
"And she did as her fader bade;  
"And goth to him the softest paas,  
"And asketh whens and what he was,  
"And praithe he shulde his thought leve." MALONE.

THAI. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PER. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;  
My education being in arts and arms;<sup>2</sup>)—  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself  
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

SIM. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — being in arts and arms;] The old copies have—*been*. I am responsible for the correction; and for the introduction of the words *has been* in the following speech. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance.*] As you are accoutered, prepared for combat. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ To-morrow for the march are we *address'd*.”

The word *very*, in the next line, was inserted by the editor of the folio. MALONE.

So, in Twine's translation:—“ I may not discourse at large of the liberall challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt &c.—running afoote, and *dauncing in armour*” &c. STEVENS.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud musick is too harsh<sup>4</sup> for ladies' heads;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.<sup>5</sup>  
Come, fir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have often heard,<sup>6</sup> you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

PER. In those that practise them, they are, my  
lord.

SIM. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,  
conduct<sup>7</sup>

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, fir,

<sup>4</sup> *I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud musick is too harsh—* i. e. the loud noise made by the  
clashing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogus  
against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. 1. no date:

“ There is a dance called Choria,  
“ Which joy doth testify;  
“ Another called Pyrricke  
“ Which warlike feats doth try;  
“ For men in armour gestures made,  
“ And leapt, that so they might,  
“ When need requires, be more prompt  
“ In publique weale to fight.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.* i. e. the ex-  
cellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it  
was obtained. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And I have often heard,* I have inserted the word *often*, which  
was probably omitted by the carelessness of the compositor.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *conduct* —] Old copy—*so conduct*. STEEVENS.

We have given order to be next our own.<sup>8</sup>

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

HEL. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,<sup>9</sup>—  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence;  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up  
Their bodies,<sup>2</sup> even to loathing; for they so stunk,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *to be next our own.*] So, Gower:  
“ The kyng his chamberleyne let calle,  
“ And bad that he by all weye  
“ A chamber for this man purvei  
“ *Which nigh his own chambre bee.*” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *No, no, my Escanes; &c.*] The old copy:  
*No, Escanes, know this of me,——.*  
But this line being imperfect, I suppose it should be read as I have  
printed it. STEEVENS.

No, *Escanes*;] I suspect the author wrote—*Know, Escanes; &c.*  
MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up  
Their bodies,*] This circumstance is mentioned by Gower;



That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.<sup>3</sup>

*ESCA.* 'Twas very strange.

*HEL.* And yet but just; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*ESCA.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter three Lords.*

1. *LORD.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, has respect with him but he.<sup>4</sup>

2. *LORD.* It shall no longer grieve, without re-  
proof.

3. *LORD.* And curs'd be he that will not second  
it.

1. *LORD.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a  
word.

*HEL.* With me? and welcome: Happy day, my  
lords.

1. *LORD.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the  
top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

" ——— they hym tolde,  
" That for vengeance as God it wolde,  
" Antiochus, as men maie witte,  
" With thonder and lightnyng is forfmitte.  
" His doughter hath the same chance,  
" So ben thei both in o balance." *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> *That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now &c.]* The expression is elliptical:  
*That all those eyes which ador'd them &c.* *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> *See, not a man &c.]* To what this charge of partiality was  
designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no  
influence over the rest of the dialogue. *STEVENS.*

HEL. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1. LORD. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,<sup>5</sup>  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us<sup>6</sup> to our free election.

2. LORD. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:<sup>7</sup>

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,<sup>8</sup>  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,<sup>9</sup>)

<sup>5</sup> *And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,]* *Resolv'd* is satisfied, freed from doubt. So, in a subsequent scene:

"*Resolve* your angry father, if my tongue," &c.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And leaves us—]* The quarto, 1609, reads—*And leave us*, which cannot be right. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:]* i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III.*:

"To give your *censures* in this weighty business."

STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*Whose death* indeed, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,]* They did not *know* that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governor; for in the very preceding line this lord observes that it was only more *probable* that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very slight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> (*Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)* The same thought occurs in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

ALL. Live, noble Helicane!

HEL. Try honour's cause;<sup>9</sup> forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.<sup>2</sup>  
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you  
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;<sup>3</sup>

" ——— leaves his part-created coat  
" A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
" And waste for churlish winter's tyranny." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Try honour's cause;] Perhaps we should read:  
Try honour's course;——. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble, &c.] Thus the old copy. STEEVENS.

It must be acknowledged that a line in *Hamlet*,  
" Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,"  
as well as the rhyme, adds some support to this reading: yet I have  
no doubt that the poet wrote:

————— I leap into the sea,——.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— I have no spur  
" To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
" Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself," &c.

On ship-board the pain and pleasure may be in the proportion  
here stated; but the troubles of him who plunges into the sea (unless  
he happens to be an expert swimmer) are seldom of an hour's du-  
ration. MALONE.

Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.] So, in *K. Richard III.*:  
" And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

MALONE.

The expression is figurative, and by the words—*I leap into the seas*, &c. I believe the speaker only means—*I embark too hastily on an expedition* in which ease is disproportioned to labour. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To forbear &c.] Old copy:

To forbear the absence of your king.

Some word being omitted in this line, I read:

To forbear choice i'the absence of your king. STEEVENS.

If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,  
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds fit about his crown.<sup>4</sup>

1. LORD. To wisdom he's a fool that will not  
yield;

And, since lord Helicane enjoineeth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it.<sup>5</sup>

HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> ——— and win unto return,

*You shall like diamonds fit about his crown.*] As these are the  
concluding lines of a speech, perhaps they were meant to rhyme.  
We might therefore read :

——— and win unto renown,

i. e. if you prevail on him to quit his present obscure retreat, and  
be reconciled to glory, you shall be acknowledged as the brightest  
ornaments of his throne. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *We with our travels will endeavour it.*] Old copy :

*We with our travels will endeavour.*

Endeavour what? I suppose, to find out Pericles. I have therefore  
added the syllable which appeared wanting both to metre and sense.

STEEVENS.

The author might have intended an abrupt sentence.

MALONE.

I would readily concur with the opinion of Mr. Malone, had  
passion, instead of calm resolution, dictated the words of the  
speaker. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter;<sup>6</sup> the Knights meet him.*

1. *KNIGHT*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*SIM*. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2. *KNIGHT*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

*SIM*. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,<sup>7</sup>  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

<sup>6</sup> In *The Historie of King Appolyn of Thyre*, "two kynges Jones" pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates*, (the Simonides of the present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter (in answer), of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man "which hath passed the dangerous undes and perylles of the sea—all other to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* suitors instead of *two*, in which our author has followed him.

MALONE.

In Twine's translation, these suitors are also *three* in number,—Ardonius, Munditius, and Carnillus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be

3. *KNIGHT*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

*SIM.* So  
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's  
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no!  
Well, I commend her choice;  
And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*PER.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*SIM.* To you as much, sir! I am beholden to  
you,  
For your sweet musick this last night:<sup>a</sup> my ears,

wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character)  
had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the dismissal of these  
wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to  
be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *I am beholden to you,*

*For your sweet musick this last night:]* Here also our author  
has followed Gower:

“ She, to doone hir faders heft,  
“ Hir harpe fet, and in the feste  
“ Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,  
“ Hir selfe next to this man she sette.  
“ With harpe both and eke with mouth  
“ To him she did all that she couth,  
“ To make him chere; and ever he sigheth,  
“ And she him asketh howe him liketh.  
“ Madame, certes well, he saied;  
“ But if ye the measure plaied,  
“ Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,  
“ It were a glad thing for to here.

I do protest, were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*PER.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
Not my desert.

*SIM.* Sir, you are musick's master.

*PER.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*SIM.* Let me ask one thing. What do you think,  
fir, of

My daughter?

*PER.* As of a most virtuous princess.

*SIM.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*PER.* As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

*SIM.* My daughter, fir, thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well, fir, that you must be her master,  
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

*PER.* Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.<sup>9</sup>

*SIM.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

*PER.* What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,<sup>a</sup>

" A leve fir, tho quod she,  
" Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see  
" Of what measure that ye mene.—  
" He taketh the harpe, and in his wife  
" He tempreth, and of such affize  
" Synginge he harpeth forth withall,  
" That as a voice celestial  
" Hem thought it sowned in her ere,  
" As though that it an angell were." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — to be *her schoolmaster.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—*for* her schoolmaster. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — my *gracious lord,*] Old copies—*me.* I am answerable for the correction. MALONE.

A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,<sup>3</sup> and thou  
art  
A villain.

PER. By the gods, I have not, fir.  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor!

SIM. Ay, traitor, fir.

PER. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,<sup>4</sup>)  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.  
[*Aside.*

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.<sup>5</sup>  
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,*] So, Brabantio addressing himself to Othello:

"Damn'd as thou art, thou hast *enchanted* her."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — the king,] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second copy has—a king. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That never relish'd of a base descent.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"That has no *relief* of salvation in it."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

"They *smack* of *honour* both." MALONE.



SIM. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter THAISA.*

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

THAI. Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll  
tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections on a stranger?  
(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,  
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*  
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—  
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,  
Or I will make you—man and wife.—  
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!  
What, are you both pleas'd?

THAI. Yes, if you love me, sir.

<sup>6</sup> ————— No!—

*Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.*] Thus all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to say—Not a rebel to our state!—*Here comes my daughter: she can prove, thou art one.* Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*Now, Here comes, &c.*—In *Othello* we find nearly the same words:

“ Here comes the lady, let her witness it.” MALONE.

PER. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.<sup>1</sup>

SIM. What, are you both agreed?

BOTH. Yes, 'please your majesty.

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.—The quarto, 1619, and the subsequent copies, read:

*Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.*

The reading of the text is found in the first quarto. MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone's explanation of this line:—To make a person of life, and to say it loves the blood that fosters it, is an idea to which I cannot reconcile myself.

Pericles means merely to say, that he loves Thaisa as his life, or as the blood that supports it; and it is in this sense that the editors of the quarto of 1619, and the subsequent copies, conceived the passage.—But the insertion of the word *or* was not necessary; it was sufficient to point it thus:

*Even as my life;—the blood that fosters it.* M. MASON.

Will a preceding line (see p. 465) befriended the opinion of either commentator?

“Wishing it so much *blood* unto your *life*.”

In my opinion, however, the sense in the text was meant to coincide with that which is so much better expressed in *Julius Cæsar*:

“As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

“That visit my sad heart.” STEEVENS.

## A C T III.

*Enter GOWER.*

GOW. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;<sup>8</sup>  
 No din but snores, the house about,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast<sup>9</sup>  
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;*  
*No din but snores, &c.]* The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent  
 copies, read :

*No din but snores about the house.*

As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old  
 copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might  
 have written :

*Now sleep yslaked hath the rouse;*

i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of  
 the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rouse* is  
 likewise used by Gower for a company in the tale of *Appolinus*, the  
*Pericles* of the present play :

" Upon a tyme with a *route*

" This lord to play goeth hym out."

Again :

" It fell a daie thei riden oute,

" The kinge and queene and all the *route*." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *No din but snores, the house about,*

*Made louder by the o'er-fed breast—]* So Virgil, speaking of  
 Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nifus and  
 Euryalus :

" Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis

" Extructus, toto prostrabat pectore somnum." STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, *o'er fee*  
*beast*. The true reading has been recovered from the first quarto.

MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> ——— 'fore the mouse's hole ;] Old copy :

————— from the mouse's hole ;

which may perhaps mean—at some little distance from the mouse's

And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
As the blither for their drouth.<sup>1</sup>  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded : <sup>4</sup>—Be attent,<sup>5</sup>  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;<sup>6</sup>  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*bole.* I believe, however, we ought to read—*'fore* the mouse's hole. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
As the blither for their drouth.*] So, in *Cymbeline* :  
" The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense  
" Repairs itself by rest."

The old copy has—*Are* the blither, &c. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read :

" And crickets, *singing* at the oven's mouth,  
" *Are* the blither for their drouth." MALONE.

This additional syllable would derange the measure.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded :*] So, in Twine's translation : " The bride  
was brought to bed, and Apollonius tarried not long from her, where  
he accomplished the duties of marriage, and faire Lucina conceived  
with childe the same night." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Be attent,*] This adjective is again used in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *With your fine fancies quaintly eche;*] i. e. eke out. So, in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio) :

" ——— still be kind,  
" And eche out our performance with your mind."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600, (Heyes's edition :)  
" ——— 'tis to peeze the time,

" To eeb it, and to draw it out in length." MALONE.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.<sup>6</sup> Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,<sup>7</sup>  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing coignes,<sup>8</sup>  
Which the world together joins,

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the Lords kneel to the former.*] The lords kneel to Pericles because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. "No man," says Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*,

" ——— knew the soth cas,

" But he hym selfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *By many a dearn and painful perch, &c.*] *Dearn* is *direful, dismal*. See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere*. The word is used by Spenser, B. II. c. i. st. 35.—B. III. c. i. st. 14. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

*Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. See note on *King Lear*, Vol. XIV. Act III. sc. vii. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *By the four opposing coignes,*] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*:

" ——— No jutting, frieze,

" Buttress, or *coigne* of vantage, but this bird

" Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse, and fail, and high expence,  
Can stead the quest.<sup>9</sup> At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,<sup>1</sup>)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought; the tenour these:  
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;  
The men of Tyrus, on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;<sup>2</sup>  
Says to them, if king Pericles

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed.—To seek a man in every corner of the globe, is still common language.

All the ancient copies read:

*By the four opposing crignes,*  
but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

The word—*coign*, occurs also in *Coriolanus*:

"See you yond' *coign* o'the Capitol?" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Can stead the quest.] i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—— can you so stead me,

"To bring me to the sight of Isabella?" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)] The old copy reads—the most *strange* inquire; but it surely was not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—the most *strong* inquire;—this earnest, anxious inquiry. The same mistake has happened in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

"Whose weakness married to thy *stranger* state——"  
instead of *stronger*. The same mistake has also happened in other places. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> The mutiny &c.] Old copy:

*The mutiny be there hastes t'oppress;*

*Says to them, if king Pericles——.*

Surely both sense and rhyme direct us to read,

*The mutiny there be hastes t'appease; &c.* STEEVENS.

Which might not what by me is told.<sup>9</sup>  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-toft<sup>2</sup> prince<sup>3</sup> appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.*

PER. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these  
 surges,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that  
 hast

<sup>9</sup> *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *In your imagination hold*

*This stage, the ship, upon whose deck*

*The sea-toft &c.*] It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author. The old copy has—*seas toft*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The sea-toft prince*—] The old copy reads—the sea-toft *Pericles*. The transcriber perhaps mistook the abbreviation of *Prince*, for that of *Pericles*, a trisyllable which our present metre refuses to admit. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: “The waters stood above the mountains;—at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.” It should be remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from the deck of his ship. *Lycorida*, on whom he calls, in order to obtain some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be beneath, in the cabin.—This great *vast*, is, this *wide expanse*. See Vol. VII. p. 8, n. 4.

This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the original, and all the subsequent editions, that I shall lay it before the reader,

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still' thy  
 deaf'ning,  
 Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,  
 Thy sulphurous flashes! —O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! ve-  
 nomously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?<sup>6</sup>—The seaman's whistle

that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted state this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to restore it to integrity, with the more indulgence:

" The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 " Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast  
 " Upon the windes commaund, bind them in bras;e;  
 " Having call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
 " Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench  
 " Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, ô How Lychorida!  
 " How does my queene? then storm venomously,  
 " Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-man's whistle  
 " Is as a whisper in the eares of death,  
 " Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!  
 " Divineſt patroness and my wife gentle  
 " To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie  
 " Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangues  
 " Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Having call'd them from the deep! O still—*] Perhaps a word was omitted at the press. We might read—

*Having call'd them from th' enchain'd deep,——.*

MALONE.

The present regulation of the lines, by the mere repetition of the pronouns—*thy* and *thou*, renders, perhaps, any other insertion needless. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— Thou storm, thou! venomously

*Wilt thou spit all thyself?*] All the copies read—*Then storm, &c.* which cannot be right, because it renders the passage nonsense. The slight change that I have made, [*Thou storm*] affords an easy sense. MALONE.

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with frantick peevishness addresses himself to it—

" ——— Thou storm, thou! venomously

" Wilt thou spit all thyself?"



Is as a whisper in the ears of death,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divineſt patroness, and midwife,<sup>2</sup> gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors, than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his enquiries to Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen in her present dangerous condition.

*Venomously* is maliciously. Shakspeare has somewhat of the same expression in one of his historical plays:

“The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head

“*Spits* in the face of heaven,——”

Chapman likewise, in his version of the *Iliad*, says of the sea that she

“——*spits* every way her foam.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Is as a whisper in the ears of death,*] In another place the poet supposes *death* to be awakened by the turbulence of the storm:

“—— And in the visitation of the winds,

“Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

“Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

“With *deafning* clamours in the slippery clouds,

“That with the hurly, *death itself awakes*——”

*King Henry IV. Part II.*

MALONE.

The image in the text might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: “—— They could scarcely, when they directed, hear their own *whistle*; for the sea strave with the winds which should be lowder, and the throwds of the ship, with a ghastful noise to them that were in it, witnessed that their ruine was the wager of the others' contention.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Divineſt patroness, and midwife, &c.*] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read—and *my wife*. Mr. Steevens's happy emendation, which I have inserted in the text, is so clearly right, that it requires neither support nor illustration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furnish it:

“Montium custos nemorumque virgo,

“Quæ laborantes utero puellas

“Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,

“Diva triformis.”

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

“Juno *Lucina*, ser opem; serua me, obsecro!” MALONE.

Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

*Enter* Lychorida, *with an infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing  
Too young for such a place, who if it had  
Conceit,<sup>9</sup> would die as I am like to do.  
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

*PER.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.<sup>2</sup>  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—  
A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*PER.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Vie honour with yourselves.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *who if it had*  
Conceit,] If it had *thought*. So, in *King Richard III*:  
“ There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,  
“ When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.*] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *The Tempest*:

“ You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do assist the storm.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Vie honour with yourselves.*] Old copy—*Use honour &c.*

STEEVENS.

The meaning is sufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.*—But the expression is so harsh, that I suspect the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

I suspect the author wrote—*Vie honour*, a phrase much in use among Shakspeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. VI. p. 459, n. 2. Mr. M. Mason has offered the same conjecture. I read, however, for the sake of measure,—*yourselfes*. STEEVENS.

The meaning is evidently this: “ We poor mortals recal not

*Lyc.* Patience, good fir,  
Even for this charge.

*PER.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!<sup>4</sup>  
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd<sup>5</sup> to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,<sup>6</sup>  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

what we give, and therefore in that respect we may contend with you in honour." I have therefore no doubt but we ought to read,

*And therein may  
Vie honour with &c.*

The same expression occurs in the introduction to the fourth act, where Gower says,

" ————— so  
" The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
" *Vie* feathers white."

The trace of the letters in the words *vie* and *use* is nearly the same, especially if we suppose that the *v.* was used instead of the *u.* vowel; which is frequently the case in the old editions:

" Nature wants stuff,  
" To *vie* strange forms with fancy." *Antony and Cleopatra.*  
M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Quiet and gentle thy conditions!*] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions of mind. So, in *Othello*:

" And then of so gentle a *condition*!"  
He is speaking of Desdemona. Again, in *King Henry V*: " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth."

" The late earl of Essex (says Sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase;—but it cost him his head." See also Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *welcom'd*—] Old copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am answerable. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *as chiding a nativity,*] i. e. as noisy a one. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Hippolyta speaking of the clamour of the hounds:

" — never did I hear  
" Such gallant *chiding*."

See note on that passage, Vol. V. p. 128. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 247, n. 3. MALONE.

To herald thee from the womb :<sup>7</sup> even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,<sup>8</sup>  
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it !

*Enter two Sailors.*

1. SAIL. What courage, sir ? God save you.

PER. Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *To herald thee from the womb :*] The old copy reads :

*To harold thee from the womb :—*

For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ —only to *herald* thee into his presence,

“ Not pay thee.”

This word is in many ancient books written *harold*, and *barauld*. So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS *relative to English Antiquities*, quarto, 1773, p. 130 : “ — and before them kings of arms, *barolds*, and pursuivaunts.”

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1610 :

“ Truth is no *barauld*, nor no sophist, sure.”

See also Cowel's *Interpreter*, in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold* ; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt.

MALONE.

So, more appositely, in the Preface to *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, &c. 4to. bl. l. by Edward Fenton, 1569 : “ — the elementes have been *harolds*, trumpetters, ministers, and executioners of the justice of heaven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,*] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

*Portage* is used in *King Henry V.* where it signifies an open space :

“ Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head.”

*Portage* is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *I do not fear the flaw ;*] i. e. the blast. See *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. i. MALONE.

It hath done to me the worst.<sup>9</sup> Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,<sup>2</sup>  
I would, it would be quiet.

1. *SAIL*. Slack the bolins there ;<sup>3</sup> thou wilt not,  
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.<sup>4</sup>

2. *SAIL*. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy  
billow kifs the moon, I care not.<sup>5</sup>

1. *SAIL*. Sir, your queen must overboard ; the  
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie  
till the ship be clear'd of the dead.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *It hath done to me the worst.*] So, in the *Confessio Amantis*:

“ ——— a wife!

“ My joye, my lust, and my desyre,

“ My welth and my recoverire!

“ Why shall I live, and thou shak die?

“ Ha, thou fortune, I thee desye,

“ Now hast thou do to me thy worst;

“ A herte! why ne wilt thou berst?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *this fresh-new sea-farer,*] We meet a similar compound  
epithet in *King Richard III*:

“ Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Slack the bolins there ;*] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of  
a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are  
slackened when it is high. This term occurs again in *The Two  
Noble Kinsmen*:

“ ——— the wind is fair,

“ Top the bowling.”

They who wish for more particular information concerning  
*bolins*, may find it in *Smith's Sea-Grammar*, 4to. 1627, p. 23.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> 1. *Sai*. ——— *Blow and split thyself.*

2. *Sai*. *But sea-room, &c.*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *an the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “ Now the ship boring the moon with  
her main-mast.” *An* is used here, as in many other places, for  
*if*, or *though*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *till the ship be clear'd of the dead.*] So, in Twine's trans-

PER. That's your superstition.

1. SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest.<sup>7</sup> Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.<sup>8</sup>

PER. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

LYC. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,<sup>9</sup> but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;<sup>2</sup>

lation: "My lord, plucke up your hearte, and be of good cheere, and consider, I pray you, *that the ship may not abide to carry the dead carcas, and therefore command it to be cast into the sea, that we may the better escape.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *strong in earnest.*] Old copy—*strong in eastern.*

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. MALONE.

I read, with Mr. M. Mason, (transposing only the letters of the original word,)—*strong in earnest.* So, in *Cymbeline*, we have—"strong in appetite." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *for she must overboard straight.*] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,*] The old Shepherd, in *The Winter's Tale*, expresses the same apprehension concerning the want of sepulchral rites, and that he shall be buried

"———where no priest shovels in dust." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;*] The defect both of metre and sense shews that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

*Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in oare.* MALONE.

I believe we should read, with that violence which a copy so much corrupted will sometimes force upon us,

*Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,  
Where, &c.*

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps,<sup>3</sup> the belching whale,<sup>4</sup>

Shakspeare, in *The Tempest*, has the same word on the same occasion :

“ My son i’ the ooze is bedded.” STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem* :

“ ——— I wish

“ Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,

“ Where my son lies.”

Again, in Shakspeare’s *Lover’s Complaint* :

“ Of folded schedules had she many a one,

“ Which she perus’d, sigh’d, tore, and gave the flood,

“ Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And aye-remaining lamps, &c.] Old copies :

The air-remaining lamps,——. STEEVENS.

*Air-remaining*, if it be right, must mean *air-bung*, suspended for ever in the air. So, (as Mr. Steevens observes to me,) in Shakspeare’s 21st Sonnet ;

“ ——— those gold candles fix’d in heaven’s air.”

In *King Richard II.* *right-drawn* sword is used for a sword drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn* dagger. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye-remaining*. Thus, in *Othello* :

“ Witness, you ever-burning lights above,—.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ To feed for aye her lamp, and flames of love.”

MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be increased, if we recur to our author’s leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus, Pope, in his *Eloisa* :

“ Ah hopeless, lasting flames, like those that burn

“ To light the dead, and warm th’ unfruitful urn!”

I would however read :

And aye-remaining lamps, &c.

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,<sup>5</sup>  
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,<sup>6</sup>  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the fatten coffer:<sup>7</sup> lay the babe

*Hudibras* has the same allusion:

"Love in your heart as idly burns  
"As fire in antique Roman urns,  
"To warm the dead, and vainly light  
"Those only that see nothing by't." REED.

4 — *the belching whale,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — like scaled skulls  
"Before the *belching whale*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,*] Milton perhaps had this verse in his head, when he wrote,

"Where thou perhaps under the *humming* tide  
"Visit'it" &c. *Lycidas*, v. 157.

He afterward changed *humming* to *whelming*. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> — *ink and paper,*] This is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *taper*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Bring me the fatten coffer:*] The old copies have—*coffin*. It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed,—*coffer*. MALONE.

*Sattin* coffer is most probably the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene:

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
"Lay with you in your *coffer*."

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such costly materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged to Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with rose-coloured *sattin*, most elaborately quilted.

By the *sattin coffer*, however, may be only meant the coffer employed to contain *sattins* and other rich materials for dress. Thus we name a *tea-chest*, &c. from their contents.

Pericles, however, does not mean to bury his queen in this *sattin coffer*, but to take from thence the *cloth of state* in which it seems she was afterwards *shrouded*. It appears likewise that her body was found in the chest *caulk'd* and *bitum'd* by the sailors.

So, in Twine's translation: " — a large *chest*,—and we will scare it all over within with pitch and rozen melted together &c.—



Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

2. *SAIL.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

*PER.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is  
this?

2. *SAIL.* We are near Tharfus.

*PER.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course for Tyre.<sup>8</sup> When can'st thou reach  
it?

2. *SAIL.* By break of day, if the wind cease:

*PER.* O make for Tharfus.  
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;  
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.]

Then tooke they the body of the faire lady Lucina, and arrayed  
her in princely apparell, and laid her into the chest" &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Alter thy course for Tyre.*] Change thy course, which is now  
for Tyre, and go to Tharfus. MALONE.

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON,<sup>9</sup> a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.*

CER. Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men;  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SERV. I have been in many; but such a night as  
this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *Cerimon,*] In Twine's translation he is called—a *Physician*. Our author has made a Lord of him. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.*] So, in *Macbeth*:  
“Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
“Within the volume of which time I have seen  
“Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night  
“Hath trifled former knowings.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“——— Since I was man,  
“Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
“Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
“Remember to have heard.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
“Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
“The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
“To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;  
“But never till to-night, never till now,  
“Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.” MALONE.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,<sup>2</sup>

And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. GENT. Good morrow, fir.

2. GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

CER. Gentlemen,  
Why do you stir so early?

1. GENT. Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake;<sup>3</sup>  
The very principals did seem to rend,  
And all to topple:<sup>4</sup> pure surprize and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

<sup>2</sup> — Give this to the 'pothecary,] The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.— The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. MALONE.

Perhaps this circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. For the poor men who have just left the stage, kitchen physick only was designed. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Shook, as the earth did quake;] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— the obscure bird

" Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth

" Was feverous, and did shake."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— as if the world

" Was feverous, and did tremble." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple:] The principals are the strongest rafters in

2. *GENT.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our husbandry.<sup>5</sup>

*CER.* O, you say well.

1. *GENT.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich tire about you,<sup>6</sup> should at these early hours

the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*,) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

*All to* is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

"Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"Shakes the old beldame earth, and *topples* down

"Steeple and moss-grown towers." MALONE.

I believe this only means, *and every thing to tumble down.*

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis not our husbandry.] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *King Henry V.*:

"For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,

"Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."

See also *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Rich tire about you, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them to say—*such towers* about you; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather. They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early. STEEVENS.

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning<sup>1</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physick, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice,) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;<sup>2</sup>  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives  
me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my treasure up in filken bags,<sup>3</sup>  
To please the fool and death.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Virtue and cunning—*] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*.

MALONE.

So, in *Jeremiah*, ix. 17: "Send for *cunning* women that they may come." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Sirrah, go hire me twenty *cunning* cooks." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— the *blest infusions*

*That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

"In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Or tie my treasure up in filken bags,*] The old copy reads:

*Or tie my pleasure up &c.*

Let the critick who can explain this reading of the quarto, displace my emendation. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To please the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were prin-

2. *GENT.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
pour'd forth

cipal personages in the old moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*:

" — merely thou art *death's fool*," &c. MALONE.

Mr. Malone (as I had been) is on this occasion misled by a positive and hitherto uncontradicted assertion of Dr. Warburton. But I now think myself authorized to declare, on the strength of long and repeated enquiries, urged by numerous friends as well as myself, that no *Morality* in which *Death* and the *Fool* were agents, ever existed among the early French, English, or Italian stage-representations.

I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process.

The following intelligence on the same subject, though it applies more immediately to the allusion in *Measure for Measure*, and has occurred too late to stand in its proper place, may here, without any glaring impropriety, be introduced:

" — Merely, thou art *death's fool*;

" For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

" And yet run'st towards him still."

It was in a comment on these lines that Dr. Warburton's *gratis dictum* concerning the *Fool* and *Death*, made its first appearance.

The subsequent *notitiæ* are derived from two different gentlemen, whose reports reflect a light on each other.

Mr. Douce, to whom our readers are indebted for several happy illustrations of Shakspeare, assures me, that some years ago, at a fair in a large market town, he observed a solitary figure sitting in a booth, and apparently exhausted with fatigue. This personage was habited in a close black vest, painted over with bones, in imitation of a skeleton. But my informant being then very young, and wholly uninitiated in theatrical antiquities, made no enquiry concerning so whimsical a phenomenon. Indeed, but for what follows, I might have been induced to suppose that the object he saw, was nothing more or less than the hero of a well known pantomime, entitled *Harlequin Skeleton*.

This circumstance, however, having accidentally reached the ears of a venerable clergyman who is now more than eighty years of age, he told me that he very well remembered to have met with such another figure, above fifty years ago, at Salisbury. Being there during the time of some publick meeting, he happened to

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

call on a surgeon at the very instant when the representative of *Death* was brought in to be let blood on account of a tumble he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a *Merry Andrew*, who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. The same gentleman's curiosity a few days afterwards, prevailed on him to be a spectator of the dance in which our emblem of mortality was a performer. This dance, he says, entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprize the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his *finale* being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

What Dr. Warburton therefore has asserted of the drama, is only known to be true of the dance; and the subject under consideration was certainly more adapted to the latter than the former, agility and grimace, rather than dialogue, being necessary to its exhibition. They who seek after the last lingering remains of ancient modes of amusement, will rather trace them with success in the country, than in the neighbourhood of London, from whence even *Punch*, the legitimate and undoubted successor of the old *Vice*, is almost banished.

It should seem, that the general idea of this serio-comick *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of *Macabre*, commonly called *The Dance of Death*, a grotesque ornament of cloisters, both here and in foreign parts. The aforesaid combination of figures, though erroneously ascribed to Hans Holbein, was certainly of an origin more remote than the times in which that eminent painter is known to have flourished. STEVENS.

Although the subject before us was certainly borrowed from the ancient *Dance of Macaber*, which I conceive to have been acted in churches, (but in a perfectly serious and moral way,) it receives a completer illustration from an old initial letter belonging to a set of them in my possession, on which is a dance of *Death*, infinitely more beautiful in point of design than even the celebrated one cut in wood and likewise ascribed to the graver of Holbein. In this letter, the *Fool* is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles, an instrument yet in fashion among *Merry Andrews*. It is almost unnecessary to add that these initials are of foreign workmanship; and the inference is, that such farces were common upon the continent, and are here alluded to by the artist. I should not omit to mention, that the letter in question has been rudely copied in an edition of *Stowe's Survey of London*. DOUCE.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 501

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :  
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter two Servants with a chest.*

SERV. So; lift there.

CER. What is that?

SERV. Sir, even now  
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;  
'Tis of some wreck.

CER. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2. GENT. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

CER. Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,<sup>2</sup>  
It is a good constraint of fortune, that  
It belches upon us.<sup>3</sup>

2. GENT. 'Tis so, my lord.

CER. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!<sup>4</sup>—  
Did the sea cast it up?

<sup>2</sup> *If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold, &c.]* This indelicate allusion has already occurred in the scene between Pericles and the Fishermen, and may also be found in *King Richard III*:

“ Whom their o'erloyed country vomits forth,——.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It is a good constraint of fortune, that It belches upon us.]* This singular expression is again applied by our author to the sea, in *The Tempest*:

“ You are three men of sin, whom destiny  
“ (That hath to instrument this lower world,  
“ And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea  
“ Hath caused to belch up!” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!]* Bottom'd, which is the



*Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.<sup>5</sup>—  
 The rough and woful musick that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.<sup>6</sup>  
 The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou  
 block?—  
 The musick there.<sup>7</sup>—I pray you, give her air:—

<sup>5</sup> Well said, well said; *the fire and the cloths.*] So, on a similar occasion, in *Otello*, Act V. sc. i:

"——— O, a chair, a chair!—

"——— O, *that's well said*, the chair;—

"Some good man bear him carefully from hence."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The rough and woful musick that we have,*

*Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.*] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the physician in *King Lear*, when the king is about to awake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

"Please you draw near;—*Louder the musick there!*"

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block?—*

*The musick there.*] The first quarto reads,—the *viol* once more. The second and the subsequent editions—the *vial*. If the first be right, Cerimon must be supposed to repeat his orders that they should again sound their *rough and woful musick*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"That *strain* again!"

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the sense of *violin*. I think, however, the reading of the second quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, first commands loud musick to be played, and then a second time administers some cordial to her, which we may suppose had been before administered to her when his servants entered with the napkins, &c., See *Confessio Amantis*, p. 180:

"——— this worthie kinges wife

"Honestlie thei token oute,

"And maden fyres all aboute;

"Thei leied hir on a couche softe,

"And with a shete warmed ofte

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her;<sup>8</sup> she hath not been entranc'd  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

I. GENT. The heavens, fir,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels?  
Which Pericles hath lost,

"Hir colde breste began to heate,  
"Hir herte also to slacke and beate.  
"This maister hath hir every joynte  
"With certein oyle and balsam anynte,  
"And put a licour in hir mouthe  
"Whiche is to few clerkes couthe."

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto, for  
*vial* was formerly spelt *viol*. In the quarto edition of *K. Richard II.*  
1615:

"Edward's seven fons, whereof thyself art one,  
"Were seven *viols* of his sacred blood."

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibidem*:

"One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood."

Again, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer  
"Water——." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — a warmth

Breathes out of her;] The old copies read—a warmth *breath* out  
of her. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The  
second quarto, and the modern editions, read unintelligibly,  
*Nature awakes a warm breath out of her.* MALONE.

In Twine's translation it is to Cerimon's pupil Machaon, and  
not to Cerimon himself, that the lady is indebted for her recovery:  
"—he pulled the clothes from the ladies bosome, and powred  
foorth the ointment, and bestowing it abroad with his hand per-  
ceived some *warmth* in her breast, and that there was life in her  
body.—Then went Machaon unto his master Cerimon, and  
saide: The woman whom thou thinkest to be deade is alive," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —cases to those heavenly jewels—] The same expression  
occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;<sup>2</sup>  
 The diamonds of a most praised water  
 Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.]

THAI. O dear Diana,  
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is  
 this?<sup>3</sup>

2. GENT. Is not this strange?

1. GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, gentle neighbours;  
 Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear  
 her.<sup>4</sup>

"——they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear  
 the cases of their eyes." MALONE.

*Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels—*] So, in Sidney's  
*Arcadia*, Book III: "Her faire lids, then hiding her fairer eyes,  
 seemed unto him sweet boxes, rich in themselves, but containing  
 in them far richer jewels." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;*] So, in *The Tempest*:

"The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

"And say what thou see'st yond?" MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *——What world is this?*] So, in the *Confessio Amantis*:

"And first hir eyen up she caste,

"And whan she more of strength caught,

"Hir armes both forth she straughte;

"Helde up hir honde and piteouslie

"She spake, and said, *where am I?*

"*Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*

"As she that wote not howe it is." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Hush, gentle neighbours;—*

*——to the next chamber bear her.*] Thus, in Twine's translation: "And when he had so saide, he tooke the body reverently  
 in his armes, and bare it unto his owne chamber," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

"Into another chamber: softly, pray;

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper musick to my wearied spirit." MALONE.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;  
And Æsculapius guide us!  
[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III.

Tharfus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
and MARINA.*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,<sup>5</sup>  
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *though they hurt you mortally,*] First quarto—*haunt*. The folios and the modern editions read—*bate*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.*] Old copy:  
*Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.*

I read (as in the text):

*Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,  
Yet glance full wand'ringly &c.*

Thus, Tully, in one of his Familiar Epistles: "—— omnibus  
*telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra.*" Again, Shakspeare in his  
*Othello*:

"—— The shot of accident, or dart of chance——."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"The flings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I am glad, though  
you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath  
glanced."

*DION.* O your sweet queen!  
That the, strict fates had pleas'd you had brought  
her hither,  
To have blest'd mine eyes!

*PER.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here  
I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.<sup>7</sup>

*CLE.* Fear not, my lord:  
Your grace,<sup>8</sup> that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile,<sup>9</sup> the common body,

The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows.—All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Manner'd as *she is born*.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ———— and he is one

“ The truest *manner'd*, such a holy witch,

“ That he enchants societies to him.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Fear not, my lord*: &c.] Old copies:

*Fear not, my lord*, but think

*Your grace*, &c. STEEVENS.

I suspect the poet wrote,

*Fear not my lord*, but that

*Your grace*, &c. MALONE.

I have removed the difficulty by omitting the words—*but think*, which are unnecessary to the sense, and spoil the measure.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *If neglect*

*Should therein make me vile*,] The modern editions have

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
 But if to that my nature need a spur,<sup>2</sup>  
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
 To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;  
 Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,<sup>3</sup>  
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
 Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
 Though I show will in't.<sup>4</sup> So I take my leave.

*neglect.* But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is used by Shakspeare in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"And this *neglection* of degree it is

"That by a pace goes backward." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *my nature need a spur,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— I have no *spur*

"To prick the sides of my intent——." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,*] Old copies—teach me *to it*, a weak reading, if not apparently corrupt. For the insertion of its present substitute I am answerable. I once thought we should read—*witch* me to it, a phrase familiar enough to Shakspeare.

Mr. M. Mason is satisfied with the old reading; but thinks "the expression would be improved by leaving out the particle *to*, which hurts the sense, without improving the metre." Then, says he, the line will run thus:

*Your honour and your goodness teach me it,——.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Though I show will in't:*] The meaning may be—"Though I appear wilfull and perverse by such conduct." We might read:

*Though I show ill in't.* MALONE.

—— Till she be married, *madam,*

*By bright Diana, whom we honour all,*

*Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,*

*Though I show will in't.*] Old copy:

*Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine &c.*

But a more obvious and certain instance of corruption perhaps is not discoverable throughout our whole play.

I read, as in the text; for so is the present circumstance recited in Act V. and in consequence of the oath expressed at the present moment:

Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We'll bring your grace even to the edge  
o'the shore;  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,<sup>5</sup> and

" ——— And now,  
" *This ornament*, that makes me look so dismal,  
" Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*;  
" And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
" *To grace thy marriage day*, I'll beautify."

So also, in Twine's translation: " ——— and he sware a solemn oath, that he would not *poule his beard*, clip his beard, &c. untill he had married his daughter at ripe yeares."

Without the present emendation therefore, Pericles must appear to have behaved unaccountably; as the binding power of a romantick oath could alone have been the motive of his long persistence in so strange a neglect of his person.

The words—*unscissar'd* and *hair*, were easily mistaken for—*unsister'd* and *heir*; as the manuscript might have been indistinct, or the compositor inattentive.

I once strove to explain the original line as follows:

*Unscissar'd shall this heir of mine remain,  
Though I show will in't:*

i. e. till she be married, I swear by Diana, (though I may show [*will*, i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such an oath) this *heir* of mine shall have none who can call her *sister*; i. e. I will not marry, and so have a chance of other children before she is disposed of.—*Obstinacy* was anciently called *wilfulness*.

But it is scarce possible that *unsister'd* should be the true reading; for if Pericles had taken another wife, after his daughter's marriage, could he have been sure of progeny to *sister* his first child? or what *wilfulness* would he have shown, had he continued a single man? To persist in wearing a squalid head of hair and beard, was indeed an obstinate peculiarity. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— mask'd Neptune,] i. e. insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile:

" Subdola pellacis ridet clementia ponti." *Lucretius*.

STEVENS.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 511

The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears :  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now<sup>6</sup>  
At your command. Know you the character?

THA. It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time;<sup>7</sup> but whether there

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — the *guiled* shore

“ To a most dangerous sea.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *which are now* —] For the insertion of the word *now*,  
I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *I well remember,*

*Even on my yearning time*;] The quarto, 1619, and the folio,  
1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The  
first quarto reads *learning*. The editor of the second quarto seems  
to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without  
any consideration of the original corrupted reading. MALONE.

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ — for Falstaff he is dead,

“ And we must *yearn* therefore.”

To *yearn* is to feel internal uneasiness. The time of a woman's  
labour is still called, in low language—her *groaning* time—her  
*crying out*.



Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.\*  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompence is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
[*Exeunt.*

Mr. Rowe would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they *produce their young*. STEEVENS.

Thaïsa evidently means to say, that she was put on ship-board just at the time when she expected to be delivered; and as the word *yearning* does not express that idea, I should suppose it to be wrong. The obvious amendment is to read,—*even at my yearning time*; which differs from it but by a single letter:—Or perhaps we should read,—*yielding time*.

So, Pericles says to Thaïsa in the last scene:

“Look who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaïsa;  
“Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
“For she was *yielded* there.” M. MASON.

\* *Where you may 'bide until your date expire.*] Until you die.  
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The *date* is out of such prolixity.”

The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“An *expir'd date*, cancell'd, ere well begun.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“——— and *expire* the term  
“Of a despised life.” MALONE.

A C T IV.

*Enter GOWER.*<sup>9</sup>

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,<sup>2</sup>  
Welcom'd, to his own desire.  
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,  
To Dian there a votarefs.<sup>3</sup>  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Gower.*] This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of acts and scenes (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Imagine Pericles &c.*] The old copies read:

*Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votarefs.*

For the sake of uniformity of metre, the words, &c. distinguished by the *Roman* character, are omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His woful queen leave at Ephesus,*

*To Dian there a votarefs.*] Old copy—*we* leave at *Ephesus*; but *Ephesus* is a rhyme so ill corresponding with *votarefs*, that I suspect our author wrote *Ephese* or *Ephesi*; as he often contracts his proper names to suit his metre. Thus *Pont* for *Pontus*, *Mede* for *Media*, *Comagene* for *Comagena*, *Sicili* for *Sicilies*, &c. Gower, in the story on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for *Dionyza*, and *Tharfe* for *Tharsus*. STEEVENS.

*To Dian there a votarefs.*] The old copies read—*there's* a votarefs. I am answerable for the correction. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Whom our fast-growing scene must find—*] The same expression occurs in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

At Tharfus, and by Cleon train'd  
 In musick, letters;<sup>5</sup> who hath gain'd  
 Of education all the grace,  
 Which makes her both the heart and place  
 Of general wonder.<sup>6</sup> But alack!  
 That monster envy, oft the wrack

"——your patience this allowing,  
 "I turn my glafs, and give my *scene* such *growing*,  
 "As you had slept between." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *In musick, letters;*] The old copy reads, I think corruptly—  
*In musicks letters.* The corresponding passage in Gower's *Confessio*  
*Amantis*, confirms the emendation now made:

"My doughter *Thaife* by your leve  
 "I thynke shall with you be leve  
 "As for a tyme: and thus I praie,  
 "That she be kepte by all waie,  
 "And whan she hath of age more  
 "That she be set to *bokes lore*," &c.

Again:

"——she dwelleth  
 "In Tharfe, as the Cronike telleth;  
 "She was well kept, she was well loked,  
 "*She was well taught, she was well boked*;  
 "So well she sped hir in hir youth,  
 "That she of every wyfedome couth——" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Which makes her both the heart and place*  
*Of general wonder.*] The old copies read—  
*Which makes high both the art and place, &c.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Which makes her both the heart and place*  
*Of general wonder.*] Such an education as rendered her the  
*center* and *situation* of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of  
 oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much  
 such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his  
 ladies is—"the *spire* and *top* of praise." STEEVENS.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you  
 the *heart* of my message."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——the very *heart* of loss."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"On her bare breast, the *heart* of all her land."

Of earned praise,<sup>7</sup> Marina's life  
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
 And in this kind hath our Cleon  
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,<sup>8</sup>  
 Even ripe for marriage fight;<sup>9</sup> this maid  
 Hight Philoten: and it is said  
 For certain in our story, she  
 Would ever with Marina be:

*Place* here signifies *residence*. So, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New Place*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *oft the wrack*

Of earned *praise*,] Praise that has been well deserved. The same expression is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honor of his name?"

"Whose deadly foes do yeld him dew and *earned praise*."

*Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"If we have *unearned* luck—." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And in this kind hath our Cleon*

*One daughter, and a wench full grown*,] The old copy reads:

*And in this kind our Cleon hath*

*One daughter, and a full grown wench.*

The rhyme shews evidently that it is corrupt. For the present regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Even ripe for marriage fight*;] The first quarto reads:

*Even right for marriage fight*;—.

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have—

*Even ripe for marriage fight*—.

*Sight* was clearly misprinted for *fight*. We had before in this play *Cupid's wars*. MALONE.

I would read:

*Even ripe for marriage rites*. PERCY.

Read—*fight*; i. e. the combats of Venus; or *night*, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

Be't when she weav'd the sleided filk<sup>a</sup>  
 With fingers, long, small, white<sup>3</sup> as milk;  
 Or when she would with sharp neeld wound<sup>4</sup>  
 The cambrick, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records with moan;<sup>5</sup> or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen

<sup>a</sup> *Be't when she weav'd the sleided filk* —] The old copies read:  
*Be it when they weav'd &c.*

But the context shews that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned:

"Or when *she* would &c.

"—— or when to the lute

"*She* sung," &c. MALONE.

*Sleided* filk is untwisted filk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sey* or *slay*. PERCY.

For a further explanation of *sleided* filk, see Vol. VII. p. 418, n. 3; and Mr. Malone's edit. of our author, Vol. X. p. 353, n. 5.  
 STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *With fingers, long, small, white &c.*] So, in Twine's translation: "—— beautified with a white hand, and fingers long and slender." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Or when she would with sharp neeld wound* —] All the copies read,—with sharp *needle* wound; but the metre shews that we ought to read *neeld*. In a subsequent passage, in the first quarto, the word is abbreviated:

"—— and with her *neele* composes——."

So, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"—— on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

See also Vol. VIII. p. 164, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— or when to the lute

*She* sung, and made the night-bird mute,

*That still* records with moan;] The first quarto reads:

—— the night-bed mute,

*That still* records with moan.

for which in all the subsequent editions we find—

—— and made the night-bed mute,

*That still* records within one.

Vail to her mistress Dian;<sup>6</sup> still  
This Philoten contends in skill

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote—night-bird. Shakspeare has frequent allusions, in his works, to the nightingale. So, in his 101st Sonnet:

“ As Philomel in summer’s front doth sing,  
“ And stops her pipe in growth of riper days,  
“ Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
“ Than when her *mournful hymns* did hush the night,” &c.

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ And for, poor bird, *thou sing’st not in the day*,  
“ As shaming anie eye should thee behold,—”

So, Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, Book IV:

“ — These to their nests  
“ Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;  
“ She all night long her amorous descant sung.”

To record anciently signified to sing. So, in Sir Philip Sidney’s *Ourania*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton] 1606:

“ Recording songs unto the Deitie—.”

See Vol. III. p. 280, n. 6.—“ A bird (I am informed) is said to record, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird-fanciers at this day.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian;] To vail is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana*, or verses expressive of her gratitude to *Dionysa*.

We might indeed read—*Hail to her mistress Dian*; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print. We might read:  
*Wail to her mistress Dian*.

i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us:

“ Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;  
“ With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress’* ear,  
“ And draw her home with music.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*:

“ To be a barren sister all your life,  
“ Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitless moon.”

MALONE.

With absolute Marina :<sup>7</sup> so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white.<sup>8</sup> Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,<sup>9</sup>  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,<sup>1</sup>  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.

<sup>7</sup> *With absolute Marina :*] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect.  
 So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— at sea

“ He is an *absolute* master.”

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614 :

“ ——— from an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most  
 absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Vie feathers white.*] See note on *The Taming of a Shrew*,  
 Vol. VI. p. 459, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Old copy :

————— so

*The dove of Paphos might with the crow*

*Vie feathers white.*

The sense requires a transposition of these words, and that we  
 should read :

————— so

*With the dove of Paphos might the crow*

*Vie feathers white.* M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's judicious arrangement.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *This so darks*

*In Philoten all graceful marks,*] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— and their blaze

“ Shall *darken* him for ever.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ ——— You are *darken'd* in this action, sir,

“ Even by your own.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *with envy rare,*] *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient  
 writers, in the sense of *malice*. See Vol. XII. p. 285, n. 3. It is,  
 however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation.

MALONE.

The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;  
 And curfed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath<sup>3</sup>  
 Preft for this blow.<sup>4</sup> The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :<sup>5</sup>  
 Only I carry<sup>6</sup> winged time<sup>7</sup>  
 Poft on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
 Which never could I fo convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> *The pregnant instrument of wrath*—] *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *prepared, instructed*. It is used in a kindred fenfe in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. IV. p. 182, n. 6. STEEVENS.

*Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee,—”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Preft for this blow*.] *Preft* is *ready; pret.* Fr. So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wensday next be *preft*

“ To wayte on him and you —.”

See note on *The Merchant of Venice*, Vol. V. p. 406, n. 9.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *The unborn event*

*I do commend to your content* :] I am not sure that I understand this passage; but so quaint and licentious is the phraseology of our Pseudo-Gower, that perhaps he means—I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.

Our author might indeed have written—*consent*, i. e. co-operation, your assistance in carrying on our present delusion. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Only I carry*—] Old copy—*carried*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *winged time*—] So, in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale* :

“ I —————

“ Now take upon me, in the name of *time*,

“ To use my *wings*.”

Again, in *King Henry V* :

“ Thus with imagin'd *wing* our swift scene flies,

“ In motion of no less celerity

“ Than that of thought.” MALONE.



## S C E N E I.

Tharfus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:<sup>7</sup>

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:]* Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which Lady Macbeth instigates her husband to murder Duncan:

“ I have given suck, and know  
“ How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
“ I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
“ Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
“ And dash'd the brains out, *had I but so sworn,*  
“ *As you have done to this.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *inflame love in thy bosom,]* The first quarto reads—“ Let not conscience which is but cold, *in flaming thy love bosome*, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie,” &c. The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom;—nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense. Nearly the same expression occurred before:

“ — That have *inflam'd desire in my breast*—.”

I suspect, the words *enflame too nicelie* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as a part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiously regulated,

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly crea-  
ture.

DION. The fitter then the gods should have her.<sup>9</sup>  
Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.<sup>a</sup>  
Thou art resolv'd?

LEON. I am resolv'd,

If these words were omitted, in some measure supports this con-  
jecture:

"Nor let pity, which ev'n women have cast off,  
"Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose." MALONE.

We might read,

—*inflame thy loving bosom*:

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the  
following sense:—Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold  
nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even  
to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niat*, Fr.

Perhaps, indeed, the passage originally stood thus:

—*Let not conscience,*

*Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom;*

*Nor let that pity women have cast off,*

*Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.*

*Enflame too nicely*—and—*which even*, are the words I omit. I add  
only the pronoun—*that*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *but yet she is a goodly creature.*

Dion. *The fitter then the gods should have her.*] So, in *King  
Richard III.*:

"O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

"The fitter for the King of Heaven." STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *Here*

*Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.*] Old copy:

*Here she comes weeping for her onely mistress's death.*

As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had  
gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been  
her *only mistress*. I would therefore read,

*Here comes she weeping for her old nurse's death.* PERCY.

I have no doubt but we should adopt the ingenious amendment

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

MAR. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,  
blues,

suggested by Percy, with this difference only, the leaving out the word *for*, which is unnecessary, and hurts the metre. I should therefore read,

*Here she comes, weeping her old nurse's death.* M. MASON.

I have adopted Dr. Percy's amendment, but without Mr. M. Mason's attempt to improve it. The word *for* is necessary to the metre, as *above* in the preceding line was a modern interpolation.

STEEVENS.

I think *mistress* right. Her nurse was in one sense her mistress; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) *mistress's* death, (not "*mistress's* death,") was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress's* ear," &c.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> No, [no,] I will rob Tellus of her weed,

*To strew thy green with flowers:*] Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was substituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." So, in Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

"My ashes cold shall, buried on this *green*,

"Enjoy that good this body ne'er possess."

*Weed* in old language meant garment. MALONE.

Before we determine which is the proper reading, let us reflect a moment on the business in which Marina is employed. She is about to strew the grave of her nurse Lychorida with flowers, and therefore makes her entry with propriety, saying,

*No, no, I will rob Tellus &c.*

i. e. No, no, it shall never be said that I left the tomb of one to whom I owe so much, without some ornament. Rather than it shall remain undecorated, I will strip the earth of its robe, &c. The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as she came homeward, she went and washed the *tombe* of her nouryce, and kept it continually fayre and clene."

Though I do not recollect that the *green billock* under which a person is buried, is any where called *their green*, my respect for

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
 Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,  
 While summer days do last.<sup>4</sup> Ah me! poor maid,  
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
 Whirring me from my friends.<sup>5</sup>

Lord Charlemont's opinion has in the present instance withheld me from deserting the most ancient text, however dubious its authority.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Shall, as a chaplet, [Old copy—carpet,] hang upon thy grave, While summer days do last.]* So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ————— with fairest flowers,  
 “ While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
 “ I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
 “ The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
 “ The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor  
 “ The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
 “ Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.”

Mr. Steevens would read—*Shall as a chaplet, &c.* The word *hang*, it must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers *strew'd on the green-sward*, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

Malone informs us that all the former copies read, *as a carpet*, which was probably the right reading: nor would Steevens have changed it for *chaplet* had he attended to the beginning of Marina's speech:

“ I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
 “ To *strew* thy grave with flowers;”

which corresponds with the old reading, not with his amendment.

M. MASON.

Perhaps Mr. M. Mason's remark also might have been spared, had he considered that no one ever talked of *hanging carpets* out in honour of the dead. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Whirring me from my friends.]* Thus the earliest copy; I think rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read—

Hurrying me from my friends.

*Whirring* or *whirring*, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away. Thus, Pope:

“ Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs.”

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?<sup>6</sup>

How chance my daughter is not with you?<sup>7</sup> Do  
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing:<sup>8</sup> you have  
A nurse of me.<sup>9</sup> Lord! how your favour's chang'd!  
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;  
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,<sup>3</sup>

The verb to *whirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow*. *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. 203:

"More swift than wind away I go,

"O'er hedge and lands,

"Thro' pools and ponds,

"I *whirry*, laughing ho ho ho." MALONE.

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, Book XIX. l. 377:

τὴς δ' ἐκ ἰδμενῶνς ἀλλαι·

Πότερ ἐν' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΑΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest copy. So, in *Macbeth*:

"How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?"

The second quarto reads,—why do you *weep* alone?

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?"

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Consume your blood with sorrowing:*] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II: "—— blood-consuming sighs." See also note on *Hamlet*, Act IV. sc. vii. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— you have

*A nurse of me.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads:

"Have you a nurse of me?" The poet probably wrote:

—— Have you not

*A nurse of me?* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— your favour's *chang'd*——] i. e. countenance, look. So, in *Macbeth*:

"To alter favour ever is to fear." STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— ere the sea mar it.

*Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,*] Some words

Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come ;<sup>4</sup>—  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MAR. No, I pray you ;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come ;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart.<sup>5</sup> We every day  
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports,<sup>6</sup> thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
No care to your best courses.<sup>7</sup> Go, I pray you,

must, I think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote :

—ere the sea mar it,  
Walk on the shore with Leonine, the air  
Is quick there. MALONE.

—ere the sea mar it, &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk  
upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with  
Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that  
Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore ; and  
Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in  
the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

The words—*wreath of*—were formerly inserted in the text by  
Mr. Malone. Though he has since discarded, I have ventured to  
retain them. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come ;] Here the old  
copy furnishes the following line, which those who think it verse,  
may replace, the room of that supplied by the present text :—

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come—.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> With more than foreign heart.] With the same warmth of af-  
fection as if I was his countrywoman. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Our paragon to all reports,] Our fair charge, whose beauty was  
once equal to all that fame said of it. So, in *Othello* :

“ — He hath achiev'd a maid,

“ That paragon's description and wild fame.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — that we have ta'en

No care to your best courses.] Either we should read—“ of your

Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old.<sup>6</sup> Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.<sup>7</sup>

DION. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;  
Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;  
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have a care of you.

MAR. Thanks, sweet madam.—  
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

MAR. When I was born, the wind was north.

best courses," or the word *to* has in this place the force that *of*  
would have. M. MASON.

The plain meaning is—that we have paid no attention *to* what  
was best for you. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— reserve

*That excellent complexion, which did steal*

*The eyes of young and old.*] So, in Shakspeare's 20th Sonnet:

"A man in hue all hues in his controlling,

"Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth."

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Thus did he in the general bosom reign

"Of young and old."

To *reserve* is here, to *guard*; to *preserve* carefully. So, in  
Shakspeare's 32d Sonnet:

"Reserve them, for my love, not for their rhymes."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Well, I will go;*

*But yet I have no desire to it.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I have no mind of feasting forth to-night,

"But I will go." STEEVENS.

LEON. Was't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the failors, galling  
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;<sup>8</sup>  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck,<sup>9</sup> and from the ladder-  
tackle  
Wash'd off a canvas-climber:<sup>10</sup> *Ha!* says one,

<sup>8</sup> *His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;*] For the insertion of the words *with* and *of* I am answerable. MALONE.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "—the princes did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging the failors to doe what might be done (putting their hands to every most painefull office) taught them to promise themselves the best," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *That almost burst the deck,*] *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense. See Vol. IX. p. 147, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> — *from the ladder-tackle*  
*Wash'd off a canvas-climber:*] A ship-boy. So, in *K. Henry V*:  
" — and in them behold

" Upon the *bempen-tackle* ship-boys climbing."  
I suspect that a line preceding these two, has been lost, which perhaps might have been of this import:

O'er the good ship the foaming billow breaks,  
*And from the ladder-tackle &c.* MALONE.

A *canvas-climber* is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*. STEEVENS.

Malone suspects that some line preceding these has been lost, but that I believe is not the case, this being merely a continuation of Marina's description of the storm which was interrupted by Leonine's asking her, *When was that?* and by her answer, *When I was born, never were waves nor wind more violent.*

Put this question and the answer in a parenthesis, and the description goes on without difficulty:

" — endur'd a sea  
" That almost burst the deck,  
" And from the ladder-tackle washes off" &c.

M. MASON.

In consequence of Mr. M. Mason's remark, I have regulated the text anew, and with only the change of a single tense, (*wash'd*



*Wilt out?* and, with a dropping industry,  
They skip from stem to stern:<sup>3</sup> the boatswain  
whistles,  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. And when was this?

MAR. It was when I was born:  
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

LEON. Come, say your prayers speedily.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

MAR. Why, will you kill me?<sup>5</sup>

for *waves*;) and the omission of the useless copulative *and*. The question of Leonine, and the reply of Marina, which were introduced after the words,

“ That almost burst the deck,”

are just as proper in their present as in their former situation; but do not, as now arranged, interrupt the narrative of Marina.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *from stem to stern*:] The old copies read—From *stern* to *stern*. But we certainly ought to read—From *stem* to *stern*. So, Dryden:

“ Orontes’ barque, even in the hero’s view,

“ From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne.”

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letter *m* and put *rn*, in its place. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *and trebles their confusion*.] So, in *King Henry V*:

“ Hear the shrill *whistle*, which doth order give

“ To sounds *confus’d*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Leon. *Come, say your prayers*——.

Mar. *What mean you?*

Leon. *If you require a little space for prayer,*

*I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious, &c.*

Mar. *Why, will you kill me?*] So, in *Othello*:

“ *Oth.* Have you pray’d to night, Desdemona?—

“ If you bethink yourself of any crime

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it.<sup>6</sup> How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or  
My life imply her danger?

LEON. My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

MAR. You will not do't for all the world, I  
hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow

"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

"Solicit for it straight.

"*Def.* Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

"*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief.—

"*Def.* Talk you of killing," &c. STEEVENS.

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum*:  
"Peto domine, says Tharsia, (the Marina of this play) ut si nulla  
spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, 'testate;  
et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interficio.' Illa vero cum esset  
posita in oratione, venerunt pyratæ," &c. MALONE.

Thus, in Twine's translation: "I pray thee, since there is no  
hope for me to escape my life, give me licence to say my prayers  
before I die. I give thee licence, saide the villaine. And I take  
God to record, that I am constrained to murder thee against my  
will." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I trod upon a worm against my will,*

*But I wept for it.*] Fenton has transplanted this image into his  
*Mariamne*:

"———when I was a child,

"I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;

"Heaven visits not for that." STEEVENS.

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:  
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
 And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,  
 And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1. PIRATE. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]
2. PIRATE. A prize! a prize!
3. PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,  
 let's have her aboard suddenly.  
 [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

## S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

LEON. These roving thieves serve the great pirate  
 Valdes;<sup>6</sup>  
 And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:

<sup>6</sup> Leonine runs away.] So, in Twine's translation: "When the villain heard that, he ran away as fast as he could.—Then came the Pyrats and rescued Tharfa, and carried her away to their ships, and hoisted sailes, and departed." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;] [Old copy—*roguing*.] The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This

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There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

PAND. Boul't.

BOULT. Sir.

PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action<sup>s</sup> are even as good as rotten.

play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. MALONE.

In Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589, the curious reader may find a very particular account of this *Valdes*, who was commander of the Andalusian troops, and then prisoner in England.

STEEVENS.

We should probably read—These *roving* thieves.—The idea of roguery is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*. M. MASON.

<sup>s</sup> — and with continual action—] Old copies—and *they* with &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the carelessness of the compositor. MALONE.

PAND. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.<sup>9</sup>

BAWD. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards,<sup>2</sup> as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.<sup>3</sup> But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully foddren.

PAND. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience.<sup>4</sup> The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

<sup>9</sup> *Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.*] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half.—This speech is much the same as that of *Mother Cole*, in *The Minor*: “Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader!” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards,*] There seems to be something wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or some such words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect sentence. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the Bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boulton) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation. STEEVENS.

The modern copies read,—*I too eleven*. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience.*] The old copies read—*there's two unwholesome o' conscience*. The preceding dialogue shows that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pandar merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

*BOULT.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him ;<sup>5</sup> she made him roast-meat for worms :—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit BOULT.*]

*PAND.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*BAWD.* Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*PAND.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger:<sup>6</sup> therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd.<sup>7</sup> Besides, the fore terms we stand

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, she quickly poop'd him ;]* The following passage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

“ —foul Amazonian trulls,  
“ Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops*.”

MALONE.

The same phrase (whatever be its meaning) occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: “ But we shall l'envoy him, and trumpe and *poope* him well enough—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the commodity wages not with the danger:]* i. e. is not equal to it. Several examples of this expression are given in former notes on our author. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — his taints and honours  
“ *Wag'd* equal with him.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Othello*:

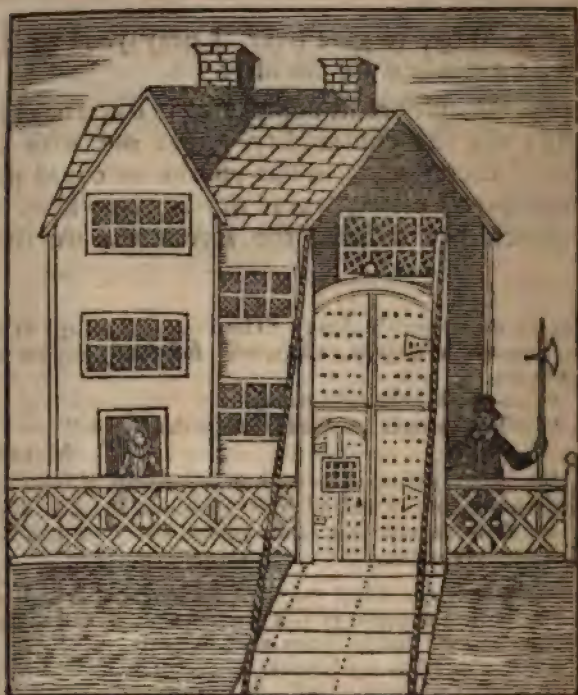
“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *to keep our door hatch'd.]* The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: “ Set some *picks* upon your *batch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a *barudy-bouse*.”

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, is a representation of a celebrated brothel on the Bank-side near the Globe playhouse, from which the annexed cut has been made. We

upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

have here the *batch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax was called the *Ruffian*. MALONE.



The precept from *Cupid's Whirligig*, and the passage in *Pericles* to which it refers, were originally applied by me to the illustration of the term *Pitt-batch* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 3.

A *batch* is a half-door, usually placed within a street-door, admitting people into the entry of a house, but preventing their access to its lower apartments, or its stair-case. Thus, says the character Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*, to the Dromio of Syracuse:

"Euler get thee from the door, or sit down at the *batch*."

*BAWD.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.<sup>s</sup>

When the top of a *batch* was guarded by a row of pointed iron spikes, no person could reach over, and undo its fastening, which was always within-side, and near its bottom.

This domestick portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers; refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay.

From having been therefore her usual defence, the *batch* at last became an unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *batch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, colleges, &c. the *batch with spikes on it* was peculiar to our early houses of amorous entertainment.—Nay, as I am assured by Mr. Walfh, (a native of Ireland, and one of the compositors engaged on the present edition of Shakspeare,) the entries to the Royal, Halifax, and Dublin bagnios in the city of Dublin, still derive convenience or security from *batches*, the *spikes* of which are unfurmountable.

This long explanation (to many readers unnecessary) is imputable to the preceding wooden cut, from the repetition of which I might have excused myself. As it is possible, however, that I may stand in the predicament of poor Sancho, who could not discern the enchanted castles that were so distinctly visible to his master's opticks, I have left our picture of an ancient brothel, where I found it. It certainly exhibits a house, a lofty door, a wicket with a grate in it, a row of garden-rails, and a drawbridge. As for *batch*—let my readers try if they can find one.

I must suppose, that my ingenious fellow-labourer, on future consideration, will class his *batch* with the *air-drawn dagger*, and join with me in Macbeth's exclamation—"There's no such thing."

Let me add, that if the *Ruffian* (as here represented) was an ostensible appendage to brothels, they must have been regulated on very uncommon principles; for instead of holding out allurements, they must have exhibited terrors. Surely, the *Ruffian* could never have appeared *nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderat*, till his presence became necessary to extort the wages of prostitution, or secure some other advantage to his employer.

The representation prefixed to *Holland's Leaguer*, has, therefore, in my opinion, no more authenticity to boast of, than the contemporary wooden cuts illustrative of the *Siege of Troy*.

STEVENS.



PAND. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul't.

*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.*

BOULT. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

I. PIRATE. O fir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone thorough<sup>9</sup> for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boul't, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.<sup>2</sup>

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; in-

<sup>8</sup> *Come, other sorts offend as well as we.*] From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—*Other trades, &c.* MALONE.

Malone suspects that we should read—*other trades*, but that is unnecessary; the word *sorts* has the same sense, and means *professions or conditions of life*. So, Macbeth says,

“ I have won

“ Golden opinion of all *sorts* of people.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — *I have gone thorough*—] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, *gone far* in my attempt to purchase her. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.*] This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to *Boul't*.—I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thousand pieces.

MALONE.

struck her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

*BAWD.* Boul, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age,<sup>4</sup> with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.*<sup>5</sup> Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*BOUL.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOUL.*

*MAR.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,  
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard  
Thrown me, to seek my mother!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *that she may not be raw in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unskilful. So, in *Hamlet*: “and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *age,*] So, the quarto, 1619. The first copy has—*her age.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first.*] The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: “Go thou and make a crye through the cyte that of all men that shall enhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall gyve me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *or that these pirates*  
(*Not enough barbarous,*) *had not over-board*  
*Thrown me, to seek my mother!*] Old copy:  
(*Not enough barbarous,*) *had not o'erboard thrown me,*  
*For to seek &c.* STEEVENS.

I suspect the second *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. Marina, I think, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was so slack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how fortunate would it have been for me*, if those pirates had thrown me into the sea to seek my mother. MALONE.

We should recur to the old copies, and read,

“Not enough barbarous, had *not* overboard,” &c.  
which is clearly right;—for Marina is not expressing what she wished that Leonine and the Pirates had done, but repining at

*BAWD.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*MAR.* That I am pretty.

*BAWD.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*MAR.* I accuse them not.

*BAWD.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.<sup>6</sup>

*MAR.* The more my fault,  
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

*BAWD.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*MAR.* No.

*BAWD.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentle-  
men of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall  
have the difference of all complexions. What! do  
you stop your ears?

*MAR.* Are you a woman?

*BAWD.* What would you have me be; an I be  
not a woman?

*MAR.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*BAWD.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I  
shall have something to do with you. Come, you  
are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as  
I would have you.

what they had omitted to do. She laments that Leonine had *not*  
struck, instead of speaking, and that the Pirates had *not* thrown her  
overboard. M. MASON.

The original reading may stand, though with some harshness of  
construction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was so  
merciful to me, or that these pirates *had not* thrown me into the sea  
to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather  
have written—*did not o'er-board throw me, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You are lit into my hands; where you are like to live.*] So, in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — Be of good cheer;

“ You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.”

MALONE.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

BOULT. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.<sup>1</sup>

BAWD. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went<sup>2</sup> to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

<sup>1</sup> Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

— *I have drawn her picture with my voice.*] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe says,

“ I'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,

“ Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,

“ Hung up her picture in a market-place,

“ And sold her to vile bawds!”

And we are told in a note on this passage, that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines? M. MASON.

*The Wife for a Month* was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads, — *a Spaniard's mouth water'd, and he went &c.* MALONE.

**BOULT.** To night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?<sup>9</sup>

**BAWD.** Who? monsieur Veroles?

**BOULT.** Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.<sup>2</sup>

**BAWD.** Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it.<sup>3</sup> I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *that cowers i'the hams?*] To *cower* is to sink by bending the hams. So, in *King Henry VI*:

“ The splitting rocks *cower'd* in the sinking sands.”

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*:

“ They *cower* so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smoke.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *here he does but repair it.*] To *repair* here means to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ O, disloyal thing!

“ That should't *repair* my youth,—”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — It much *repairs* me

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] There is here perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boul's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Lucio. A *French crown* more.

“ Gent. Thou art always figuring *diseases* in me.”

MALONE.

I see no allusion in this passage to the French disease, but merely to French crowns in a literal sense, the common coin of that country.

*BOULT.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.<sup>5</sup>

*BAWD.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.<sup>6</sup>

Boulton had said before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He says, in the next speech, that with such a sign as Marina, they should draw every traveller to their house, considering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the sign to distinguish the house, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the sun: and the meaning of the passage is merely this:—"that the French knight will seek the shade or shelter of their house, to scatter his money there."—But if we make a slight alteration in this passage, and read "*on* our shadow," instead of "*in* our shadow," it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our shadow* may mean, *on our representation or description of Marina*; and the *sun* may mean the *real sign* of the house. For there is a passage in *The Custom of the Country*, which gives reason to imagine that the sun was, in former times, the usual sign of a brothel.

When Sulpitia asks, "What is become of the Dane?" Jacques replies, "What! goldy-locks! he lies at the *sign of the sun* to be new-breeched." M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's note is too ingenious to be omitted; and yet, where humour is forced, (as in the present instance,) it is frequently obscure, and especially when vitiated by the slightest typographical error or omission. All we can with certainty infer from the passage before us is, that an opposition between *sun* and *shadow*, was designed. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good *sign*, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *a mere profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. So, in *Hamlet*:

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.<sup>6</sup>

BOULT. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn;<sup>7</sup> therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.<sup>8</sup>

“ — things rank and gross in nature

“ Possess it merely.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. Which is her way to go with warrant, means only—to which she is entitled to go. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> When nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn;] A similar sentiment occurs in *King Lear*:

“ That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,

“ To raise my fortunes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Frame the season for your own harvest.” STEEVENS.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,<sup>9</sup> as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,<sup>2</sup>

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.<sup>3</sup>

Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> — *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,*] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. So, in Marston's Satires:

"They are nought but eels, that never will appeare,

"Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare

"Their slimy beds." L. II. Sat. vij. v. 284. WHALLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—if knife, drugs, serpents, have

"Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe." STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Othello*:

"—If there be cords, or knives,

"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

"I'll not endure it." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.*] We have the same classical allusion in *The Tempest*:

"If thou dost break her virgin-knot," &c. MALONE.



## SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?<sup>3</sup>

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think  
You'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed.<sup>4</sup> O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o'the earth,  
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,  
Whom thou hast poison'd too!  
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy feat:<sup>5</sup> what canst thou say,

<sup>3</sup> — *Can it be undone?*] Thus, Lady Macbeth:  
“ — what's done, is done.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *to undo the deed.*] So, in *Macbeth*:  
“ Wake Duncan with this knocking:—*Ay, would thou couldst!*”

In *Pericles*, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

Thus also in Twine's translation: “ But Strangulio himself consented not to this treason, but so soon as he heard of the foul mischance, being as it were all amort, and amazed with heaviness &c.—and therewithal he looked towards his wife, saying, Thou wicked woman” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness*  
*Becoming well thy feat:*] Old copy—*face*: which, if this reading be genuine, must mean—hadst thou poisoned thyself by

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?<sup>6</sup>

DION. That she is dead. Nurfes are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.<sup>7</sup>

She died by night;<sup>8</sup> I'll say so. Who can cross it?<sup>9</sup>

pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thee. For the sake of a more obvious meaning, however, I read, with Mr. M. Mason, *feat* instead of *face*. STEEVENS.

*Feat*, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy exploit. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Palamon says:

"Cozener Arcite, give me language such

"As thou hast shewed me *feat*." M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *what canst thou say,*

*When noble Pericles shall demand his child?*] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: "—— tell me now what rekenynge we shall gyve hym of his doughter," &c.

Again, in Twine's translation: "Thou reportedst that Prince Apollonius was dead; and loe now where he is come to require his daughter. What shall we now doe or say to him."

STEEVENS.

So also, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Quem [Apollonium] cum vidisset Strangulio, perrexit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dionisidi—Dixisti Apollonium naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi sumus pro filiâ?"

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Nurfes are not the fates,*

*To foster it, nor ever to preserve.*] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

"Think you I bear *the shears of destiny*?

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *She died by night;*] Old copy—at night. I suppose Dionyza means to say that she died *by* night; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower:

"She saith, that Thaifa *sodeynly*

"*By night* is dead." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I'll say so. Who can cross it?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Macb.* — Will it not be receiv'd,

"When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

"Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

"That they have done't?

Unless you play the impious innocent,<sup>2</sup>  
And for an honest attribute, cry out,  
*She died by foul play.*

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
Do like this worst.

DION. Be one of those, that think  
The petty wrens of Tharfus will fly hence,<sup>3</sup>  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how cow'd a spirit.<sup>4</sup>

"Lady M. *Who dares receive it other,*  
"As we shall make our grief and clamour roar  
"Upon his death?" MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Unless you play the impious innocent,*] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto.—She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. See Mr. Whalley's note in Vol. VI. p. 327, n. 8. MALONE.

Notwithstanding Malone's ingenious explanation, I should wish to read—the *pious* innocent, instead of *impious*. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *The petty wrens of Tharfus will fly hence,*] Thus the quarto, 1609; that of 1619 reads—*etty*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I do shame*  
*To think of what a noble strain you are,*  
*And of how cow'd a spirit.*] Old copy—*coward*.  
I read (for the sake of metre)—of how *cow'd* a spirit. So, in *Macbeth*:

"For it hath *cow'd* my better part of man."

STEEVENS.

Lady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina:

"——— art thou afraid

"To be the same in thine own act and valour,

"As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

"Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

CLE. To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his pre-consent,<sup>5</sup> he did not flow  
From honourable courses.

DION. Be it so then :  
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
She did disdain my child,<sup>6</sup> and stood between  
Her and her fortunes : None would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;

" And live a coward in thine own esteem ?  
" Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
" Like the poor cat i'the adage !"

Again, after the murder, she exclaims :

" My hands are of your colour, but I shame  
" To wear a heart so white." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Though not his pre-consent,*] The first quarto reads—*prince* consent. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* consent. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present :

" — If thou didst but consent  
" To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
" And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
" That ever spider twisted from her womb  
" Will serve to strangle thee." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *She did disdain my child,*] Thus the old copy, but I think erroneously. Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *disgraced* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, *disstained* them. Thus, Adriana, in *The Comedy of Errors*, says—" I live *disstained*;" and, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*, we meet with the same verb again :

" Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child) .  
" The silver-shining queen he would *disstain* ;—"

The verb—to *stain* is frequently used by our author in the sense of—to *disgrace*. See Vol. XII. p. 537, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Whilst ours was blurted at,<sup>7</sup> and held a malkin,  
 Not worth the time of day.<sup>8</sup> It pierc'd me thorough;  
 And though you call my course unnatural,<sup>9</sup>  
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
 It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,  
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Whilst ours was blurted at,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred at*.

This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

“ This day hath set derision on the French,

“ And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us.”

MALONE.

*She did disdain my child, and stood between*

*Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,*

*But cast their gazes on Marina's face;*

*Whilst ours was blurted at,*] The usurping Duke in *As you like it*, gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind:

“ — she robs thee of thy name;

“ And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

“ When she is gone.”

The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina, is also alledged in Twine's translation: “ The people beholding the beautie and comlineffe of Tharfia said: Happy is the father that hath Tharfia to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and evil favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharfia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a malkin,

*Not worth the time of day.*] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-malkin is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a good day, or good morrow; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 73, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And though you call my course unnatural,*] So, in *Julius Caesar*:

“ Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

“ To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,*

*Perform'd to your sole daughter.*] Perhaps it greets me, may

CLE. Heavens forgive it !

DION. And as for Pericles,  
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn : her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters exprefs  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expence 'tis done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,  
Seize with an eagle's talons.<sup>3</sup>

mean, *it pleases me* ; c'est a mon gré. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase. There is however a passage in *King Henry VIII.* which seems to support the reading of the text in its ordinary signification :

" — Would I had no being,  
" If this *salute* my blood a jot." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou art &c.* ] Old copy:  
*Thou art like the harpy,*  
*Which, to betray, doth, with thine angel's face,*  
*Seize with thine eagle's talons.* STEEVENS.

There is an awkwardness of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.*—

Might we read :

*Thou art like the harpy,*  
*Which, to betray, doth wear thine angel's face ;*  
*Seize with thine eagle's talons.*

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

In *King Henry VIII.* we meet with a similar allusion :

" Ye have *angels' faces*, but Heaven knows your *hearts*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face !"

Again, in *King John* :

" Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
" *With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens.*" MALONE.

I have adopted part of Mr. Malone's emendation, changing only a syllable or two, that the passage might at least present some meaning to the reader. STEEVENS.

*Dron.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;<sup>4</sup>  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharfus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;  
Sail seas in cockles,<sup>5</sup> have, and with but for't;  
Making, (to take your imagination,)  
From bourn to bourn,<sup>6</sup> region to region.

<sup>4</sup> *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You resemble him who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

I doubt whether Malone's explanation be right; the words *swear to the gods*, can hardly imply, *to be angry with heaven*, though to swear at the gods might: But if this conjecture be right, we must read *superciliously*, instead of *superstitiously*; for to arraign the conduct of heaven is the very reverse of superstition.—Perhaps the meaning may be—"You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event." But whatever may be the meaning, *swear to the gods*, is a very awkward expression.

A passage somewhat similar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, where Alberto says:

"Here we study  
"The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,  
"Dull'd with abundance; and *dispute with heaven*,  
"If that the least puff of the rough north wind  
"Blast our vine's burden." M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Sail seas in cockles,*] We are told by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could sail in an egg shell, a cockle, or muscle shell, through and under tempestuous seas."—This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

See Vol. VII. p. 343, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Making, (to take your imagination,)*  
*From bourn to bourn,*] *Making*, if that be the true reading,

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime,<sup>1</sup>  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you  
The stages of our story.<sup>2</sup> Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,<sup>3</sup>

must be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c.—It is still said at sea—the *ship* makes *much way*. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is clearly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *taste* your imagination. MALONE.

Making, (*to take your imagination*.)

From bourn to bourn, &c.] Making is most certainly the true reading. So, in p. 494:

“O make for Tharsus.”

Making &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with—*take your imagination*; i. e. “To take one’s fancy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —who stand i'the gaps to teach you

The stages of our story. &c.] So, in the chorus to *The Winter’s Tale*:

“————— I slide

“O’er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry’d

“Of that wide gap.”

The earliest quarto reads—with gaps; that in 1619—in gaps. The reading that I have substituted, is nearer that of the old copy.

MALONE.

To learn of me who stand with gaps—] I should rather read:—*i’tbe* gaps. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“That I may sleep out this great gap of time

“My Antony’s away.”

I would likewise transpose and correct the following lines thus:

“————— I do beseech ye

“To learn of me, who stand i’tbe gaps to teach you

“The stages of our story. —Pericles

“Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

“Attended on by many a lord and knight,

“To see his daughter, all his life’s delight.

“Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

“Advanc’d in time to great and high estate,





Like motes and shadows see them move a-  
while;<sup>3</sup>  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

but they are surely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ———’Tis your *thoughts*, that now must deck our kings,

“ *Carry them here and there*; jumping o’er times.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*

“ *Albwart the seas*.”

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So, in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (fol. 1623): “ ———and so *grow on* to a point.” See Vol. V. p. 22, n. 3. We might read *go on*; but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author’s word. MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone’s amendment, but adhere to the old copies, with this difference only, that I join the words *thought* and *pilot* with a hyphen, and read:

————— *think this pilot-thought*; ———.

That is, “Keep this leading circumstance in your mind, which will serve as a pilot to you, and guide you through the rest of the story, in such a manner, that your imagination will keep pace with the king’s progress,” M. MASON.

The plainer meaning seems to be—Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep pace with his operations. STEEVENS.

——— *who first is gone*.] Who has left Tharsus before her father’s arrival there. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Like *motes and shadows see them move awhile*;] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Come like *shadows*, so depart.” STEEVENS.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door, PERICLES with his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;<sup>2</sup>  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears  
     o'erflow'r'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,<sup>3</sup>  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>4</sup>  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ

<sup>2</sup> ——— for true old woe;] So, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— Sit and see,

“ Minding true things by what their mockeries be.” MALONE.

——— for true old woe:] i. e. for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read —true told woe. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,] So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ O, then began the tempest to my soul!”

What is here called his mortal vessel, (i. e. his body,) is styled by Cleopatra her mortal house. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— Now please you wit—] Now be pleased to know, So, in Gower:

“ In whiche the lorde hath to him writte

“ That he would understonde and witte,——.”

The editor of the second quarto (which has been copied by all the other editions) probably not understanding the passage, altered it thus:

“ ——— Now take we our way

“ To the epitaph for Marina writ by Dionysia.” MALONE.

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best,<sup>5</sup> lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
Marina was she call'd;<sup>6</sup> and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the  
earth;<sup>7</sup>*

<sup>5</sup> — sweet'st, and best,] *Sweetest* is here used as a monosyllable. So *highest*, in *The Tempest*: "*Highest* queen of state." &c. MALONE.

We might more elegantly read, omitting the conjunction—and,—  
*The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here*— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Marina was she call'd*; &c.] It might have been expected that this epitaph, which sets out in four-foot verse, would have confined itself to that measure; but instead of preserving such uniformity, throughout the last six lines it deviates into heroicks, which, perhaps, were never meant by its author. Let us remove a few syllables, and try whether any thing is lost by their omission:

" Marina call'd; and at her birth  
" Proud Thetis swallow'd part o'the earth:  
" The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
" Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:  
" Wherefore she swears she'll never stint  
" Make battery upon shores of flint."

The image suggested by—"Thetis swallowed" &c. reminds us of Brabantio's speech to the senate, in the first Act of *Othello*:

" — my particular grief  
" Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,  
" That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth*:] The modern editions by a strange blunder, read,—*That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words—*some part of the earth* was meant *Thaisa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he supposes her dead, *the dearest morsel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was mistaken. MALONE.

The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea, proudly o'er swelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,)<sup>8</sup>  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No visor does become black villainy,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By lady fortune; while our scenes display<sup>9</sup>  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. The line, *Therefore the earth fearing to be o'erflow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *some part of the earth*, in the line preceeding, cannot mean the *body* of Thaisa, but a *portion* of the continent. M. MALONE.

Our poet has many allusions in his works to the depredations made by the sea on the land. So, in his 64th Sonnet:

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;—." &c.

We have, I think, a similar description in *King Lear* and *King Henry IV.* P. II. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — (and swears she'll never stint,)] She'll never cease. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It stinted, and said, ay." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — while our scenes display—] The old copies have—  
— while our steare must play.

We might read—our *stage*—or rather, our *scene* (which was formerly spelt *scene*). So, in *As you like it*:

"This wide and universal theatre,  
Presents more woful pageants than the *scene*  
Wherein we play."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— as if  
"The *scene* you play, were mine."

It should be remembered, that *scene* was formerly spelt *scene*; so there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the last century were easily confounded. MALONE.

I read as in the text. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— and display'd the effects  
"Of disposition gentle." STEEVENS.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 557

In her unholy service. Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1. GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

2. GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place  
as this, she being once gone.

1. GENT. But to have divinity preach'd there!  
did you ever dream of such a thing?

2. GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1. GENT. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;  
but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her, she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze  
the god Priapus,<sup>2</sup> and undo a whole generation.

<sup>2</sup> — Priapus,] The present mention of this deity was perhaps  
suggested by the following passage in Twine's translation: "Then  
the bawde brought her into a certaine chappell where stood the  
idoll of Priapus made of gold," &c. STEEVENS.

We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*BOULT.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*PAND.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*BAWD.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguis'd.<sup>2</sup>

*BOULT.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lrs.* How now? How a dozen of virginities?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguis'd.]* So, in the ancient prose romance already quoted:—"Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wyfte, went and he *disguysed* hymselfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcy was" &c. STEEVENS.

So also, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed Athenagoras princeps primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait," &c. No mention is made in the *Confessio Amantis* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lysimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appollinus. So that Shakspeare must have taken this circumstance either from *King Appolyn of Thyre*, or some other translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*. MALONE.

The same circumstances are also found in Twine's translation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *How now? How a dozen of virginities?] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in King Henry IV. Part II:*

"How a score of ewes now?" MALONE.

**Bawd.** Now, the gods to-blefs your honour!<sup>4</sup>

**Boulr.** I am glad to fee your honour in good health.

**Lrs.** You may fo; 'tis the better for you that your reforters ftand upon found legs. How now, wholefome iniquity?<sup>5</sup> Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the furgeon?

**Bawd.** We have here one, fir, if ſhe would—— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

**Lrs.** If ſhe'd do the deeds of darknefs, thou would'ſt fay.

**Bawd.** Your honour knows what 'tis to fay, well enough.

**Lrs.** Well; call forth, call forth.

**Boulr.** For fleſh and blood, fir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a roſe; and ſhe were a roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

**Lrs.** What, pr'ythee?

**Boulr.** O, fir, I can be modeſt.

**Lrs.** That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no leſs than it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Now, the gods to-blefs your honour!*] This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See Vol. III. p. 461, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *wholefome iniquity?*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The ſecond quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no leſs than it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The firſt quarto has—*That dignities &c.* Perhaps the poet wrote—*That dignity is the renown &c.* The word *number* is, I believe, a miſprint; but I know not how to rectify it.

MALONE.

The intended meaning of the paſſage ſhould ſeem to be this: “The maſk of modeſty is no leſs ſucceſſfully worn by procureſſes than by wantons. It palliates groſſneſs of profeſſion in the former,



*Enter MARINA.*

**BAWD.** Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

**Lrs.** 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

**BAWD.** I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

**Lrs.** I beseech you, do.

**BAWD.** First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

**MAR.** I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

**BAWD.** Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

**MAR.** If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

**BAWD.** 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,<sup>7</sup> will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

**MAR.** What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it."—I join with Mr. Malone, however, in supposing this sentence to be corrupt.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *without any more virginal fencing,*] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus*:

" — the *virginal* palms of your daughters —."

MALONE.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord; she's not paced yet;<sup>8</sup> you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.<sup>10</sup>

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?<sup>11</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *My lord, she's not paced yet;*] She has not yet learned her paces. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The first quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lyfimachus. He had before expressed his desire to be left alone with Marina: “—Well, there's for you;—*leave us.*” MALONE.

These words may signify only—*Go back again*; and might have been addressed by the Bawd to Marina, who had offered to quit the room with her. STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *What I cannot name but I shall offend.*] The old copies read: *Why I cannot name &c.* MALONE.

I read—*What I cannot &c.* So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“*What but to speak of would offend again.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>11</sup> *Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?*] A gamester was formerly used to signify a wanton. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“She's impudent, my lord,

“And was a common gamester to the camp.” MALONE.

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof\* for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;†

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ———— fluttish spoils of opportunity,

“ And daughters of the game.” STEEVENS.

\* ——— and so stand aloof —] Old copies—*aloft*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

† *If you were born to honour, show it now;*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: “Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—‘Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.’ Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis.”

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

If put upon you, make the judgement good  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lrs.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—  
be sage.<sup>6</sup>

*MAR.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,  
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i'the purer air!

*Lrs.* I did not think  
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou could'st.  
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
thee:  
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,<sup>7</sup>  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*MAR.* The gods preserve you!

*Lrs.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me

It is preserved in Twine's translation, as follows: "Be of good  
cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe have also a  
daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may be-  
fall," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Some more;—be sage.*] Lyfimachus says this with a sneer.  
—*Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Persever still in that clear way thou goest,*] Continue in your  
present virtuous disposition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,  
1634:

" ————— For the sake  
" Of clear virginity, be advocate  
" For us and our distresses." MALONE.

See Vol. XI. p. 546, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,<sup>8</sup> and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—  
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st  
from me,  
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse*, BOULT  
*enters*.]

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lrs. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your  
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,  
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.]

BOULT. How's this? We must take another  
course with you. If your peevish chastity, which  
is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country  
under the cope,<sup>9</sup> shall undo a whole household, let  
me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off,  
or the common hangman shall execute it. Come  
your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven  
away. Come your ways, I say.

<sup>8</sup> ——— a piece of virtue,] This expression occurs in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— thy mother was

“ A piece of virtue ———.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

“ Betwixt us, ———.”

Octavia is the person alluded to. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— under the cope,] i. e. under the cope or covering of hea-  
ven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*. In *Coriolanus* we have  
“ under the canopy;” with the same meaning. STEEVENS.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*BAWD.* How now! what's the matter?

*BOULT.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lyfimachus.

*BAWD.* O abominable!

*BOULT.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.<sup>2</sup>

*BAWD.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*BOULT.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

*BAWD.* Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glafs of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.*] So, in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to the Bawd:

"Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

"So stinkingly depending?"

"Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir—."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *crack the glafs of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.*] So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus [leno] vocans villicum puellarum, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginitatis ejus." MALONE.

Here is perhaps some allusion to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius and by Pliny, B. XXXVI. ch. xxvi. but more circumstantially by Petronius. See his *Satyricon*, Variorum edit. p. 189. A skilful workman who had discovered the art of making glafs malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chapter 44. STEEVENS.

**BOULT.** An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.<sup>3</sup>

**MAR.** Hark, hark, you gods!

**BAWD.** She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!<sup>4</sup> [*Exit Bawd.*]

**BOULT.** Come, mistress; come your way with me.

**MAR.** Whither would you have me?

**BOULT.** To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

**MAR.** Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

**BOULT.** Come now, your one thing;<sup>5</sup>

**MAR.** What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

**BOULT.** Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

**MAR.** Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,<sup>6</sup> Since they do better thee in their command.

<sup>3</sup> — *she shall be plough'd.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,

“ He *plough'd* her, and she *cropp'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!*] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Mar. *Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.*

Boult. *Come now, your one thing;*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“ P. Hen. Shall I tell thee *one thing*, Poins?

“ Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your *one thing*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,*] The word *yet* was inserted by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

'Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
'Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel  
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;<sup>7</sup>  
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear  
Is liable; thy very food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.<sup>8</sup>

*BOULT.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*MAR.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

<sup>7</sup> ————— to every coystrel  
[That hither comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coystrel* is properly a wine-vessel. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitba*. It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. See Vol. VI. p. 249, n. 6.  
MALONE.

*Tib* was a common nick-name for a wanton. So, in *Nesce te*, (*Humours*) by Richard Turner, 1607:

“ They wondred much at Tom, but at *Tib* more,

“ Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an exlent whore.”

Again, in Churchyard's *Chaise*:

“ Tushe, that's a toye, let Tomkin talke of *Tibb*.”

*Coystrel* means a paltry fellow. This word seems to be corrupted from *keftrel*, a bastard kind of hawk. It occurs in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. iii. Spenser, Bacon, and Dryden, also mention the *keftrel*; and *Kastril*, Ben Jonson's angry boy in *The Alchemist*, is only a variation of the same term. The word *coystrel* in short, was employed to characterise any worthless or ridiculous being. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.] Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas. STEEVENS.



Any of these ways are better yet than this:<sup>1</sup>  
 For that which thou professest, a baboon,  
 Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.<sup>2</sup>  
 O that the gods would safely from this place  
 Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.  
 If that thy master would gain aught by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
 And I will undertake all these to teach.  
 I doubt not but this populous city will  
 Yield many scholars.<sup>3</sup>

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
 And prostitute me to the basest groom<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Any of these ways are better yet than this:]* The old copies read:

*Any of these ways are yet better than this.*

For this slight transposition I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *For that which thou professest, a baboon,*

*Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.]* The old copy thus:

*For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,  
 Would own a name too dear.*

That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, "Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a baboon."

Marina's wish for deliverance from her shameful situation, has been already expressed in almost the same words:

"——— O that the good gods

"Would set me free from this unhallow'd place!"

In this speech I have made some trifling regulations. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I doubt not but this populous city will*

*Yield many scholars.]* The scheme by which Marina effects her release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confessio Amantis*.

MALONE.

All this is likewise found in Twine's translation. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And prostitute me to the basest groom —]* So, in *King Henry V*:

"Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

"Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

"His fairest daughter is contaminate." STEEVENS.

That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee:  
if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But, amongst honest women?

BOULT. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst  
them. But since my master and mistress have  
bought you, there's no going but by their consent:  
therefore I will make them acquainted with your  
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them  
tractable enough.<sup>4</sup> Come, I'll do for thee what I  
can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and  
chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *but I shall find them tractable enough.*] So, in Twine's translation: " ——— he brake with the bawd his master touching that matter, who, hearing of *her* skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily persuaded." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *and she dances*

*As goddess-like to her admired lays:*] This compound epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— and undergoes,

" More goddess-like than wife-life, such assaults

" As would take in some virtue." MALONE.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— most goddess-like prank'd up." STEEVENS.

Deep clerks she dumbs; <sup>4</sup> and with her needl  
 composes <sup>5</sup>  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or  
 berry;  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses; <sup>6</sup>  
 Her inkle, filk, twin with the rubied cherry: <sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Deep clerks she dumbs;*] This uncommon verb is also found in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——that what I would have spoke

"Was beastly *dumb'd* by him." STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Where I have come, great *clerks* have purposed

"To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,

"And, in conclusion, *dumbly* have broke off,

"Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *——and with her needl composes——*] *Needl* for *needle*. So, in the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, by sir A. Gorges, 1614:

"——Like pricking *needls*, or points of swords."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *That even her art sisters the natural roses;*] I have not met with this word in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

"From off a hill, whose concave womb reworded

"A plaintful story from a *sift'ring* vale——." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Her inkle, filk, twin with the rubied cherry:*] *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *The Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,—*twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:

"Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth,——."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"——who *twine* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

"Her *twinning* cherries shall their sweetness fall

"Upon thy tasteful lips."

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the curfed bawd. Here we her place;<sup>8</sup>  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him, on the fea. We there him  
loft;<sup>9</sup>

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this  
coaft

Suppofe him now at anchor. The city ftiv'd  
God Neptune's annual feaft to keep:<sup>1</sup> from  
whence

Lyfimachus our Tyrian fhip efpies,  
His banners fable, trimm'd with rich expence;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.<sup>2</sup>

*Inkle*, however, as I am informed, anciently fignified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worfted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. It will not eafily be difcovered how Marina could work fuch refemblances of nature with *tape*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Here *we her place*;] So, the firft quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave we her place*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Where we left him, on the fea. We there him loft*;] The firft quarto reads—*We there him left*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the paffage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

*Where we left him at fea, tumbled and toft*;—

The correfponding rhyme, *coaft*, fhews that *left*, in the firft edition, was only a mifprint for *loft*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ————— *The city ftiv'd*

*God Neptune's annual feaft to keep*;] The citizens *wied* with each other in celebrating the feaft of Neptune. This harfh expreffion was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

I fufpect that our author wrote:

————— *The city's hiv'd*

*God Neptune's annual feaft to keep*:—

i. e. the citizens, on the prefent occafion, are collected like bees in a *hive*. Shakfpeare has the fame verb in *The Merchant of Venice*: —“Drones *hive* not with me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And to him in his barge with fervour hies*.] This is one of the few paffages in this play, in which the error of the firft copy is

In your supposing once more put your fight;  
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :<sup>4</sup>  
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,  
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.  
 [Exit.]

corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly—  
 with former hies. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *In your supposing once more put your fight;*

*Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:]* Once more put your  
 fight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see  
 what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand,  
 the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before:

"In your imagination hold

"This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

"The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak."

Again in *King Henry V*:

"——— Behold

"In the quick forge and working-house of thought."

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— your eyes advance

"After your thoughts."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Play with your fancies, and in them behold

"Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"——— all will come to nought;

"When such bad dealing shall be seen in thought."

The quarto, 1609, reads:

*Of heavy Pericles think*

and such also is the reading of

folio reads—*On heavy Pericles*

should be regulated differently

*And to him in his barge*

*In your supposing.—O*

*On heavy Pericles; 3*

You must now aid me with  
 thus hastening in his barge  
 more behold the melancholy  
 my opinion, the true read:  
 behold Pericles, was very  
 would of course be repre-  
 in these chorusses is, to  
 disbelieve, their eyes.

*bark:*

printed in 1619. The

this be right, the passage

your hies,

your fight

mation, and suppose Lyfima-

the Tyrian thi-

But the i-

we and

HEL. Gentlemen,  
 There is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray  
 you,  
 To greet them fairly.<sup>6</sup>

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,  
 and go on board the barge.*]

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the  
 Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

TYR. SAIL. Sir,  
 This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
 Resolve you.

Lrs. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,  
 And die as I would do.

Lrs. You wish me well.  
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
 Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
 I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, sir, what is your place?

Lrs. I am governor of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir,  
 Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
 A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
 To any one, nor taken sustenance,  
 But to prorogue his grief.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *greet them fairly.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609,  
 has—*greet him fairly.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief.  
 The modern editions read unnecessarily:

*But to prolong his grief.*

*Prorogued* is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

“ My life were better ended by their hate,  
 “ Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love.” MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 575

Lrs. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HEL. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;<sup>8</sup>  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lrs. May we not see him, then?

HEL. You may indeed, sir,  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

Lrs. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him, sir: [PERICLES *discovered*.]<sup>9</sup>  
this was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Sir, *it would be &c.*] For the insertion of the supplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next speech but one, as well as in the first address of Helicanus to Lyfimachus, I am accountable.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Pericles discovered*.] Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The antient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus, in the *Confessio Amantis*, it is said:

“ But for all that though hem be lothe,  
“ He [Athenagoras, the governor of Mitylene,] fonde the  
ladder and downe he goeth  
“ And to him spake——.”

So also, in *King Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: “—— he is here benetbe in tenebres and obscurete, and for nothinge that I may doe he wyll not yssue out of the place where as he is.”—But as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,*

*Drove him to this.*] The copies all read—one mortal night. The word which I suppose the author to have written, affords an easy sense. *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious, destructive*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Hold fast the mortal sword.” MALONE.

Lrs. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
 Hail,  
 Hail, royal sir!

HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

I. LORD. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene,<sup>3</sup> I durst  
 wager,  
 Would win some words of him.

Lrs. 'Tis well bethought.  
 She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
 And other choice attractions, would allure,  
 And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
 Which now are midway stopp'd:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Sir, we have a maid &c.] This circumstance resembles another in *All's well that ends well*, where Lafen gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king, before she is introduced to attempt his cure. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
 Which now are midway stopp'd:] The earliest quarto reads—*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd* parts,—i. e. ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision-mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time.

Thus, in the poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet*:

"Did not thy *parts*, fordon with pain, languish away and pine?"

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

"Her dainty *tender parts* 'gan shiver all for dread;

"Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish head*?"

Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move

"Each part in me that were but sensible."

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

"Those *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth view," &c.

*Stopp'd* is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Gawnt. My death's sad tale may not *undeaf* his ear.

"York. No; it is *stopp'd* with other flattering sounds."

MALONE.



She, all as happy as of all the fairest,  
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.<sup>4</sup>

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit  
Lord, in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Malone's explanation is fully supported by a line in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Make battery to our ears with the loud musick."

HOLT WHITS.

Perhaps we should read—his deafen'd *ports*. Thus, in *Timon*:

"Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*."

i. e. gates. *Deafen'd ports* would mean the oppilated doors of hearing. In *King Henry IV.* Part II. we have "the *gates* of breath." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *She, all as happy as of all the fairest,*

*Is, with her fellow maidens, now within &c.]* Old copy:

*She is as happy, as the fairest of all,*

*And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon*

*The leafy shelter—* STEEVENS.

Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of a *shelter* abutting against the side of an island. I would read:

*\_\_\_\_\_ is now upon*

*The leafy shelter, that abuts against*

*The island's side.*

i. e. the *shelving bank* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*:

"The lordes both and the commune

"The high festes of Neptune

"*Upon the stonde*, at rivage,

"As it was custome and usage,

"Solempneliche thei be figh."

So, before in this scene:

"Being on *shore*, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,—"

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the croud, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *King Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the gover-

HEL. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
further,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

Lrs. O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.<sup>7</sup>—Yet once more

nor, from *the honest house* to which she had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inserted, are not in the old copy.

MALONE.

If any alteration be thought necessary, I would read: "And is now *about* the leafy shelter," instead of *upon*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's alteration cannot be admitted, as the words *about* and *abut* would be so near each other as to occasion the most barbarous dissonance.—I have at least printed the passage so as to afford it smoothness, and some apparent meaning. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Exit Lord, in the barge of Lysimachus.*] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. II. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And so inflict our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do

Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, fir,<sup>8</sup> I will recount it;—  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

Lrs. O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?<sup>9</sup>

HEL. A gallant lady.

Lrs. She's such, that were I well assur'd she  
came  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:<sup>2</sup>

not believe to *infiel* was ever used by itself in the sense of to  
*punish*. The poet probably wrote—And so *affiel* our province.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Sit, *fir*,] Thus the eldest quarto. The modern editions read  
—*Sir*, *fir*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Is't not a goodly presence?*] Is she not beautiful in her form?  
So, in *King John*:

“Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.”

All the copies read, I think corruptedly:

*Is it not a goodly present?* MALONE.

Mr. Malone's emendation is undoubtedly judicious. So, in  
*Romeo and Juliet*:

“Show a *fair presence*, and put off these frowns.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty*  
*Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:]* The quarto,  
1609, reads:

*Fair on, all goodness that consists in beauty &c.*

If that thy prosperous-artificial feat<sup>3</sup>

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair and all goodness, &c. which renders the passage nonsense.—One was formerly written on; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas.

See Vol. VIII. p. 100, n. 6. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the *bounty* of her kingly patient, if she proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lyfmachus tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's well that ends well*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If that thy prosperous-artificial feat &c.*] Old copy:

*If that thy prosperous and artificial &c.* STEEVENS.

"Veni ad me, Tharsia;" (says Athenagoras) "*ubi nunc studiorum tuorum ut confoleeris dominum navis in tenebris sedentem; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia suâ?*"—*Gesta Romanorum*, p. 586, edit. 1558.

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded. [See Mr. Malone's *Supplements*, &c. to Shakspeare, Vol. I. p. 411, n. 1.]

A passage in *Measure for Measure* may add support to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

"——— In her youth

"There is a prone and speechless dialect,

"Such as moves men; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*

"When she will play with reason and discourse,

"And well she can persuade." MALONE.

Percy reads *feat*, instead of *fate*, which may possibly be the right reading; but in that case we ought to go farther, and strike out the word *and*:

*If that thy prosperous, artificial feat.*

The amendment I should propose is to read:

*If that thy prosperous artifice and fate.* M. MASON.

I read as in the text. Our author has many compound epithets of the same kind; as for instance,—*dismal-fatal*, *mortal-flaring*,

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,  
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings.<sup>4</sup>

*childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate, &c.* in all of which the first adjective is adverbially used. See Vol. VII. p. 492, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Marina sings.*] This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (or some translation of it,) which Tharfia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius:

“ Per scorta [f. heu!] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum;  
“ Sic spinis rosa [f. quæ] nescit violarier ullis.  
“ Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;  
“ Tradita lenoni non sum violata pudore.  
“ Vulnera cessassent animi, lacrimæque deessent,  
“ Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes.  
“ Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata;  
“ Ipsa, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.  
“ Fuge [f. Terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam;  
“ Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle:  
“ Jam [f. Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et  
auctor,  
“ Non [f. Nec] finit has lacrimas casso finire labore.”

MALONE.

I have subjoined this song (which is an exact copy of the Latin hexameters in the *Gesta Romanorum*) from Twine's translation.

The song is thus introduced: “Then began she to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly, that Appollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she soong so pleasantly unto the instrument.”

“ Amongst the harlots foul I walk,  
“ Yet harlot none am I:  
“ The rose among the thorns it grows,  
“ And is not hurt thereby.

*Lys.* Mark'd he your musick?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on comet-like: ' she speaks  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

“ The thief that stole me, sure I think,

“ Is slain before this time :

“ A bawd me bought, yet am I not

“ Defil'd by fleshly crime.

“ Were nothing pleasanter to me

“ Than parents mine to know :

“ I am the issue of a king,

“ My blood from kings doth flow.

“ I hope that God will mend my state,

“ And send a better day :

“ Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,

“ And banish care away.

“ Show gladness in your countenance,

“ Cast up your cheerful eyes :

“ That God remains that once of nought

“ Created earth and skies.

“ He will not let, in care and thought,

“ You still to live, and all for nought.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *comet-like* :] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ So, *portent-like*” &c.

The old copy of *Pericles* has—*like a comet*. STEEVENS.

——— *that ne'er before invited eyes,*

*But have been gaz'd on like a comet* :] So, in *King Henry IV* :

“ By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

“ But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at.” MALONE.

My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :<sup>6</sup>  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and aukward casualties<sup>7</sup>  
Bound me in servitude.—I will defist ;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*]

*PER.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*MAR.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.<sup>8</sup>

*PER.* I do think so.  
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—  
You are like something that—What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *My derivation was from ancestors*  
*Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :]* Thus, in *Othello* :  
“ ——— I fetch my birth  
“ From men of royal siege ;——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and aukward casualties—] *Aukward* is adverse. Our  
author has the same epithet in the Second Part of *King Henry VI* :  
“ And twice by *aukward* wind from England’s bank  
“ Drove back again.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *You would not do me violence.]* This refers to a part of the  
story that seems to be made no use of in the present scene. Thus,  
in Twine’s translation: “ Then Apollonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden,” &c.  
See, however, p. 586, line 10. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I do think so.*  
*I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—*  
*You are like something that—What countrywoman?*  
*Here of these shores?]* This passage is so strangely corrupted  
in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear  
transcribing it:

“ *Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your  
like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.  
*Mar.* No nor of any shewes,” &c.

*MAR.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*PER.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver  
weeping.<sup>9</sup>  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been:<sup>2</sup> my queen's square  
brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly:<sup>3</sup> in pace another Juno;<sup>4</sup>

For the ingenious emendation,—*shores*, instead of *seweres*—(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to insert it in the text) as well as the happy regulation of the whole passage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend, the Earl of Charlemont. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.*] So, in *King Richard II*:

“ — Green, thou art the *midwife* to my woe,  
“ And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
“ Now hath my foul *brought forth* her prodigy,  
“ And I, a gasping, *new-deliver'd* mother,  
“ Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.”

MALONE,

<sup>2</sup> — *such a one*

*My daughter might have been:*] So, Demones in the *Rudens* of Plautus, exclaims on beholding his long-lost child:

“ O filia

“ Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseriarum  
communes,

“ Trima quæ periit mihi: *jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio.*”

It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play strongly remind us of the *Rudens*. There Arcturus, like Gower, *πρωτογονίζει*.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles*, are brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroines of Plautus and Marina fall alike into the hands of a procurer. A circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramattick pieces depends. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> — *her eyes as jewel-like,*

*And cas'd as richly:*] So, in *King Lear*:



Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.<sup>5</sup>—Where do you  
live?

MAR. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>6</sup>

" — and in this habit,  
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
" Their *precious stones* new-lost."

Again, *ibidem*:

" What, with this *case* of eyes?" MALONE,

So, in the third act, Cerimon says,

" She is alive;—behold  
" Her eye-lids, *cases* to those heavenly jewels,  
" Which Pericles has lost,  
" Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

M. MASON,

<sup>4</sup> — in pace another Juno;] So, in *The Tempest*:

" — Highest queen of state  
" Great *Juno* comes; I know her by her *gait*."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — other women cloy  
" The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,  
" Where most she satisfies."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" As if increase of appetite did grow  
" By what it fed on." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?*] To owe in ancient language is to  
possess. So, in *Othello*:

" — that sweet sleep  
" That thou *ow'dst* yesterday."

The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, how-  
ever valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your pos-  
session. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus  
also one of Timon's flatterers:

" You mend the jewel by the wearing it." STEEVENS.

*MAR.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*PER.* Pr'ythee speak;  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in:<sup>7</sup> I'll believe  
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say,<sup>8</sup> when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

*MAR.* So indeed I did.

*PER.* Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
mine,  
If both were open'd.

<sup>7</sup> ——— a palace

*For the crown'd truth to dwell in:]* It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies, with a crown. Thus, in his 114th Sonnet:

“ Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,  
“ Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?”

Again, in his 37th Sonnet:

“ For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
“ Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
“ Entitled in thy parts do *crowned* sit,—.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to fit,  
“ For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*,  
“ Sole monarch of the universal earth.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Didst thou not say,]* All the old copies read—Didst thou not say. It was evidently a false print in the first edition.

MALONE.

MAR. Some such thing indeed<sup>9</sup>  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl:<sup>2</sup> yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,<sup>3</sup> and smiling  
Extremity out of act.<sup>4</sup> What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin?  
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.'

<sup>9</sup> *Some such thing* indeed—] For the insertion of the word—  
*indeed*, I am accountable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *thou art a man, and I*  
*Have suffer'd like a girl:*] So, in *Macbeth*:  
"If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me  
"The baby of a girl." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Like Patience, gazing on king's graves,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:  
"She sat like *Patience* on a monument,  
"Smiling at Grief."  
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:  
"Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes;  
"So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *and smiling*  
*Extremity out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekness  
disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted  
sword. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,  
"That was uprear'd to execution."

*Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like manner used  
in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

"—— another,  
"To amplify too much, would make much more,  
"And top *extremity*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?*  
*Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.*] All the old copies  
read—

*How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c.*

Did mock ~~sad~~ fools withal: this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I  
did give o'er.<sup>3</sup>

PER. I will believe you by the syllable<sup>3</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave  
me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,<sup>4</sup>

*in the rarest dream &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken  
*aside.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> You'll scarce *believe me*; '*twere best I did give o'er.*] All the  
old copies read—*You scorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles  
induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce *believe me*; '*twere best* &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on  
the contrary, great complacency and attention. So also, before:

" ——— Pr'ythee speak:

" Falseness cannot come from thee——

" ——— *I'll believe thee,*" &c.

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest  
latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I will believe you by the syllable &c.*] i. e. I will believe every  
word you say. So, in *Macbeth*:

" To the last syllable of recorded time."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" To the utmost syllable of your worthiness." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— who *having drawn*,] Mr. Malone supposes the old copy  
meant to read—*Whom having drawn*, &c. STEEVENS.

This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete, was common in  
Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest*:

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It  
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my gracious lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but

"Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

"Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

"Master of this design) did give us," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— This your son-in-law,

"And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

See also Vol. XII. p. 140, n. 8.

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"What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"O, well-a-day, if he be not drawn now!" STEEVENS.

Did mock ~~sad~~ fools withal: this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I  
did give o'er.<sup>3</sup>

PER. I will believe you by the syllable<sup>3</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave  
me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
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*in the rarest dream &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken  
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induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce *believe me*; 'twere best &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on  
the contrary, great complacency and attention. So also, before:

"—— Pr'ythee speak:

" Falseness cannot come from thee——

"—— I'll believe thee," &c.

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest  
latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I will believe you by the syllable &c.*] i. e. I will believe every  
word you say. So, in *Macbeth*:

" To the last syllable of recorded time."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" To the utmost syllable of your worthiness." STEEVENS.

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meant to read—*Whom having drawn*, &c. STEEVENS.

This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete  
Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest*:

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good fir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It  
may be,  
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my gracious lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but

"Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
"Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed  
"Master of this design) did give us," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— This your son-in-law,  
"And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,  
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

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——— art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?"

——— V:

"If he be not drawn now!" STEEVENS.

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I  
did give o'er.<sup>3</sup>

PER. I will believe you by the syllable<sup>1</sup>  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave  
me;  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,<sup>4</sup>

*is the rarest dream &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken  
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<sup>1</sup> You'll scarce *believe me*; '*twere best I did give o'er.*] All the  
old copies read—*You scorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles  
induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce *believe me*; '*twere best* &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on  
the contrary, great complacency and attention. So also, before:

"—— Pr'ythee speak:

"Falsehoods cannot come from thee——

"—— I'll believe thee," &c.

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest  
latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

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meant to read—Whom having drawn, &c. STEEVENS.

This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete, was common in  
Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest*:



PRINCE OF TYRE. 589

No motion?<sup>7</sup>—Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

MAR. Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

PER. At sea? thy mother?

MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born,<sup>8</sup>  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

PER. O, stop there a little!  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> No motion?] i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!" STEEVENS.

This passage should be pointed thus:—

"Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?"

That is, "Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment? the work of fairies." The present reading cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated beings, and to have working pulses as well as men. M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason's punctuation were followed, the line would be too long by a foot. Pericles suggests three images in his question—1. Have you a working pulse? i. e. are you any thing human and really alive? 2. Are you a fairy? 3. Or are you a puppet?

STEEVENS.

In the old copy this passage is thus exhibited:

"But are you flesh and blood?"

"Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?"

"Motion well, speak on," &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Who died the very minute I was born,] Thus the old copy. Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute &c.

otherwise it is the king, not the queen, that died at the instant of Marina's birth. In the old copies these lines are given as prose.

STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the metre.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep—] The words, *This*

Did mock ~~bad~~ fools withal: this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I  
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may be,  
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my gracious lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but

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"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

"Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

"Master of this design) did give us," &c.

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"What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"O, well-a-day, if he be not drawn now!" STEEVENS.

Here is the regent, fir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lrs.* She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*PER.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd fir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Left this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness.<sup>5</sup> O, come  
hither,  
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsius,  
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.<sup>6</sup>

*MAR.* First, fir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*PER.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)  
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of  
kingdoms,

<sup>5</sup> *And drown me with their sweetness.*] We meet a kindred  
thought in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
“ In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,  
“ I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
“ For fear I surfeit.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though*  
*nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your ve-*  
*racity.* STEEVENS.

And another life to Pericles thy father.<sup>7</sup>

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,  
The minute I began.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the heir of kingdoms,*  
*And another life to Pericles thy father.*] Mr. Malone reads :  
*And a mother like to Pericles, &c.* STEEVENS.

The old copy has—  
*And another like to Pericles thy father.*

There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled Pericles.

I believe the same error has happened in *Hamlet*, where in Act V. sc. ii. we find—"Is't not possible to understand in *another* tongue?" instead of which I believe the poet wrote, "Is't possible not to understand in *a mother* tongue?"

This error actually happened in the first edition of Sir Francis Bacon's Essay on *The Advancement of Learning*, B. II. p. 60, 4to. 1605: "—— by the art of grammar, whereof the use in *another* tongue is small; in a foreign tongue more." In the table of Errata we are desired to read—*a mother tongue*. MALONE.

I think that a slight alteration will restore the passage, and read it thus:

————— *But tell me now*  
*My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said*  
*Thou hast been godlike-perfect) thou'rt heir of kingdoms,*  
*And another life to Pericles thy father.*

That is, "Do but tell me my drowned queen's name, and thou wilt prove the heir of kingdoms, and *another life* to your father Pericles."——This last amendment is confirmed by what he says in the speech preceding, where he expresses the same thought:

"——— O come hither,  
"Thou that *beget'st* him that did thee beget."

M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's very happy emendation, with a somewhat different arrangement of the lines, and the omission of two useless words. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thaisa was my mother, who did end,*  
The minute I began.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, (Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been, By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;<sup>9</sup> When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge, She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene, Who, hearing of your melancholy state, Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you, sir. Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding. O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?<sup>2</sup>— Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him<sup>3</sup> O'er, point by point,<sup>4</sup> for yet he seems to doubt,<sup>4</sup> How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

“ ——— Lady,

“ Dear queen, *that ended when I but began,*

“ Give me that hand of yours to kiss.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Mine own, Helicanus, &c.*] Perhaps this means, she is *mine own* daughter, Helicanus, (not murder'd according to the design of Cleon) she (I say) shall tell thee all, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *But hark, what musick?*

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him—] Thus the earliest quarto. The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions read:

*But hark, what musick's this Helicanus? my Marina, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> O'er, point by point,] So, in Gower:

“ Fro *pynt* to *pynt* all she hym tolde

“ That she hath long in herte holde,

“ And never durst make hir mone

“ But only to this lorde allone.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for yet he seems to doubt,*] The old copies read—*for yet he seems to doat.* It was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

*Lrs.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.

*PER.* Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

*Lrs.* Musick? My lord, I hear—

*PER.* Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest,<sup>5</sup> [*He sleeps.*]

*Lrs.* A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and attendant Lady.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Most heavenly musick:*

*It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber*

*Hangs &c.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:*

"Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."

See Vol. V. p. 295, n. 5. Consult also Pindar's *First Pythian*,  
Ronfard, Gray, &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

"Unless some dull and favourable hand

"Will whisper musick to my weary spirit."

See Vol. IX. p. 192, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Well, my companion-friends,*

*If this but answer to my just belief,*

*I'll well remember you.]* These lines clearly belong to Marina.

She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe,) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina:

"Sir, I will use

"My utmost skill in his recovery; provided

"That none but I, and my *companion-maid*

"Be suffer'd to come near him."

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus;<sup>7</sup> hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

I would therefore read in the passage now before us:

————— *Well, my companion-friend;*  
or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance —my companion-*maids*.—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow-maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lyfimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion, is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

I am satisfied to leave Lyfimachus in quiet possession of these lines. He is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *My temple stands in Ephesus;*] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

“ The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,  
“ Whan that this kynge was fast aslepe,  
“ By nightes tyme he hath hym bede  
“ To sayle unto another stede:  
“ To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,  
“ And as it was that tyme lawe,  
“ He shall do there hys sacrifice;  
“ And eke he bad in all wise,  
“ That in the temple, amongst all,  
“ His fortune, as it is befall,  
“ Touchyng his doughter and his wife,  
“ He shall be knowe upon his life.” MALONE.



There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *And give them repetition to the life.*] The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. "Give them repetition to the life," means, as he observes, "Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate." So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ————— The younger brother, Cadwall,

" Strikes *life* into my speech."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

" Two of the first, *life* coats in heraldry," &c.

MALONE.

Before I had read the emendation proposed by Lord Charlemont, it had suggested itself to me, together with the following explanation of it: i. e. repeat to them a lively and faithful narrative of your adventures. Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike your hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.

I suspect, however, that Diana's revelation to Pericles, was originally deliver'd in rhyme, as follows:

" My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thither,

" And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

" There, when my maiden priests are met together,

" Before the people all, in *solemn wife*,

" *Recount the progress of thy miseries*.

" Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;

" *How* mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's: *go*,

" And give them repetition to the *life*.

" Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

" Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow."

Thus, in Twine's translation: "And when Appollonius laide him downe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leaue his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go unto the Temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voice to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day." STEVENS.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do't, and be happy,<sup>9</sup> by my silver bow.  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.]

PER. Celestial Dian, goddesses argentine,<sup>2</sup>  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

HEL.

Sir.

PER. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails; <sup>3</sup> estsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[To HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, fir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

Lrs. With all my heart, fir; and when you come  
ashore,  
I have another suit.<sup>4</sup>

PER.

You shall prevail,

<sup>9</sup> — and be happy,] The word *be* I have supplied.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — goddesses argentine,] That is, regent of the *silver* moon.  
So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,

“ The *silver-shining* queen he would detain.”

“ In the chemical phrase, (as Lord Charlemont observes to me,)  
a language well understood when this play was written, Luna or  
*Diana* means *silver*, as Sol does gold.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — blown sails;] i. e. swollen. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ A vent upon her arm, and something *blown*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I have another suit.*] The old copies read—I have another  
*sleight*. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are cor-  
rupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I  
therefore read,—I have another *suit*. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ I have a *suit* which you must not deny me.” MALONE.

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lrs.* Sir, lend your arm.

*PER.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then done.<sup>5</sup>  
This, as my last boon, give me,<sup>6</sup>  
(For such kindness must relieve me,)  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylin,

<sup>7</sup> This correction is undoubtedly judicious. I had formerly made an idle attempt in support of the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *More a little, and then done.*] See the following note.

STEEVENS.

— *and then dumb.*] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt. Thus, in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

“ Look how the peevish papists crouch and kneel

“ To some *dum* idoll with their offering.”

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *foon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads:

*More a little, and then done.* MALONE.

*Done* is surely the true reading. See n. 9 in the following page.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This, as my last boon, give me,*] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre. MALONE.

Some word is, in my opinion, still wanting to the measure. Perhaps our author wrote:

*This then, as my last boon, give me, —.* STEEVENS.

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,  
 Till he had done his sacrifice,<sup>7</sup>  
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>8</sup>  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus, the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.<sup>9</sup> [Exit.

<sup>7</sup> *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The interim, pray you, all confound.*] So, in *King Henry V*:

"——— Myself have play'd

" The interim, by remembering you 'tis past."

To confound here signifies to consume.—So, in *King Henry IV*:

" He did confound the best part of an hour,

" Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That he can hither come so soon,*

*Is by your fancy's thankful boon.*] Old copies—thankful *doom*; but as *soon* and *doom* are not rhymes corresponding, I read as in the text.

*Thankful boon* may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play; or, the boon for which we thank you. So, before in this chorus:

" This as my last boon give me." STEEVENS.

We had similar rhymes before:

"——— if king *Pericles*

" Come not home in twice six *moons*,

" He, obedient to their *dooms*,

" Will take the crown."

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

I have already expressed my belief, that in this last instance, a transposition is necessary:

" Come not, in twice six moons, *home*,

" He, obedient to their *doom*,

" Will take" &c. STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAÏSA standing near the altar, as high priestess; <sup>2</sup> a number of virgins on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

PER. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed<sup>1</sup>  
The fair Thaïsa, at Pentapolis.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery.<sup>4</sup> She at Tharsus

<sup>2</sup> Thaïsa—as high-priestess;] Does this accord with Iachimo's description:

“Live, like *Diana's priestess*, 'twixt cold sheets?”  
Diana must have been woefully imposed on, if she received the mother of Marina as a maiden votarefs. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Who, frighted from my country, did wed—*] Country must be considered as a trisyllable. So, *entrance, semblance*, and many others. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ———— *who, O goddess,*  
*Wears yet thy silver livery.*] i. e. her white robe of innocence,  
as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

PERCY.

So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

“There my *white stole of chastity* I daft.”

We had the same expression before:

“One twelve moons more she'll wear *Diana's livery*.”

MALONE.

Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
 He fought to murder: but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
 Made known herself my daughter.

THAI. Voice and favour!—  
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—*[She faints.]*

PER. What means the woman?<sup>6</sup> she dies! help,  
 gentlemen!

CER. Noble fir,  
 If you have told Diana's altar true,  
 This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;  
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'Tis most certain.

CER. Look to the lady;<sup>7</sup>—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
 Early, one blust'ring morn,<sup>8</sup> this lady was  
 Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
 Found there rich jewels;<sup>9</sup> recover'd her, and plac'd  
 her

<sup>5</sup> *You are, you are—O royal Pericles!* The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *What means the woman?* This reading was furnish'd by the second quarto. The first reads—What means the *man*? MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Look to the lady;* When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Early, one blust'ring morn,* Old copy—in blust'ring &c. The emendation, which is judicious, was furnished by Mr. Malone. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Found there rich jewels;* The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read—*these* jewels. Pericles's next question shews that

Here in Diana's temple.<sup>1</sup>

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,

Whither I invite you.<sup>2</sup> Look! Thaisa is Recover'd.

THAI. O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense<sup>4</sup> bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And drown'd.<sup>5</sup>

*these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Here in Diana's temple.] The same situation occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you.] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in *The Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — to my sense—] *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*. So also, in *Measure for Measure* and in *Hamlet*. [See note on—

“ — *Sense*, sure, you have,  
“ Else you could not have motion :”  
in the latter, Act III. sc. iv.] MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — supposed dead,  
And drown'd.] Supposed dead, and that my death was by drowning. MALONE.

*Drown'd*, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus in *Kneller's History*: “ Gallies might be *drown'd* in the harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be rigged.” STEEVENS.

PER. Immortal Dian!

THAI. Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.

PER. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sport:<sup>6</sup> You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen.<sup>7</sup> O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.<sup>8</sup>

MAR. My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.  
[Kneels to THAISA.

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

<sup>6</sup> *This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness  
Makes my past miseries sport:]* So, in *King Lear*:  
“It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I may  
Melt, and no more be seen.]* This is a sentiment which Shakespeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present.  
So, in *Otello*:

“——— If it were now to die  
“’Twere now to be most happy,” &c.  
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
“If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
“To die when I desire.” MALONE.

*Melt, and no more be seen.]* So, in the 39th *Psalms*:—“O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *O come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.]* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:  
“Not like a corse;—or if—not to be buried,  
“But quick, and in mine arms.” MALONE.



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THAI. Blefs'd, and mine own!\*

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not.

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

THAI. 'Twas Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:

Embrace him dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,  
Through whom the gods have shown their power;  
that can

From first to last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.

Befeech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Diana!

\* *Blefs'd, and mine own!*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me, *mine own*,

"Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How  
found

"Thy father's court?" MALONE.

I bleſs thee<sup>2</sup> for thy viſion, and will offer  
My night oblations to thee. Thaiſa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed<sup>3</sup> of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.<sup>4</sup> And now,  
This ornament that makes me look ſo diſmal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> I bleſs thee—] For the inſertion of the perſonal pronoun I am reſponſible. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the fair-betrothed—] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— Thaiſa,  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.] So, in the laſt ſcene of *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes informs Paulina:

“ ——— This your ſon-in-law,  
“ And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)  
“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— And now,  
This ornament that makes me look ſo diſmal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “ ——— the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ruſſ'd tennis balls.”

The author has here followed Gower, or *Gesta Romanorum*:

“ ——— this a vowe to God I make,  
“ That I ſhall never for hir ſake  
“ My berde for no likynge ſhave,  
“ Till it befall that I have  
“ In convenable time of age  
“ Beſette hir unto marriage.” *Confessio Amantis*.

The word *ſo* in the firſt line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina*, in the ſecond, which both the ſenſe and metre require, I have ſupplied. MALONE.

The author is in this place guilty of a ſlight inadvertency. It was but a ſhort time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharſus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to waſh his face or cut his hair. M. MASON.

See p. 509, n. 4: where, if my reading be not erroneous, a

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him!<sup>6</sup> Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.<sup>7</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

GOW. In Antioch, and his daughter,<sup>8</sup> you  
have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)

proof will be found that this vow was made almost immediately  
after the birth of Marina; and consequently that Mr. M. Mason's  
present remark has no sure foundation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Heavens make a star of him!*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Take him and cut him into little stars——."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— for they are fit

"To inlay heaven with stars." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the  
lame and impotent conclusion of the second part of *King Henry IV*:  
"Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's  
Tale* furnishes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly resembling  
the present:—"Hastily lead away." This passage will justify the  
correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the  
way. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In Antioch, and his daughter,*] The old copies read—*In Antiochus*  
and his daughter, &c. The correction was suggested by Mr.  
Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakspeare's other plays,  
*France*, for the king of France; *Morocco*, for the king of Mo-  
rocco," &c. MALONE.

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at  
last.<sup>9</sup>

In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their curst deed, and honour'd  
name.<sup>2</sup>

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but  
meant.<sup>3</sup>

So, on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has  
ending. [Exit GOWER.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.*] All the copies  
are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read:

*Virtue preferr'd from fell destruction's blast*——.

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy  
of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken  
on this and some other occasions.

It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakspeare  
many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— and *honour'd name*—] The first and second quarto read  
—*the* honour'd name. The reading of the text, which appears to  
me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here  
used for the collective body of the citizens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To punish them; although not done, but meant.*] The defective  
metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the  
word *them*, which I have supplied, was omitted by the carelessness  
of the printer. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c.  
that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendation:  
and the errata are so numerous and gross, that one is tempted to

suspect almost every line where there is the least deviation in the language from what is either usual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arisen from an illiterate transcriber having written the speeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other fix doubted plays. PERCY.

The fragment of the MS. poem, mentioned in the preliminary observations, has suffered so much by time, as to be scarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words are entirely lost. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgement with respect to the age of this piece:

" . . . . . thys was tranſlatyd almoſt at englondeſ ende  
 " . . . . . to the makers ſtat tak ſich a mynde  
 " . . . . . have y take hys bedys on hond and ſayd hys patr.  
                     noſt. and crede  
 " Thomas \* vicary y underſtonde at wymborne mynſtre in  
                     that ſtede  
 " . . . . . y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to  
                     be knowe  
 " . . . . . that wole the ſothe ywyte go thider and me wol the  
                     ſchewe."

On the ſubject of *Pericles*, Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, which was firſt repreſented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were ſubjoined two Diſſertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged ſuch arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earlieſt compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of ſome elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whoſe hand was acknowledged to be viſible in many ſcenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypotheſis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with

\* The letters in the Italick character have been ſupplied by the conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and ſuſiſhed the editor with the above extract.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a book-seller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of bookfellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irrefutable proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

After Mr. Malone's retraction, (which is no less honourable to himself than to the present editor of *Pericles*,) it may be asked why the dissertations mentioned in the foregoing note appear a second time in print. To such a question I am not unwilling to reply. My sole motive for republishing them is to manifest that the skill displayed by my late opponent in defence of what he conceived to have been right, can only be exceeded by the liberality of his concession since he has supposed himself in the wrong.

STEEVENS.

In a former disquisition concerning this play, I mentioned, that the dumb shows, which are found in it, induced me to doubt whether it came from the pen of Shakspeare. The sentiments that I then expressed, were suggested by a very hasty and transient survey of the piece. I am still, however, of opinion, that this consideration (our author having expressly ridiculed such exhibitions) might in a very doubtful question have some weight. But weaker proofs must yield to stronger. It is idle to lay any great stress upon such a slight circumstance, when the piece itself fur-

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nishes internal and irresistible evidence of its authenticity. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, the incidents, the situations of the persons, the colour of the style, at least through the greater part of the play, all, in my apprehension, conspire to set the seal of Shakspeare on this performance. What then shall we say to these dumb shows? Either, that the poet's practice was not always conformable to his opinions, (of which there are abundant proofs) or, (what I rather believe to be the case) that this was one of his earliest dramas, written at a time when these exhibitions were much admired, and before he had seen the absurdity of such ridiculous pageants: probably, in the year 1590, or 1591.\*

Mr. Rowe in his first edition of Shakspeare says, "It is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act." Dr. Farmer, whose opinion in every thing that relates to our author has deservedly the greatest weight, thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, and there only. The scene, in the last act, in which *Pericles* discovers his daughter, is indeed eminently beautiful; but the whole piece appears to me to furnish abundant proofs of the hand of Shakspeare. The inequalities in different parts of it are not greater than may be found in some of his other dramas. It should be remembered also, that Dryden, who lived near enough the time to be well informed, has pronounced this play to be our author's first performance:

"Shakspeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore;

"*The Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*."

Let me add, that the contemptuous manner in which Ben Jonson has mentioned it, is, in my apprehension, another proof of its authenticity. In his memorable Ode, written soon after his *New Inn* had been damned, when he was comparing his own unsuccessful pieces with the applauded dramas of his contemporaries, he naturally chose to point at what he esteemed a weak performance of a rival, whom he appears to have envied and hated merely because the splendor of his genius had eclipsed his own, and had rendered the reception of those tame and disgusting imitations of antiquity, which he boastingly called the only legitimate English dramas, as cold as the performances themselves.

\* If this play was written in the year 1590 or 1591, with what colour of truth could it be styled (as it is in the title-page to the first edition of it, 4to. 1609,) "the late and much admired" &c. ? STEEVENS.

As the subject is of some curiosity, I shall make no apology for laying before the reader a more minute investigation of it. It is proper, however, to inform him, that one of the following dissertations on the genuineness of this play precedes the other only for a reason assigned by Dogberry, that *where two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind*. That we might catch hints from the strictures of each other, and collect what we could mutually advance into a point, Mr. Steevens and I set forward with an agreement to maintain the propriety of our respective suppositions relative to this piece, as far as we were able; to submit our remarks, as they gradually increased, alternately to each other, and to dispute the opposite hypothesis, till one of us should acquiesce in the opinion of his opponent, or each remain confirmed in his own. The reader is therefore requested to bear in mind, that if the last series of arguments be considered as an answer to the first, the first was equally written in reply to the last:

“ — unus sese armat utroque,

“ Unaque mens animat non dissociabilis ambo.”

MALONE.

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is *only* visible in the last act, for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c. and this opinion is founded on a concurrence of circumstances which I shall attempt to enumerate, that the reader may have the benefit of all the lights I am able to throw on so obscure a subject.

Be it first observed, that most of the choruses in *Pericles* are written in a measure which Shakspeare has not employed on the same occasion, either in *The Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, or *King Henry the Fifth*. If it be urged, that throughout these recitations *Gower* was his model, I can safely affirm that their language, and sometimes their versification, by no means resembles that of Chaucer's contemporary. One of these monologues is composed in hexameters, and another in alternate rhymes; neither of which are ever found in his printed works, or those which yet remain in manuscript; nor does he, like the author of *Pericles*, introduce four and five-feet metre in the same series of lines. If Shakspeare therefore be allowed to have copied not only the general outline, but even the peculiarities of nature with ease and accuracy, we may surely suppose that, at the expence of some unprofitable labour, he would not have failed so egregiously in his imitation of



antiquated style or numbers.—That he could assume with nicety the terms of affectation and pedantry, he has shown in the characters of *Osrick* and *Armado*, *Holofernes* and *Nathaniel*. That he could successfully counterfeit provincial dialects, we may learn from *Edgar* and *Sir Hugh Evans*; and that he was no stranger to the peculiarities of foreign pronunciation, is likewise evident from several scenes of English tinged with French, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *King Henry the Fifth*.\*

But it is here urged by Mr. Malone, that an exact imitation of Gower would have proved unintelligible to any audience during the reign of Elizabeth. If it were (which I am slow to admit) our author's judgement would scarce have permitted him to choose an agent so inadequate to the purpose of an interpreter; one whose years and phraseology must be set at variance before he could be understood, one who was to assume the form, office, and habit of an ancient, and was yet to speak the language of a modern.

I am ready to allow my opponent that the authors who introduced *Machiavel*, *Guicciardine*, and the *Monk of Chester*, on the stage, have never yet been blamed because they avoided to make the two former speak in their native tongue, and the latter in the English dialect of his age. The proper language of the Italian statesman and historian, could not have been understood by our common audiences; and as to *Rainulph*, he is known to have composed his chronicle in Latin. Besides, these three personages were writers in prose. They are alike called up to superintend the relations which were originally found in their respective books; and the magick that converted them into poets, might claim an equal power over their modes of declamation. The case is otherwise, when ancient bards, whose compositions were in English, are summoned from the grave to instruct their countrymen; for these apparitions may be expected to speak in the style and language that distinguishes

\* Notwithstanding what I have advanced in favour of Shakspeare's uncommon powers of imitation, I am by no means sure he would have proved successful in a cold attempt to copy the peculiarities of language more ancient than his own. His exalted genius would have taught him to despise so servile an undertaking; and his good sense would have restrained him from engaging in a task which he had neither leisure nor patience to perform. His talents are displayed in copies from originals of a higher rank. Neither am I convinced that inferior writers have been over-lucky in poetical mimickries of their early predecessors. It is less difficult to deform language, than to bestow on it the true cast of antiquity; and though the licentiousness of Chaucer, and the obsolete words employed by Gower, are within the reach of moderate abilities, the humour of the one, and the general idiom of the other, are not quite so easy of attainment. The best of our modern poets have succeeded but tolerably in short compositions of this kind, and have therefore shown their prudence in attempting none of equal length with the assembled choruses in *Pericles*, which consist at least of three hundred lines. —Mr. Pope professes to give us a story in the manner of Chaucer; but uses a metre on the occasion in which not a single tale of that author is written,

their real age, and their known productions, when there is no sufficient reason why they should depart from them.

If the inequalities of measure which I have pointed out, be also visible in the lyric parts of *Macbeth*, &c. I must observe that throughout these plays our author has not professed to imitate the style or manner of any acknowledged character or age; and therefore was tied down to the observation of no particular rules. Most of the irregular lines, however, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, &c. I suspect of having been prolonged by casual monosyllables, which stole into them through the inattention of the copyist, or the impertinence of the speaker.—If indeed the choruses in *Pericles* contain many such marked expressions as are discoverable in Shakspeare's other dramas, I must confess that they have hitherto escaped my notice; unless they may be said to occur in particulars which of necessity must be common to all soliloquies of a similar kind. Such interlocutions cannot fail occasionally to contain the same modes of address, and the same persuasive arguments to solicit indulgence and secure applause. As for the *ardentia verba* celebrated by Mr. Malone, (to borrow Milton's phrase,) in my apprehension they *burn but cold and froze*.

To these observations I may add, that though Shakspeare seems to have been well versed in the writings of *Chaucer*, his plays contain no marks of his acquaintance with the works of *Gower*, from whose fund of stories not one of his plots is adopted. When I quoted the *Confessio Amantis* to illustrate "Florentius' love" in *The Taming of a Shrew*, it was only because I had then met with no other book in which that tale was related.—I ought not to quit the subject of these choruses without remarking that *Gower* interposes no less than six times in the course of our play, exclusive of his introduction and peroration. Indeed he enters as often as any chasm in the story requires to be supplied. I do not recollect the same practice in other tragedies, to which the chorus usually serves as a prologue, and then appears only between the acts. Shakspeare's legitimate pieces in which these mediators are found, might still be represented without their aid; but the omission of *Gower* in *Pericles* would render it so perfectly confused, that the audience might justly exclaim with *Othello*:—"Chaos is come again."

Very little that can tend with certainty to establish or oppose our author's exclusive right in this dramatick performance, is to be collected from the *dumb shows*; for he has no such in his other plays as will serve to direct our judgement. These in *Pericles* are not introduced (in compliance with two ancient customs) at stated periods, or for the sake of adventitious splendor. They do not appear before every act, like those in *Ferrex and Porrex*; they are not, like those in *Jocasta*, merely ostentatious. Such deviations from common practice incline me to believe that originally there were no mute exhibitions at all throughout the piece; but that

when Shakspeare undertook to reform it, finding some parts peculiarly long or uninteresting, he now and then struck out the dialogue, and only left the action in its room; advising the author to add a few lines to his choruses, as auxiliaries on the occasion. Those whose fate it is to be engaged in the repairs of an old mansion-house, must submit to many awkward expedients, which they would have escaped in a fabrick constructed on their own plan: or it might be observed, that though Shakspeare has expressed his contempt of such *dumb shows* as were *inexplicable*, there is no reason to believe he would have pointed the same ridicule at others which were more easily understood. I do not readily perceive that the aid of a *dumb show* is much more reprehensible than that of a *chorus*:

“ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem

“ Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”

If it be observed that the latter will admit of sentiment and poetical imagery, it may be also urged that the former will serve to furnish out such spectacles of magnificence as should by no means appear despicable in a kingdom which has ever encouraged the pomp of lord mayors’ feasts, installments, and coronations.—I should extend these remarks to an unwarrantable length, or might be tempted to prove that many of Shakspeare’s plays exhibit traces of these solemn pantomimes; \* though they are too adroitly managed by him to have need of verbal interpretation.

Next it may be remarked, that the valuable parts of *Pericles* are more distinguished by their poetical turn, than by variety of character, or command over the passions. Partial graces are indeed almost the only improvements that the mender of a play already written can easily introduce; for an error in the first concoction can be redeemed by no future process of chemistry. A few flowery lines may here and there be strewn on the surface of a dramatick piece; but these have little power to impregnate its general mass. Character, on the contrary, must be designed at the author’s outset, and proceed with gradual congeniality through the whole. In genuine Shakspeare, it insinuates itself every where, with an address like that of Virgil’s snake—

\* The reader who is willing to pursue this hint, may consult what are now called the *stage directions*, throughout the folio 1623, in the following pages. I refer to this copy, because it cannot be suspected of modern interpolation. *Tempest*, p. 13, 15, 16. *All’s Well &c.* 234, 238. *King Henry VI.* P. I. 100, 102, 105. Ditto, P. II. 125, 127, 129. Ditto, P. III. 164. *King Henry VIII.* 206, 207, 211, 215, 224, 226, 231. *Coriolanus*, 6, 7. *Titus Andronicus*, 31. *Timon*, 82. *Macbeth*, 135, 144. *Hamlet*, 267. *Antony and Cleopatra*, 351, 355. *Cymbeline*, 392, 393.

“ ——— fit tortile collo

“ Aurum ingens coluber; fit longæ tænia vittæ,

“ Inneſſitque comas, et membris lubricus errat.”

But the drama before us contains no diſcrimination of manners,\* (except in the comick dialogues,) very few traces of original thought, and is evidently deſtitute of that intelligence and uſeful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakspeare's undiſputed performances. To ſpeak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that ſparkle through the rubbiſh of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, nor the good ſenſe which ſo often fertilizes the barren fable of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—*Pericles*, in ſhort, is little more than a ſtring of adventures ſo numerous, ſo inartificially crowded together, and ſo far removed from probability, that in my private judgement, I muſt acquit even the irregular and lawleſs Shakspeare of having conſtructed the fabrick of the drama, though he has certainly beſtowed ſome decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only ſerves by contraſt to expoſe the meanness of the original materials. That the plays of Shakspeare have their inequalities likewiſe, is ſufficiently underſtood; but they are ſtill the inequalities of Shakspeare. He may occaſionally be abſurd, but is ſeldom fooliſh; he may be cenſured, but can rarely be deſpiſed.

I do not recollect a ſingle plot of Shakspeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels), in which the majority of the characters are not ſo well connected, and ſo neceſſary in reſpect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the ſtory; unleſs that ſtory (as in the caſes of *Antigonus* and *Mercutio*) requires the interpoſition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting;

“ ——— diſiectas moles, avulſaque faxis

“ Saxa vides;” ———

and even with the aid of *Gower* the ſcenes are rather looſely tacked together, than cloſely interwoven. We ſee no more of *Antiochus* after his firſt appearance. His anonymous daughter utters but one unintelligible couplet, and then vaniſhes. *Simonides* likewiſe is loſt as ſoon as the marriage of *Thaiſa* is over; and the puniſhment of *Cleon* and his wife, which poetick juſtice demanded, makes no part of the action, but is related in a kind of epilogue by *Gower*. This is at leaſt a practice which in no inſtance

\* Thoſe opticks that can detect the ſmalleſt veſtige of Shakspeare in the character of the *Pentapolitan monarch*, cannot fail with equal felicity to diſcover *Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt*, and to find all that ſhould adorn the *Graces*, in the perſons and conduct of the *weird ſiſters*. Compared with this *Simonides*, the *King of Navarre* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *Theseus* in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, and the *Rex fiſtulatiffimus* in *All's well that ends well*, are the rareſt compounds of *Machiavel* and *Hercules*.

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has received the sanction of Shakspeare. From such deficiency of mutual interest, and *liaison* among the personages of the drama, I am further strengthened in my belief that our great poet had no share in constructing it.\* Dr. Johnson long ago observed that

\* It is remarkable, that not a name appropriated by Shakspeare to any character throughout his other plays, is to be found in this. At the same time the reader will observe that, except in such pieces as are built on historical subjects, or English fables, he employs the same proper names repeatedly in his different dramas.

Antonio.	Tempest.	Two Gent.	Much Ado.	T. Night.	M. of V.
Sebastian.	_____	Tw. Night.			
Ferdinand.	_____	L. L. Loft.			
Francisco.	_____	Hamlet.			
Stephano.	_____	M. of Ven.			
Helena.	Cymbeline.	All's Well.	M. N. Dr.	Tr. and Cress.	
Demetrius.	M. N. Dr.	Ant. and Cl.			
Valentine.	Two Gent.	Tw. Night.			
Balthazar.	Much Ado.	M. of Ven.	Com. of E.	R. and Jul.	
Escalus.	R. and Jul.	M. for Meas.			
Claudius.	Much Ado.	_____			
Juliet.	R. and Jul.	_____			
Mariana.	M. for Meas.	All's Well.			
Vincentio.	Tam. the Shrew.	_____			
Portia.	Julius Cæsar.	M. of Ven.			
Gratiano.	Othello.	_____			
Rosaline.	L. L. Loft.	As you &c.			
Katharine.	Tam. the Shrew.	L. L. Loft.			
Maria.	Twelfth Night.	_____			
Emilia.	Othello.	W. Tale.	Com. of E.		
Angelo.	M. for Meas.	Com. of E.			
Varro.	Timon.	Julius Cæsar.			
Flavius.	_____	_____			
Lucilius.	_____	_____			
Diomedes.	Tr. and Cress.	Ant. and Cleo.			
Varrius.	M. for Meas.	_____			
Cornelius.	Hamlet.	Cymbeline.			
Bianca.	Othello.	T. the Shrew.			
Paris.	Tr. and Cress.	R. and Jul.			
Baptista.	Hamlet.	T. the Shr.			
Claudius.	_____	Jul. Cæsar.			
Philo.	Ant. and Cleo.	Timon.			
Ventidius.	_____	_____			
Lucius.	Cymbeline.	_____			
Cæfario.	Twelfth Night.	Ant. and Cleo.			

To these might be added such as only differ from each other by means of fresh terminations:

Launce.	Two Gent.	and Launcelot.	Merchant of Venice.
Adrian.	Tempest.	and Adriana.	Comedy of Errors.
Francisco.	Hamlet, &c.	and Francisco.	Measure for Measure.
Luce.	Com. of Errors.	Lucina, <i>ibid.</i>	Lucetta. Two Gent.
Silvius.	As you like it.	and Silvia.	Two Gent. of Verona.
Egeus.	Mid. Night's Dr.	and Egeon.	Comedy of Errors.
Hortensius.	Timon.	and Hortensio.	Taming of the Shrew.
Leonato.	Much Ado.	and Leonatus.	Cymbeline.

his *real* power is not seen in the splendor of particular passages, but in the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue: and when it becomes necessary for me to quote a decision founded on comprehensive views, I can appeal to none in which I should more implicitly confide.—*Gower* relates the story of *Pericles* in a manner not quite so desultory; and yet such a tale as that of *Prince Appolyn*, in its most perfect state, would hardly have attracted the notice of any playwright, except one who was quite a novice in the rules of his art. Mr. Malone indeed observes that our author has pursued the legend exactly as he found it in the *Confessio Amantis*, or elsewhere. I can only add, that this is by no means his practice in any other dramas, except such as are merely historical, or founded on facts from which he could not venture to deviate, because they were universally believed. Shakspeare has deserted his originals in *As you like it*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, &c. The curious reader may easily convince himself of the truth of these assertions.

That Shakspeare has repeated in his later plays any material circumstances which he had adopted in his more early ones, I am by no means ready to allow. Some smaller coincidences with himself may perhaps be discovered. Though it be not usual for one architect to build two fabricks exactly alike, he may yet be found to have distributed many ornaments in common over both, and to have fitted up more than one apartment with the same cornice and mouldings. If *Pericles* should be supposed to bear any general and striking resemblance to *The Winter's Tale*, let me enquire in what part of the former we are to search for the slightest traces of *Leontes'* jealousy (the hinge on which the fable turns) the noble fortitude of *Hermione*, the gallantry of *Florizel*, the spirit of *Paulina*, or the humour of *Autolycus*? Two stories cannot be said to have much correspondence, when the chief features that distinguish the one, are entirely wanting in the other.

Names that in some plays are appropriated to speaking characters, in other dramas are introduced as belonging only to absent persons or things. Thus we have mention of a

Rosaline; a Lucio, a Helena, a Valentine, &c. in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Isabella, Escalus, Antonio, and Sebastian, in *All's well that ends well*.

Capulet and Roderigo, in *Twelfth Night*.

Ferdinand and Troilus, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c.

I have taken this minute trouble to gain an opportunity of observing how unlikely it is that Shakspeare should have been content to use second-hand names in so many of his more finished plays, and at the same time have bestowed original ones throughout the scenes of *Pericles*. This affords additional suspicion, to me at least, that the story, and the personæ dramatis, were not of our author's selection.—Neither *Gower*, nor the translator of *King Appolyn*, has been followed on this occasion; for the names of *Pericles*, *Escanes*, *Simonides*, *Cleon*, *Lyfimbatus*, and *Marina*, are foreign to the old story, as related both by the poet and the novelist.

Mr. Malone is likewise willing to suppose that Shakspeare contracted his dialogue in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, because he had before exhausted himself on the same subject in *Pericles*. But it is easy to justify this distinction in our poet's conduct, on other principles. Neither the king or queen of Tyre feels the smallest degree of self-reproach. They meet with repeated expressions of rapture, for they were parted only by unprovoked misfortune. They speak without reserve, because there is nothing in their story which the one or the other can wish to be suppressed.—*Leontes*, on the contrary, seems content to welcome his return of happiness without expatiating on the means by which he had formerly lost it; nor does *Hermione* recapitulate her sufferings, through fear to revive the memory of particulars which might be construed into a reflection of her husband's jealousy. The discovery of *Marina* would likewise admit of clamorous transport, for similar reasons; but whatever could be said on the restoration of *Perdita* to her mother, would only tend to prolong the remorse of her father. Throughout the notes which I have contributed to the play of *Pericles*, I have not been backward to point out many of the particulars on which the opinion of Mr. Malone is built; for as truth, not victory, is the object of us both, I am sure we cannot wish to keep any part of the evidence that may seem to affect our reciprocal opinions, out of sight.

Mr. Malone is likewise solicitous to prove, from the wildness and irregularity of the fable, &c. that this was either our author's first, or one of his earliest dramas. It might have been so; and yet I am sorry to observe that the same qualities predominate in his more mature performances; but there these defects are instrumental in producing beauties. If we travel in *Antony and Cleopatra* from *Alexandria* to *Rome*—to *Messina*—into *Syria*—to *Athens*—to *Adium*, we are still relieved in the course of our peregrinations by variety of objects, and importance of events. But are we rewarded in the same manner for our journeys from *Antioch* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Pentapolis*, from *Pentapolis* to *Tharsus*, from *Tharsus* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Mitylene*, and from *Mitylene* to *Ephesus*?—In one light, indeed, I am ready to allow *Pericles* was our poet's first attempt. Before he was satisfied with his own strength, and trusted himself to the publick, he might have tried his hand with a partner, and entered the theatre in disguise. Before he ventured to face an audience on the stage, it was natural that he should peep at them through the curtain.

What Mr. Malone has called the *inequalities of the poetry*, I should rather term the *patchwork of the style*, in which the general flow of Shakspeare is not often visible. An unwearied blaze of words, like that which burns throughout *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and *Mariamne*, is never attempted by our author; for such uniformity could be maintained but by keeping nature at a distance. Inequality

and wildness, therefore, cannot be received as criterions by which we are to distinguish the early pieces of Shakspeare from those which were written at a later period.

But one peculiarity relative to the complete genuineness of this play, has hitherto been disregarded, though in my opinion it is absolutely decisive. I shall not hesitate to affirm, that through different parts of *Pericles*, there are more frequent and more awkward ellipses than occur in all the other dramas attributed to the same author; and that these figures of speech appear only in such worthless portions of the dialogue as cannot with justice be imputed to him. Were the play the work of any single hand, or had it been corrupted only by a printer, it is natural to suppose that this clipped jargon would have been scattered over it with equality. Had it been the composition of our great poet, he would be found to have availed himself of the same license in his other tragedies; nor perhaps, would an individual writer have called the same characters and places alternately Pericles and Pericles, Thaisa and Thaisa, Pentapölis and Pentapölis. Shakspeare never varies the quantity of his proper names in the compass of one play. In *Cymbeline* we always meet with Posthumus, not Posthūmus, Arviragus, and not Arvirāgus.

It may appear singular that I have hitherto laid no stress on such parallels between the acknowledged plays of Shakspeare and *Pericles*, as are produced in the course of our preceding illustrations. But perhaps any argument that could be derived from so few of these, ought not to be decisive; for the same reasoning might tend to prove that every little piece of coincidence of thought and expression, is in reality one of the petty larcenies of literature; and thus we might in the end impeach the original merit of those whom we ought not to suspect of having need to borrow from their predecessors.\* I can only add on this subject, (like Dr. Farmer) that the world is already possessed of the *Marks of Imitation*; and that there is scarce one English tragedy but bears some slight internal resemblance to another. I therefore attempt no deduction from premises occasionally fallacious, nor pretend to discover in the piece before us the draughts of scenes which were afterwards more happily wrought, or the slender and crude principles of ideas which on other occasions were dilated into consequence, or polished

\* Dr. Johnson once assured me, that when he wrote his *Irene* he had never read *Orbello*; but meeting with it soon afterwards, was surprized to find he had given one of his characters a speech very strongly resembling that in which Cassio describes the effects produced by Desdemona's beauty on such inanimate objects as the *gutter'd rocks and congregated sands*. The doctor added, that on making the discovery, for fear of imputed plagiarism, he struck out this accidental coincidence from his own tragedy.



into lustre.\* Not that such a kind of evidence, however strong, or however skilfully applied, would divest my former arguments

\* Though I admit that a small portion of general and occasional relations may pass unsuspected from the works of one author into those of another, yet when multitudes of minute coincidences occur, they must have owed their introduction to contrivance and design. The surest and least equivocal marks of imitation (says Dr. Hurd) are to be found in peculiarities of phrase and diction; an identity in both, is the most certain note of plagiarism.

This observation inclines me to offer a few words in regard to Shakspeare's imputed share in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

On Mr. Pope's opinion relative to this subject, no great reliance can be placed; for he who reprobated *The Winter's Tale* as a performance alien to Shakspeare, could boast of little acquaintance with the spirit or manner of the author whom he undertook to correct and explain.

Dr. Warburton (Vol. I. after the table of editions) expresses a belief that our great poet wrote "the first act, but in his worst manner." The Doctor indeed only seems to have been ambitious of adding somewhat (though at random) to the decision of his predecessor.

Mr. Seward's enquiry into the authenticity of this piece, has been fully examined by Mr. Colman, who adduces several arguments to prove that our author had no concern in it. [See Beaumont and Fletcher, last edit. Vol. I. p. 118.] Mr. Colman might have added more to the same purpose; but, luckily for the publick, his pen is always better engaged than in critical and antiquarian disquisitions.

As Dr. Farmer has advanced but little on the present occasion, I confess my inability to determine the point on which his conclusion is founded.

This play, however, was not printed till eighteen years after the death of Shakspeare; and its title-page carries all the air of a canting bookseller's imposition. Would any one else have thought it necessary to tell the world, that Fletcher and his pretended coadjutor, were "*memorable worthies*?" The piece too was printed for one *John Waterfon*, a man who had no copy-right in any of our author's other dramas. It was equally unknown to the editors in 1623, and 1632; and was rejected by those in 1664, and 1685.—In 1661, *Kirkman*, another knight of the rubrick post, issued out *The Birth of Merlin*, by Rowley and Shakspeare. Are we to receive a part of this also as a genuine work of the latter? for the authority of *Kirkman* is as respectable as that of *Waterfon*.—I may add, as a similar instance of the craft or ignorance of these ancient *Curls*, that in 1640, the *Coronation*, claimed by *Shirley*, was printed in *Fletcher's* name, and (I know not why) is still permitted to hold a place among his other dramas.

That Shakspeare had the slightest connection with B. and Fletcher, has not been proved by evidence of any kind. There are no verses written by either in his commendation; but they both stand convicted of having aimed their ridicule at passages in several of his plays. His imputed intimacy with one of them, is therefore unaccountable. Neither are the names of our great confederates enrolled with those of other wits who frequented the literary *symposia* held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street. As they were gentlemen of family and fortune, it is probable that they aspired to company of a higher rank than that of needy poets, or mercenary players. Their dialogue bears abundant testimony to this supposition; while Shakspeare's attempts to exhibit such sprightly conversations as pass between young men of elegance and fashion, are very rare, and almost confined (as Dr. Johnson remarks) to the characters of Mercutio and his associates. Our author could not easily copy what he had few opportunities of observing.—So much for the unlikeliness of Fletcher's having united with Shakspeare in the same composition.

of their weight; for I admit without reserve that Shakspeare,

“ — whose hopeful colours

“ Advance a half-fac’d sun striving to shine,”

But here it may be asked—why was the name of our poet joined with that of Beaumont’s coadjutor in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, rather than in any other play of the same author that so long remained in manuscript? I answer,—that this event might have taken its rise from the playhouse tradition mentioned by Pope, and founded, as I conceive, on a singular occurrence, which it is my present office to point out and illustrate to my readers.

The language and images of this piece coincide perpetually with those in the dramas of Shakspeare. The same frequency of coincidence occurs in no other individual of Fletcher’s works; and how is so material a distinction to be accounted for? Did Shakspeare assist the survivor of Beaumont in his tragedy? Surely no; for if he had, he would not (to borrow a conceit from *Moth in Love’s Labour’s Lost*) have written as if he had been at a great feast of tragedies, and stolen the scraps. It was natural that he should more studiously have abstained from the use of marked expressions in this than in any other of his pieces written without assistance. He cannot be suspected of so pitiful an ambition as that of setting his seal on the portions he wrote, to distinguish them from those of his colleague. It was his business to coalesce with Fletcher, and not to withdraw from him. But, were our author convicted of this jealous artifice, let me ask where we are to look for any single dialogue in which these lines of separation are not drawn. If they are to be regarded as landmarks to ascertain our author’s property, they stand so constantly in our way, that we must adjudge the whole literary estate to him. I hope no one will be found who supposes our duumvirate sat down to correct what each other wrote. To such an indignity Fletcher could not well have submitted; and such a drudgery Shakspeare would as hardly have endured. In *Pericles* it is no difficult task to discriminate the scenes in which the hand of the latter is evident. I say again, let the critic try if the same undertaking is as easy in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The style of Fletcher on other occasions is sufficiently distinct from Shakspeare’s, though it may mix more intimately with that of Beaumont:

“Ὅς τ’ ἀποκιδνάμενος ποταμῷ μελαδόντος Ἀράξου  
Φάσιδι συμφέρεται ἰζὶν ῥέον. *Apol. Rhod.*

From loud Araxes Lycus’ streams divide,  
But roll with Phasis in a blended tide.

But, that my assertions relative to coincidence may not appear without some support, I proceed to insert a few of many instances that might be brought in aid of an opinion which I am ready to subjoin.—The first passage hereafter quoted is always from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, edit. 1750; the second from the *Plays of Shakspeare*, edit. 1778.\*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>{ 1. — Dear <i>glafs</i> of ladies.</p> <p>2. — he was indeed the <i>glafs</i></p> | <p>p. 9. Vol. X.</p> <p>Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves. <i>King Henry IV.</i> Part II.<br/>Vol. V. p. 487.</p> |
| <p>{ 1. — blood-fiz’d field—</p> <p>2. — o’er-fiz’d with coagulate gore.</p>          | <p>p. 9.</p> <p><i>Hamlet</i>, Vol. X. p. 264.</p>  |

\* The present edition being unfinished, these references could not be made to correspond with it.

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is visible in many scenes throughout the play. But it follows not from thence that he is answerable for its worst parts, though the

1. —as *ospreys* do the fish,  
Subdue before they touch. p. 11.
  2. —as is the *osprey* to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. *Coriolanus*, Vol. VII. p. 467.
- 
1. His *ocean* needs not my poor drops. p. 20.
  2. —as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on a myrtle leaf  
To his *grand sea*. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. VIII. p. 230.
- 
1. Their *intertangled roots* of love. p. 22.
  2. —Grief and patience, *rooted* in him both,  
*Mingle their spurs together*. *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 278.
- 
1. Lord, lord, the difference of men! p. 30.
  2. O, the difference of man and man. *King Lear*, Vol. IX. p. 502.
- 
1. Like *lazy clouds*—. p. 30.
  2. —the *lazy-pacing clouds*—. *Romeo and Juliet*, Vol. X. p. 55.
- 
1. —the angry swine  
*Flies* like a *Partbian*. p. 31.
  2. Or, like the *Partbian*, I shall *flying* fight. *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 202.  
Mr. Seward observes that this comparison occurs no where in Shakspere.
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1. *Banish'd* the kingdom, &c.—. p. 41.
  2. See the speech of *Romeo* on the same occasion. *Romeo and Juliet*, Vol. X. p. 101, &c.
- 
1. He has a tongue will tame  
Tempests—. p. 42.
  2. —he would sing the savageness out of a bear. *Othello*, Vol. X. p. 574.
- 
1. *Thefeus*.] To-morrow, by the sun, to do *observance*  
To flowery May. p. 47.
  2. *Thefeus*.] —they rose up early to *observe*  
The rite of May. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. III. p. 97.
- 
1. Let all the dukes and all the *devils* roar,  
He is at liberty—. p. 48.
  2. And if the *devil* come and *roar* for them,  
He shall not have them. *King Henry IV*. Vol. V. p. 282.
- 
1. —in *thy rumination*  
That I, poor man, might *eftsoons* come between. p. 50.
  2. —Nymph, in *thy orisons*  
Be all my sins remember'd! *Hamlet*, Vol. X. p. 279.
- 
1. Dear *cousin* Palamon—  
*Pal. Cozeners* Arcite. p. 51.
  2. —Gentle Harry Percy, and kind *cousin*,—  
The devil take such *cozeners*. *King Henry IV*. Part I. Vol. V. p. 289.
- 
1. —this question, sick between us,  
By *bleeding* must be *cur'd*. p. 54.
  2. *Let's purge* this choler without *letting blood*. *King Richard II*. Vol. V. p. 137.

Were I disposed, with controversial wantonness, to reason against conviction, I might add, that as Shakspeare is known to have bor-

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|--|--------------------------------|
| { Dion. <i>How now, Marina? why do you keep alone?</i>       | <i>Pericles.</i>               |
| { Lady Macb. <i>How now, my lord? why do you keep alone?</i> | <i>Macbeth.</i>                |
| { Coun. — <i>have with you, boys!</i>                        | <i>Two Noble Kinsmen.</i>      |
| { Bel. <i>Have with you, boys!</i>                           | <i>Cymbeline.</i>              |
| { Daugh. Yours to command, i' th' way of bonesty.            | <i>Two Noble Kinsmen.</i>      |
| { Faulc. For I was got i' th' way of bonesty.                | <i>King John.</i>              |
| { Thal. — if I can get him <i>within my pistol's length.</i> | <i>Pericles.</i>               |
| { Phang. — an if he come but <i>within my vice.</i>          | <i>King Henry IV. Part II.</i> |

All such examples I have abstained from producing; but the peculiar coincidence of many among those already given, suffers much by their not being viewed in their natural situations.

Let the criticks who can fix on any particular scenes which they conceive to have been written by Shakspeare, or let those who suppose him to have been so poor in language as well as ideas, that he was constrained to borrow in the compass of *half the Noble Kinsmen* from above a dozen entire plays of his own composition, advance some hypothesis more plausible than the following; and yet I flatter myself that readers may be found who will concur with me in believing this tragedy to have been written by Fletcher in silent imitation of our author's manner. No other circumstance could well have occasioned such a frequent occurrence of corresponding phrases, &c.; nor, in my opinion, could any particular, but this, have induced the players to propagate the report, that our author was Fletcher's coadjutor in the piece.—There is nothing unusual in these attempts at imitation. Dryden, in his preface to *All for Love*, professes to copy the style of Shakspeare. Rowe, in his *Jane Shore*, arrogates to himself the merit of having pursued the same plan. How far these poets have succeeded, it is not my present business to examine; but Fletcher's imitation, like that of many others, is chiefly *verbal*; and yet (when joined with other circumstances) was perfect enough to have misled the judgement of the players. Those people, who in the course of their profession must have had much of Shakspeare's language recent in their memories, could easily discover traces of it in this performance. They could likewise observe that the drama opens with the same characters as first enter in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; that *Clownus* exert themselves for the entertainment of *Thebesus* in both; that a *pedagogue* likewise directs the sports in *Love's Labour's Lost*; that a character of *female frenzy*, copied from *Opbelia*, is notorious in the *Tailor's Daughter*; and that this girl, like *Lady Macbeth*, is attended by a *physician* who describes the difficulties of her ease, and comments on it, in almost similar terms. They might therefore conclude that the play before us was in part a production of the same writer. Over this line, the criticks behind the scenes were unable to proceed. Their sagacity was insufficient to observe that the general current of the style was even throughout the whole, and bore no marks of a divided hand. Hence perhaps the *sol geminus* and *duplices Thebes* of these very incompetent judges, who, like staunch match-makers, were desirous that the widow'd muse of Fletcher should not long remain without a bed-fellow.

Left it should be urged that one of my arguments against Shakspeare's co-operation in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* would equally militate against his share in *Pericles*, it becomes necessary for me to ward off any objection to that purpose, by remarking that the circumstances attendant on these two dramas are by no means exactly parallel. Shakspeare probably furnished his share in the latter

rowed whole speeches from the authors of *Darius*, *King John*, the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c. as well as from novellists and historians without number, so he might be suspected of having taken lines, and hints for future situations, from the play of *Pericles*, supposing it were the work of a writer somewhat more early than himself. Such splendid passages occur in the scenes of his contemporaries, as have not disgraced his own: and be it remembered, that many things which we at present are content to reckon only among the adoptions of our great poet, had been long regarded as his own proper effusions, and were as constantly enumerated among his distinguished beauties. No verses have been more frequently quoted, or more loudly applauded than those beginning with *The cloud-capt towers in The Tempest*; but if our positions relative to the date of that play are well founded, Shakspeare's share in this celebrated account of nature's dissolution, is very inconsiderable.

at an early period of his authorship, and afterwards (having never owned it, or supposing it to be forgotten) was willing to profit by the most valuable lines and ideas it contained. But he would scarce have been considered himself as an object of imitation, before he had reached his meridian fame; and in my opinion, *The Noble Kinsmen* could not have been composed till after 1611, nor perhaps antecedent to the deaths of Beaumont and our author, when assistance and competition ceased, and the poet who resembled the latter most, had the fairest prospect of success. During the life of Beaumont, which concluded in 1615, it cannot well be supposed that Fletcher would have deserted him, to write in concert with any other dramatist. Shakspeare survived Beaumont only by one year, and, during that time, is known to have lived in Warwickshire, beyond the reach of Fletcher, who continued to reside in London till he fell a sacrifice to the plague in 1625; so that there was no opportunity for them to have joined in personal conference relative to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; and without frequent interviews between confederate writers, a consistent tragedy can hardly be produced. But, at whatever time of Shakspeare's life *Pericles* was brought forth, it will not be found on examination to comprize a fifth part of the coincidences which may be detected in its successor; neither will a tenth division of the same relations be discovered in any one of his thirty-five dramas which have hitherto been published together.

To conclude, it is peculiarly apparent that this tragedy of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was printed from a prompter's copy, as it exhibits such stage-directions as I do not remember to have seen in any other drama of the same period. We may likewise take notice that there are fewer hemistichs in it than in any of Shakspeare's acknowledged productions. If one speech concludes with an imperfect verse, the next in general completes it. This is some indication of a writer more studious of neatness in composition than the pretended associate of Fletcher.

In the course of my investigation I am pleased to find I differ but on one occasion from Mr. Colman; and that is, in my disbelief that Beaumont had any share in this tragedy. The utmost beauties it contains, were within the reach of Fletcher, who has a right to wear,

“ Without corival, all his dignities:

“ But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!”

because there is no just reason for supposing any poet but Chaucer has a right to dispute with him the reputation which the tale of *Palamon and Arcite* has so long and so indisputably maintained.

To conclude, the play of *Pericles* was in all probability the composition of some friend whose interest the "gentle Shakspeare" was industrious to promote. He therefore improved his dialogue in many places; and knowing by experience that the strength of a dramattick piece should be augmented towards its catastrophe, was most liberal of his aid in the last act. We cannot be surpris'd to find that what he has supplied is of a different colour from the rest:

"Scinditur in partes, geminoque cacumine surgit,

"Thebanos imitata rogos;"

for, like Beaumont, he was not writing in conjunction with a Fletcher.

Mr. Malone has asked how it happens that no memorial of an earlier drama on the subject of *Pericles* remains. I shall only answer by another question—Why is it the fate of still-born infants to be soon forgotten? In the rummage of some mass of ancient pamphlets and papers, the first of these two productions may hereafter make its appearance. The chance that preserved *The Witch of Middleton*, may at some distant period establish my general opinion concerning the authenticity of *Pericles*, which is already strengthened by those of Rowe and Dr. Farmer, and countenanced in some degree by the omission of Heminge and Condell. I was once dispos'd to entertain very different sentiments concerning the authority of title-pages; but on my mended judgement (if I offend not to say it is mended) I have found sufficient reason to change my creed, and confess the folly of advancing much on a question which I had not more than cursorily considered.—To this I must subjoin, that perhaps our author produced the *Winter's Tale* at the distance of several years from the time at which he corrected *Pericles*; and, for reasons hinted at in a preceding page, or through a forgetfulness common to all writers, repeated a few of the identical phrases and ideas which he had already used in that and other dramas. I have formerly observed in a note on *King Lear*, (See Vol. XIV. p. 293. n. 4, that Shakspeare has appropriated the same sentiment, in nearly the same words, to *Justice Shallow*, *King Lear*, and *Osbello*; and may now add, that I find another allusion as nearly expressed in five different places:

"I'd strip myself to death, as for a bed

"That longing I'd been sick for." *Measure for Measure*.

"I will encounter darkness like a bride,

"And hug it in my arms." *Ibidem*.

"—— I will be

"A bridegroom in my death, and run unto's

"As to a lover's bed." *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"I will die bravely like a bridegroom." *King Lear*.

"—— in terms like bride and groom

"Devesting them for bed." *Osbello*.

The degree of credit due to the title-page of this tragedy is but very inconsiderable. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; but that Shakspeare was known to have had some hand in it, was sufficient reason why the whole should be fathered on him. The name of the original writer could have promoted a bookseller's purpose in but an inferior degree. In the year 1611, one of the same fraternity attempted to obtrude on the publick the old *King John* (in Dr. Farmer's opinion written by Rowley) as the work of our celebrated author.

But we are told with confidence, that

"Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore,

"The *Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*."

To the testimony of Dryden respect is always due, when he speaks of things within the compass of his own knowledge. But on the present occasion he could only take report, or a title-page, for his guide; and seems to have preferred smoothness of verification to preciseness of expression. His meaning is completely given in the second line of his couplet. In both, he designs to say no more than that Shakspeare himself did not rise to excellence in his first plays; but that *Pericles*, one of the weakest imputed to him, was written before *Othello*, which is generally regarded as the most vigorous of his productions; that of these *two* pieces, *Pericles* was the first. Dryden in all probability met with it in the folio edition, 1664, and enquired no further concerning its authenticity. The birth of his friend Sir William D'Avenant happened in 1605, at least ten years below the date of this contested drama.\*

The abuse of J. Tatham would have deserved no reply, had it not been raised into consequence by its place in Mr. Malone's Preliminary Observations. I think it therefore but justice to observe, that this obscure wretch who calls our author a "plebeian driller," (drollier I suppose he meant to say,) has thereby bestowed on him a

\* Shakspeare died in 1616; and it is hardly probable that his godson (a lad about ten years old) instead of searching his pockets for apples, should have enquired of him concerning the dates of his theatrical performances. It is not much more likely that afterwards, in an age devoid of literary curiosity, Sir William should have been solicitous about this circumstance, or met with any person who was capable of ascertaining it.

If it be urged against this opinion, that most of the players contemporary with Shakspeare, were yet alive, and from that quarter Sir William's information might have been derived, I answer,—from those who were at the head of their fraternity while our author flourished, he could not have received it. Had they known that *Pericles* was the entire composition of our great poet, they would certainly have printed it among his other works in the folio 1623.—Is it likely that any of our ancient histrionick troop were better acquainted with the *innubula* of Shakspeare's Muse, than the very people whose intimate connection with him is marked by his last will, in which he calls them—"his fellows John Hemynge, and Henry Condell"?

portion of involuntary applause. Because Horace has pronounced that he who pleases the great is not entitled to the lowest of encomiums, are we therefore to infer that the man who has given delight to the vulgar, has no claim also to his dividend of praise?—*interdum vulgus rectum putat*. It is the peculiar merit of Shakspeare's scenes, that they are generally felt and understood. The tumid conceits of modern tragedy communicate no sensations to the highest or the meanest rank. Sentimental comedy is not much more fortunate in its efforts. But can the period be pointed out in which *King Lear* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* did not equally entertain those who fill the boxes and the gallery, *primores populi, populumque tributim*?

Before I close this enquiry, which has swelled into an unexpected bulk, let me ask, whose opinion confers most honour on Shakspeare, my opponent's or mine? Mr. Malone is desirous that his favourite poet should be regarded as the sole author of a drama which, collectively taken, is unworthy of him. I only wish the reader to adopt a more moderate creed, that the *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten playwright.

If consistently with my real belief I could have supported instead of controverting the sentiments of this gentleman, whom I have the honour to call my friend, I should have been as happy in doing so as I now am in confessing my literary obligations to him, and acknowledging how often in the course of the preceding volume he has supplied my deficiencies, and rectified my errors.

On the whole, were the intrinsic merits of *Pericles* yet less than they are, it would be entitled to respect among the curious in dramatick literature. As the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaello, so *Pericles* will continue to owe some part of its reputation to the touches it is said to have received from the hand of Shakspeare.

To the popularity of the *Prince of Tyre* (which is sufficiently evident from the testimonies referred to by Mr. Malone) we may impute the unprecedented corruptions in its text. What was acted frequently, must have been frequently transcribed for the use of prompters and players; and through the medium of such faithless copies it should seem that most of our early theatrical pieces were transmitted to the publick. There are certainly more gross mistakes in this than in any other tragedy attributed to Shakspeare. Indeed so much of it, as hitherto printed, was absolutely unintelligible, that the reader had no power to judge of the rank it ought to hold among our ancient dramatick performances.

STEEVENS.



Mr. Steevens's intimate acquaintance with the writings of Shakspeare renders him so well qualified to decide upon this question, that it is not without some distrust of my own judgement that I express my dissent from his decision; but as all the positions that he has endeavoured to establish in his ingenious disquisition on the merits and authenticity of *Pericles* do not appear to me to have equal weight, I shall shortly state the reasons why I cannot subscribe to his opinion with regard to this long-contested piece.

The imperfect imitation of the language and numbers of Gower, which is found in the choruses of this play, is not in my apprehension a proof that they were not written by Shakspeare. To summon a person from the grave, and to introduce him by way of Chorus to the drama, appears to have been no uncommon practice with our author's contemporaries. Marlowe, before the time of Shakspeare, had in this way introduced Machiavel in his *Jew of Malta*; and his countryman Guicciardine is brought upon the stage in an ancient tragedy called *The Devil's Charter*. In the same manner Rainulph, the monk of Chester, appears in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, written by Thomas Middleton. Yet it never has been objected to the authors of the two former pieces, as a breach of decorum, that the Italians whom they have brought into the scene do not speak the language of their own country; or to the writer of the latter, that the monk whom he has introduced does not use the English dialect of the age in which he lived.—But it may be said, “nothing of this kind is attempted by these poets; the author of *Pericles*, on the other hand, has endeavoured to copy the versification of Gower, and has failed in the attempt: had this piece been the composition of Shakspeare, he would have succeeded.”

I shall very readily acknowledge, that Shakspeare, if he had thought fit, could have exhibited a tolerably accurate imitation of the language of Gower; for there can be little doubt, that what has been effected by much inferior writers, he with no great difficulty could have accomplished. But that, because these choruses do not exhibit such an imitation, they were therefore not his performance, does not appear to me a necessary conclusion; for he might not think such an imitation proper for a popular audience. Gower, like the persons above mentioned, would probably have been suffered to speak the same language as the other characters in this piece, had he not written a poem containing the very story on which the play is formed. Like Guicciardine and the monk of Chester, he is called up to superintend a relation found in one of his own performances. Hence, Shakspeare seems to have thought it proper (not, to copy his versification, for that does not appear to have been at all in his thoughts, but) to throw a certain air of antiquity over the monologues which he has attributed to the venerable bard. Had he imitated the diction of the *Confessio Amantis*

with accuracy, he well knew that it would have been as unintelligible to the greater part of his audience as the Italian of Guicciardine or the Latin of Rainulph; for, I suppose, there can be no doubt, that the language of Gower (which is almost as far removed from that of Hooker and Fairfax, as it is from the prose of Addison or the poetry of Pope,) was understood by none but scholars,\* even in the time of queen Elizabeth. Having determined to introduce the contemporary of Chaucer in the scene, it was not his business to exhibit so perfect an imitation of his diction as perhaps with assiduity and study he might have accomplished, but such an antiquated style as might be understood by the people before whom his play was to be represented.†

As the language of these choruses is, in my opinion, insufficient to prove that they were not the production of Shakspeare, so also is the inequality of metre which may be observed in different parts of them; for the same inequality is found in the lyrical parts of *Macbeth* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.‡ It may likewise be remarked, that as in *Pericles*, so in many of our author's early performances, *alternate rhymes* frequently occur; a practice which I have not observed in any other dramatick performances of that age, intended for publick representation.§

Before I quit the subject of the choruses introduced in this piece, let me add, that, like many other parts of this play, they contain some marked expressions, certain *ardentia verba*, that are also found in the undisputed works of our great poet; which any one who will take the trouble to compare them with the choruses in *King Henry V.* and *The Winter's Tale*, will readily perceive. If, in order to account for the similitude, it shall be said, that though Shakspeare did not compose these declamations of Gower, he might have *retouched* them, as that is a point which never can be ascertained, so no answer can be given to it.

That the play of *Pericles* was originally written by another poet, and afterwards improved by Shakspeare, I do not see sufficient rea-

\* Perhaps not by all of them. The treasures of Greece and Rome had not long been discovered, and to the study of ancient languages almost every Englishman that aspired to literary reputation applied his talents and his time, while his native tongue was neglected. Even the learned Ascham was but little acquainted with the language of the age immediately preceding his own. If scholars were defective in this respect, the people, we may be sure, were much more so.

† If I am warranted in supposing that the language of the *Confessio Amantis* would have been unintelligible to the audience, this surely was a sufficient reason for departing from it.

‡ See p. 390, of n. 5.

§ The plays of Lord Sterling are entirely in alternate rhymes; but these seem not to have been intended for the stage, nor were they, I believe, ever performed in any theatre.

son to believe. It may be true, that all which the improver of a dramattick piece originally ill-constructed can do, is, to polish the language, and to add a few splendid passages; but that this play was the work of another, which Shakspeare from his friendship for the author revised and corrected, is the very point in question, and therefore cannot be adduced as a medium to prove that point. It appears to me equally improbable that *Pericles* was formed on an unsuccessful drama of a preceding period; and that all the weaker scenes are taken from thence. We know indeed that it was a frequent practice of our author to avail himself of the labours of others, and to construct a new drama upon an old foundation; but the pieces that he has thus imitated are yet extant. We have an original *Taming of a Shrew*, a *King John*, a *Promos and Cassandra*, a *King Lear*, &c. but where is this old play of *Pericles*?\* or how comes it to pass that no memorial of such a drama remains? Even if it could be proved that such a piece once existed, it would not warrant us in supposing that the less vigorous parts of the performance in question were taken from thence; for though Shakspeare borrowed the fables of the ancient dramas just now enumerated, he does not appear to have transcribed a single scene from any one of them.

Still however it may be urged, if Shakspeare was the original author of this play, and this was one of his earliest productions, he would scarcely, in a subsequent period, have introduced in his *Winter's Tale* some incidents and expressions which bear a strong resemblance to the latter part of *Pericles*: on the other hand, he might not scruple to copy the performance of a preceding poet.

Before we acquiesce in the justice of this reasoning, let us examine what has been his practice in those dramas concerning the authenticity of which there is no doubt. Is it true that Shakspeare has rigidly abstained from introducing incidents or characters similar to those which he had before brought upon the stage? Or rather, is not the contrary notorious? In *Much Ado about Nothing* the two principal persons of the drama frequently remind us of two other characters that had been exhibited in an early production,—*Love's Labour's Lost*. In *All's well that ends well* and *Measure for Measure* we find the same artifice twice employed; and in many other of his plays the action is embarrassed, and the denouement affected, by contrivances that bear a striking similitude to each other.

The conduct of *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, which have several events common to both, gives additional weight to the supposition that the two pieces proceeded from the same hand. In the latter our author has thrown the discovery of Perdita into narration, as

\* When Ben Jonson calls *Pericles* a mouldy tale, he alludes, I apprehend, not to the remote date of the play, but to the antiquity of the story on which it is founded.

if through consciousness of having already exhausted, in the business of Marina, all that could render such an incident affecting on the stage. Leontes too says but little to Hermione, when he finds her; their mutual situations having been likewise anticipated by the Prince of Tyre and Thaisa, who had before amply expressed the transports natural to unexpected meeting after long and painful separation.

All the objections which are founded on the want of *liaison* between the different parts of this piece, on the numerous characters introduced in it, not sufficiently connected with each other, on the various and distant countries in which the scene is laid,—may, I think, be answered, by saying that the author pursued the story exactly as he found it either in the *Confessio Amantis*\* or some prose translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*; a practice which Shakspeare is known to have followed in many plays, and to which most of the faults that have been urged against his dramas may be imputed.† —If while we travel in *Antony and Cleopatra*‡ from one country to another with no less rapidity than in the present piece, the objects presented to us are more beautiful, and the prospect more diversified, let it be remembered at the same time, that between the composition of these two plays there was probably an interval of at least fifteen years; that even Shakspeare himself must have gra-

\* Here also were found the names of the greater part of the characters introduced in this play; for of the seventeen persons represented, six of the names only were the invention of the poet.

The same quantity not being uniformly observed in some of these names, is mentioned by Mr. Steevens as a proof that this piece was the production of two hands. We find however Thaisa and Thaisa in the fifth act, in two succeeding lines. Is it to be imagined, that this play was written like French *Bouts rimés*, and that as soon as one verse was composed by one of this supposed duumvirate, the next was written by his associate?

† In the conduct of *Measure for Measure* his judgement has been arraigned for certain deviations from the Italian of Cinthio, in one of whose novels the story on which the play is built, may be read. But, on examination, it has been found, that the faults of the piece are to be attributed not to Shakspeare's departing from, but too closely pursuing his original, which, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was not Cinthio's novel, but the *Heptameron* of Whetstone. In like manner the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet* is rendered less affecting than it might have been made, by the author's having implicitly followed the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, on which his play appears to have been formed. In *The Winter's Tale*, Bohemia, situated nearly in the center of Europe, is described as a maritime country, because it had been already described as such by Robert Greene in his *Dorastus and Faunus*; and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Protheus goes from one inland town to another by sea; a voyage that in some novel he had probably taken before. Many similar instances might be added.

‡ It is observable that the two plays of *Pericles* and *Antony and Cleopatra* were entered together at Stationers' Hall in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the printers of the first folio edition of our author's works,

dually acquired information like other mortals, and in that period must have gained a knowledge of many characters, and various modes of life, with which in his earlier years he was unacquainted.

If this play had come down to us in the state in which the poet left it, its numerous ellipses might fairly be urged to invalidate Shakspeare's claim to the whole or to any part of it. But the argument that is founded in these irregularities of the style loses much of its weight, when it is considered, that the earliest printed copy appears in so imperfect a form, that there is scarcely a single page of it undisfigured by the grossest corruptions. As many words have been inserted, inconsistent not only with the author's meaning, but with any meaning whatsoever, as many verses appear to have been transposed, and some passages are appropriated to characters to whom manifestly they do not belong, so there is great reason to believe that many words and even lines were omitted at the press; and it is highly probable that the printer is answerable for more of these ellipses than the poet. The same observation may be extended to the metre, which might have been originally sufficiently smooth and harmonious, though now, notwithstanding the editor's best care, it is feared it will be found in many places rugged and defective.

On the appearance of Shakspeare's name in the title-page of the original edition of *Pericles*, it is acknowledged no great stress can be laid; for by the knavery of printers or booksellers it has been likewise affixed to two pieces, of which it may be doubted whether a single line was written by our author. However, though the name of Shakspeare may not alone authenticate this play, it is not in the scale of evidence entirely insignificant; nor is it a fair conclusion, that, because we are not to confide in the title-pages of two dramas which are proved by the whole colour of the style and many other considerations not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, we are therefore to give no credit to the title of a piece, which we are led by very strong internal proof, and by many corroborating circumstances, to attribute to him. Though the title-pages of *The London Prodigal* and *Sir John Oldcastle* should clearly appear to be forgeries, those of *Henry IV.* and *Othello* will still remain unimpeached.

The non-enumeration of *Pericles* in Meres's Catalogue of our author's plays, printed in 1598, is undecisive with respect to the authenticity of this piece; for neither are the three parts of *King Henry VI.* nor *Hamlet* mentioned in that list; though it is certain they were written, and had been publicly performed, before his book was published.

Why this drama was omitted in the first edition of Shakspeare's works, it is impossible now to ascertain. But if we shall allow the omission to be a decisive proof that it was not the composition of

our author, we must likewise exclude *Troilus and Cressida* from the list of his performances: for it is certain, this was likewise omitted by the editors of the first folio, nor did they see their error till the whole work and even the table of contents was printed; as appears from its not being paged, or enumerated in that table with his other plays. I do not, however, suppose that the editors, Heminge and Condell, did not know who was the writer of *Troilus and Cressida*, but that the piece, though printed some years before, for a time escaped their memory. The same may be said of *Pericles*. Why this also was not recovered, as well as the other, we can now only conjecture. Perhaps they thought their volume had already swelled to a sufficient size, and they did not choose to run the risk of retarding the sale of it by encreasing its bulk and price; perhaps they did not recollect *The Prince of Tyre* till their book had been issued out; or perhaps they considered it more for their friend's credit to omit this juvenile performance. Ben Jonson, when he collected his pieces into a volume, in the year 1616, in like manner omitted a comedy called *The Case is Altered*, which had been printed with his name some years before, and appears to have been one of his earliest productions; having been exhibited before the year 1599.

After all, perhaps, the internal evidence which this drama itself affords of the hand of Shakspeare is of more weight than any other argument that can be adduced. If we are to form our judgement by those unerring criterions which have been established by the learned author of *The Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, the question will be quickly decided; for who can point out two writers, that without any communication or knowledge of each other ever produced so many passages, coinciding both in sentiment and expression, as are found in this piece and the undisputed plays of Shakspeare? \* Should it be said, that he did not scruple to borrow both fables and sentiments from other writers, and that therefore this circumstance will not prove this tragedy to be his, it may be answered, that had *Pericles* been an anonymous production, this coincidence might not perhaps ascertain Shakspeare's title to the play; and he might with sufficient probability be supposed to have only borrowed from another; but when, in addition to all the circumstances already stated, we recollect the constant tradition that has accompanied this piece, and that it was printed with his name, in his life-time, as acted at his own theatre, the

\* "Considering the vast variety of words which any language, and especially the more copious ones furnish, and the infinite possible combinations of them into all the forms of phraseology, it would be very strange, if two persons should hit on the same identical terms, and much more, should they agree in the same precise arrangement of them in whole sentences." *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*. Hurd's *Horace*, Vol. III. p. 109, edit. 1766.

parallel passages which are so abundantly scattered throughout every part of *Pericles* and his undisputed performances, afford no slight proof, that in the several instances enumerated in the course of the preceding observations, he borrowed, as was his frequent practice, from himself; and that this contested play was his own composition.

The testimony of Dryden to this point does not appear to me so inconsiderable as it has been represented. If he had only meant to say, that *Pericles* was produced before *Othello*, the second line of the couplet which has been already quoted, would have sufficiently expressed his meaning; nor, in order to convey this idea was it necessary to call the former the *first* dramatick performance of Shakspeare; a particular which he lived near enough the time to have learned from stage-tradition, or the more certain information of his friend Sir William D'Avenant.\* If he had only taken the folio edition of our author's works for his guide, without any other authority, he would have named *The Tempest* as his earliest production; because it happens to stand first in the volume. But however this may be, and whether, when Dryden entitled *Pericles* our author's first composition, he meant to be understood literally or not, let it be remembered, that he calls it *his* PERICLES; that he speaks of it as the legitimate, not the spurious or adopted, offspring of our poet's muse; as the sole, not the partial, property of Shakspeare.

I am yet therefore unconvinced, that this drama was not written by our author. The wildness and irregularity of the fable, the artless conduct of the piece, and the inequalities of the poetry, may, I think, be all accounted for, by supposing it either his first or one of his earliest essays in dramatick composition. MALONE.

\* Sir William D'Avenant produced his first play at the theatre in *Blackfriars*, in 1629, when he was twenty-four years old, at which time his passion for apple-hunting, we may presume, had subsided, and given way to more manly pursuits. That a young poet thus early acquainted with the stage, who appears to have had a great veneration for our author, who was possessed of the only original picture of Shakspeare ever painted, who carefully preserved a letter written to him by King James, who himself altered four of his plays and introduced them in a new form on the stage, should have been altogether incurious about the early history and juvenile productions of the great luminary of the dramatick world, (then only thirteen years dead) who happened also to be his god-father, and was by many reputed his father, is not very credible. That he should have never made an enquiry concerning a play, printed with Shakspeare's name, and which appears to have been a popular piece at the very time when D'Avenant produced his first dramatick essay, (a *third* edition of *Pericles* having been printed in 1630) is equally improbable. And it is still more incredible, that our author's friend, old Mr. Heminge, who was alive in 1629, and principal proprietor and manager of the Globe and Blackfriar's play houses, should not have been able to give him any information concerning a play, which had been produced at the former theatre, probably while it was under his direction, and had been acted by his company with great applause for more than thirty years.

On looking into *Roscius Anglicanus*, better known by the name of *Downes the Prompter's Book*, originally printed in 1708, and lately republished by the ingenious Mr. Waldron of Drury-lane Theatre, I was not a little surprized to find, that *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* was one of the characters in which the famous Betterton had been most applauded.—Could the copy from which this play was acted by him and his associates, be recovered, it would prove a singular curiosity; at least, to those who have since been drudging through every scene of the original quarto, 1609, in the hope of restoring it to such a degree of sense and measure as might give it currency with the reader.

As for the present editor, he expects to be

“ Stopp'd in phials, and transfix'd with pins,”

on account of the readiness with which he has obeyed the second clause of the Ovidian precept,

“ Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile vulnus

“ Ense recidendum.”

When it is proved, however, that a gentle process might have been employed with equal success, let the actual cautery be rejected, or applied to the remarks of him who has so freely used it.

STEVENS.

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.













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